

Prurit

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Prurit

by [mommydaddy \(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

Slowly, almost like a taunt, Dream's lips part dangerously into this sharp smirk, piercing viridian eyes hooded from where he has to look up at the other. "I'm just saying you're underestimating me: I could make you cry, the same way your other doms can, even if I'm young."

Choking through a breath, "Dream, stop."

"I could probably do it better too; because I actually *know* you, George."

Or, Dream and George are professional pornstars, also best friends and don't know the other does porn...until one day their agent sets them up to film together. Very very very very very heavy dom/sub, Dream even went to dom classes, been a master, partakes in bdsm clubs.

It gets *heavier* with each chapter. Slow burn when it comes to the bdsm side. Chap 1 triggers Dream to sit George down and tell him ab etiquettes, which spirals into lust.

Notes

MY TWITTER

yall i love this fic, this is my legacy

the title of the fic means sexually aroused in latin btw, kinda fun

ALSO GUYS, they cut the cameras at every position change, so that's when dnf like talk and get to know each other's porn history, quite interesting dynamic. later chapters we start hearing about Dreams kinky side.

!!! I also don't want this fic to represent bdsm fetish filmmaking, as I do not have any other knowledge about it other than my own experiences with bdsm and seeing the videos online. I never myself made high production content with a company, so I don't truly know what it's like to be a sex worker, research can only do so much. If there is anything I've gotten horribly wrong, feel free to dm me. Remember this is just fiction, my AU, I wrote it to fit the plot.

the plot is just sex and dom/sub relationships btw

ENJOY!! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

What Are you Doing Here?

“Yes yes yes yes—” gets gritted out from behind clenched teeth, accompanied by clammy skin slapping against each other increasingly faster.

Sweat dusting over a pale cupid’s bow, knees pressed against his own chest, getting fucked into like a blow-up doll. Cotton of whatever skimpy skirt he got assigned sandwiched between the brunet’s slender body.

Reciting the script over and over internally, muscles tightening trying to force his gut to reach its climax faster, to match the dialogue he knows his partner will utter any moment now.

George threw his head back, digging nails into the backside of fair thighs. “God—fuck, harder.” That wasn’t a planned line – instead; a genuine reaction, half the shit they say is anyway. It matched his role of a rich brat getting put in place, though.

The scene is almost over.

“I love making spoiled sluts like you shut up,” the man over him started with a harsh thrust, jaw going slack when a heavy palm hit down on his leg again, alabaster skin glowing crimson, “can daddies money buy you this, huh?”

Trying not to internally cringe at the poor screen write, wrapping thin fingers around his cock, to jerk in tandem with his partner's hips.

Blinking up at his colleague with that faux bratty smile he hates seeing in pornos himself, one of the cameras moves closer in his peripheral. “No, dadd—”

Shoots always end the same; a cum shot, close up, and a yell of cut!

Get cleaned up by staff, some mumbled praise from his partners, and a discussion of how the filming was in retrospect. Directors were all very respectful, making sure none of the performers were actually uncomfortable, calm people, truly.

Usually, his fellow actors wanted to stay and caress the brunet, to lay and breathe after a session.

Not George though.

He wanted out as fast as possible. As long as the shoot wasn't too much for him to need aftercare and human touch – if his brain decided to get all gooey.

Normally, he’ll swallow down some painkillers dry, clean himself at one of the showers before taking the tube back to his dorm. Their filming location is close to his college anyway; a way too exquisite skyscraper complex with a multitude of different sets inside, he supposed that's to be expected being a talent for one of the bigger companies.

That is normally where he spends his time filming, unless they rent a place to record.

It doesn't really bug him how he ended up here, in this field of work, either.

Stupid, of course, it was definitely stupid.

Needing money when starting school, jumping the gun right as he turned eighteen – now, he's twenty-one and still floating through.

At first, the nerves were there, being new and all. Having no clue what to expect, veary of the safety for himself *and* the people around him. But over the years, working up the ladder of *notability* – making a name for himself; he’s calmed down a bit.

Knowing he's working with professional directors, and credible actors.

There's always been this small fear of getting used or exploited. But management contributes with contracts, makes sure to hold discussions and clarify consent before the cameras start working.

That helped tenfolds.

Making him stay longer than he originally planned to. He was *supposed* to get out of there right after earning the first paycheck, but he came to love the people around him instead.

Filming days are exhausting though, so, so exhausting. Depending on what his agent sets up; it could take all day with multiple different films to shoot – paid within a week after the matter, so that was worth it, he supposed.

Only one issue constantly circles his head present day, or rather, two.

People.

It's tiring filming intimacy all day, sure, but to go back to class the next morning as nothing had happened, is even more so tiring.

The blooming fear of someone finding out. Finding him on some gay porn site getting railed or *punished* by another man, see him moan and spit lewd words while playing submissive roles.

For them to see him *naked*, giving himself up to someone.

He still, sometimes, acts the part of that *teen-virgin* they so disgusting called it, even if he's long past eighteen and pushing twenty-two. It's because of his build, that much wasn't hard to figure.

Directors loved to put him in short skirts and skimpy thigh-highs, have him get fucked into by guys twice his size just to enhance the visual.

Finding himself more so than not under *twink* and *femboy* categorize. Every now and again dabbling into taboo territory; mostly *bds*m *fetish* and pretty rope, some loved to call it the *dark* side.

Something he wouldn't agree on calling it. He supposed not everyone got off on rough stuff, so he'll give them that.

But for it to be called *exploring the dark side of porn*, sounds off to him too. There's no reason why harsh hands, crimson rope burns, and a *yes sir* should be frowned upon.

Maybe it's just scary for the unknowing eyes of a plain passer-by.

He, of course, did other themes too, they would film pornos where *he* was top as well, those films would usually go under softcore though. He never got to do anything *kinky* or whatever they wanna call it during those.

They'd find him a slender guy, have them borderline make ersatz love in silken bedsheets. *Two cute bottoms messing around*, he always rolled his eyes at the titles.

So, he much prefers bottoming-submitting, it was his brand anyway. The money was always better

too; views skyrocketing when a pretty, petite, brunet, acts all innocent before getting used as a toy for show.

His cock much prefers this too, but no one had to know that.

It's been half a week since that last shoot. Cash in grasp. That's why he stops chewing when an email pops up at the top of his phone – an email he recognizes everywhere, *his agent*.

Umbre eyes glance up, meeting golden hairs opposite him also on his phone, shifting his gaze to Sapnap and Karl deep in conversation, before clicking on it.

Yo, George!

They're looking for a 'petite' guy to play bottom(and sub-ish) in this film.

Along the lines of 'slutty student failing his grades', some teacher x student kinda deal, does that sound like something you'd be keen on?

You were the first guy that came to mind, obviously, and the people getting off to it would probably go wild over seeing you in this too.

Scoffing at how informal the email was, smiling a little – they have known each other for three years now, he supposed it was fine.

Worrying at his bottom lip, he continues to read through it discreetly, making sure no one in the cafeteria could see his screen full of dirty secrets.

I know you just had a recording day, so this is just a single shoot, you wouldn't have to record any films other than the student one. I'll just set you up for a single if you say

yes, alright?

Mail me an answer, and I'll send you the script and date, etc.

Take care! Love ya!

Jake.

Letting out an airy laugh, swiping his thumb up to respond right away.

Yeah, send me the details.

Normally, he wouldn't go back to set just a mere few days after being there, but the extra money *wouldn't* hurt, almost needing it if he's gonna be completely honest. It wasn't a full day either, so he *wouldn't* get absolutely worn out.

It's a win-win.

"Are you guys seriously texting each other right now?" Sapnap yawns, making the brunet look up with a furrow to his brow, catching Dream's equally as confused eyes.

"What?" George asks, taking a bite out of his sandwich, ignoring the small yellow jitters forming by getting caught messaging his *porn agent* of all people .

Both men put their phones facing the table, Sapnap scoffs. "You're both, like, smiling at your phones—tell me what you're talking about."

"I'm not sure what you mean, Sap." Dream exhales, poking a plush tongue out to wet over his lip. Sandy hairs fell out of his makeshift bun – framing tan features, a little scruffy stubble putting on some faux years.

George's phone is first to buzz.

Green and brown eyes snap down to the noise, pale jaw clenches in mild embarrassment; refusing to pick it up. Knowing it's probably the details of a new shoot.

Karl groans, words muffled speaking with food in his mouth, "Whatever, yall wanna play tonight?"

Then Dream's phone buzzed against the plywood table.

The brunet stares at the other phone absentmindedly for a few seconds, uttering an agreement

before picking up his own.

Swiping up.

Great! Knew I could count on you.

As I mentioned; it's some sort of student seducing their teacher for better grades, you get the gist. The film will have you in some skimpy school uniform I'm sure.

Starting at 2 pm on Friday–

Today is Wednesday, shit. He probably has to skip a class to make it.

–on set B1.

This act has a lot of talk, degrading, some impact play I believe? Just all-around a little rough, so be aware of that. But it's not the usual dominating storyline we go for, mostly just roleplay and sex.

But you lot will talk about that before starting as always.

I paired you with this client of mine you haven't worked with before, since the play isn't all too 'heavy' for anyone to need a familiar face, you two will manage without risking safety.

He's an experienced guy, used to playing a dominant persona, so don't worry, he won't accidentally harm you. I actually think you two started acting at the same age–

Scoffing with a grin again, god, this man could get off-topic.

–I seem to remember there are honorifics, but you'll see that reading the script.

I'll meet you on set! Remember to prep yourself before you get here, and drink water!

Jake :)

[Script]

Stomach flaring up in anticipation, he didn't care for the theme of the shoot – he knew the tabu stuff earns the most cash.

Food lays long forgotten on the table. Jake said he wouldn't have a familiar partner – which was fine.

They normally have the same actors together when doing more heavy stuff, to make sure people *know* each other – so they won't harm or miscommunicate while performing *darker* things, as they loved to call it.

He often got cast for these roleplays too, arguably a little more so than any bdsm fetish.

Roleplay gigs were still rougher than the plain vanilla shoots though. Soft sex is what he started out with, most talents do.

Until one day he got asked to simply cry... then that escalated to honorifics, obeying commands, *hey, George, you wanna try getting tied up?* Figured getting spanked wasn't so bad after all, *oh, you wanna try the whip then–*

“George?”

Blinking up eyes that fell shut, looking at Dream opposite him with pupils surly dilated. “Yeah?”

“Class starts in ten.” The blond smiles, rising to his feet. Their other friends long gone.

With a groan George treks after like a lost duckling, bumping the bigger man's shoulder catching up to him. “Dream?” he starts, swirling someone in the hallway to not walk into them, “can you bring a note in for one of my classes? I can't make it.”

The blond pulls his hood up, sending a glance left and down at the smaller. “Sure, when?”

“Last two on Friday.” Ignoring the nervousness cracking through his voice, praying to god the other wouldn't question why. *He never does.*

Rubber soles screech against the polished floor coming to a halt suddenly – Dream stopping by his locker. Umber eyes watch him pleadingly, pressing the bag harder into his chest. “Please?”

Dream drags his thumb over a tanned jawline, itching it before sighing. “I-uh, I'm not here Friday,

you'll have to ask Sap or Karl."

He didn't like that. He had known Dream since moving to the states, one of the first people he met attending school here at fifteen, quickly becoming one of his closest. It felt awkward having to ask the others, they would blabber about it, refusing to do anything without any reasoning for *why*.

Allowing the frown to take place on dried lips. "Where are y—" but cutting himself off, maybe if he doesn't ask Dream, Dream wouldn't ask him. "Never mind."

Their eyes locked momentarily, and the taller flash him a weak grin, uttering a *sorry*.

"Fucking idiot!"

Twisting the button on his headset – turning whatever yelling Sapnap was doing *down* . It was Thursday – one more day til he had to drag himself down to set, lazily lounging around listening to the others shout over some game.

Not in the mood to join himself; the game was boring.

Chewing at the end of his hoodie string absentmindedly, scrolling through his equally as boring phone. Before glancing down at his groin with a huff, head tilted left when pulling his waistband down just enough to see a pale pubic bone. *He needs to shave away the stubble* .

He always did, normally with some days between to stop those itchy red prickles from forming, but now he got surprised with an early shoot; so he has to anyway. It didn't matter of course, he could just leave it as it is, the people jerking off wouldn't care, he does though.

Maybe he could just skip school in its entirety tomorrow, he needs time to stretch and prep. *Do I need to bleach–*

"George! Get on!" Karl half screams.

"No," he deadpans back.

Dream snickers on the other side of the call, sound of a metallic keyboard flowing through speakers as Sapnap scoffs out, "Why did you leave too, Dream?"

Bemused listening to them brawl, brown eyes staring blankly at the heated plastic on his monitor.

"Cause I need to get ready, I'm visiting my aunt tomorrow," the blond mumble, rummaging through his desk, distorted noise making George's ear itch.

The bearded man responds with muffled words, “Dude, you skipping school to see your fucking *aunt* ?”

He didn’t care if Dream was about to respond or not, the brunet jumps in the conversation regardless: “Actually same, Sap. Tell my teachers I’m at the doctor's tomorrow.” Standing to his feet, checking if any camera was on before sliding out of his jeans. *Or is it smarter to shave tomorrow?*

“What the fuck, why?”

Dragging his palm over a pale leg, feeling for any hairs. “Uh-cause I actually have a doctor's appointment?” He lies through teeth brilliantly. “I’m just taking the whole day off.”

"Dude what."

They spend some time throwing banter and confused words, before George is fed up, leaving with a *bye* and hurriedly shutting off the pc. Finding his way into the bathroom tired, sprawling around naked – he lived alone, so it’s fine.

Phone hits the marbled countertop with a thud, bending to find a new razor, plastic uncomfortable in his mouth as he rips the packaging up with his teeth. Turning on the sink to heat water, humming some tune he doesn't even know what is.

Incoming call.

Idly clicking accept. “Yo, Dream, what is it?” Thin fingers dance under falling aqua, scooping some liquid in his palms – and haphazardly wetting his left leg with it.

“Nothing really, just bored. Are you ok?”

Wrinkling a pale nose, uncapping some balsam to use as shaving cream. “Yeah, why wouldn’t I be?”

Some ruffle of fabric comes through his phone. “Uh, dunno, you said you were going to the doctors.”

Oh. “I-yeah, it’s just,” he starts, placing the blade by his ankle, gently running it up his calf, “just a normal check-up.”

Dream's sink turns on as well. “If you say so.”

Falling into a focused silence, each man doing whatever they need, some curses are let out cutting themselves on a razor. Never asking why though, their friendship has always been like this, no unnecessary questions if not needed, letting the other do as they wish.

The blond hums, water from his side of the call starts to fall again as he asks, “Holy shit, Geoge, did you hear what Sap did?”

Tapping a towel up a slender leg, and wetting the other with a grin. “No, tell me.”

“Ok, so.”

Holding back a sneeze at the makeup brush dusting under his nose.

George got his own *team* if he could call it that. Having had the same tailors and stylist work with him since he started doing *high-production* videos, basking in comfortable silence with them before he had to walk out to the filming area.

Sets normally had multiple rooms to get ready in, so he hadn't *fully* seen the man that would tear him apart in front of a camera yet, he didn't need to; they were gonna have a talk beforehand anyway.

Hoisting off the chair to rather study his outfit in the reflection.

Button-up and a tie loosely hanging off his torso, flashing prominent collarbones and slithers of alabaster skin – hem lazily tucked in front of a dark blue-ish skirt, matching the cobalt color on the fake school logo. Shaking his head slightly with a smile, observing how the curve of his arse shows where the flowy material ends too high.

He looked like a mess already.

Half-filled cock hanging freely with no underwear, not that anyone could see it unless they drag the skirt up.

His makeup stylist fixed at her own eyeliner in the mirror, talking bored, “George, get your socks on and go out, honey.”

“Mh,” he mumbles, not really paying attention.

Chewing at his lip, reaching behind to pull the plug out – plug he put in to keep himself stretched on the way here. Letting out a pitched breath as it drags out slowly, rim contracting—clenching around nothing, reacting to the toy getting removed after hours.

Throwing it on the couch with no care. Pulling white thigh-highs up over his knees on either leg – fabric soft, smooth on fair calves, before slipping in some uncomfortable sneakers. “See you soon, *mom*, ” he teased back at her.

Gut jumped in anxious excitement, door—as always—opened with a creak – air hitting his backside as it closed with force behind him. Umber eyes shift from staff member to staff member.

Some on cameras, some on light, some on audio. It looked normal.

Walking in languidly, unused soles squeak against the floor with every step, ignoring whatever hungry gazes snap to him. The room was familiar indeed; desks littered with fake school supplies, in the very front a big one they would do all *filming* on, a chalkboard hangs on the wall behind.

Pulse beating faster seeing the man—his colleague for the day—sit in the *teacher's* office chair, swaying on it left and right lazily, palming himself softly while tapping away at his phone. Fitted in black slacks, neatly tucked button-up in his waistband, with an even more neat tie around a sun-kissed neck, golden hairs slightly messy on top of a freckled face—

Everything stills.

Heart shooting up his throat, almost breaking out his esophagus. Breathing picking up before there are hands on his back. “George!”

He knew that voice, flipping around at record speed. “Jake what the fuck—”

“What?” his agent asks with a furrowed brow. “Everything alright?”

“Who the fuck did you set me up with?”

Jake looked taken aback, draping an arm around the brunet's back, starting to walk them towards the director. “Uh—that's Dream, he's really great at what he does. You seriously never heard of him?”

Looking towards his *friend* in a state of shock, black dread washing over him. The blond stretched before standing his full height, licking over honey lips while making his way towards the director as well, not catching George's eyes yet.

He swallows down spit coating the inside of his cheek, toying his fingers like a nervous tick.

“No...I haven't heard of him.” *What the fuck.*

Jake squeezed the curve of his shoulder. “You ok? You still wanna do this?”

Opening his mouth before the director—Monty his name is—smiled, jumping forward to capture George in a hug. “Good to see you again, Georgie,” he murmured, leaning back while he held on the brunets biceps, to look at him better, “fuck—ok, you look good, great even,” glancing to the left, “Dream, stand beside him, let me see.”

Brown eyes fall shut, every fucking molecule of oxygen getting punched out of his lungs. Feeling a presence move up to him – bump his shoulder lightly. Jake patted his nape before walking away.

Refusing to open his eyes and look to the side, ribcage hammering with the speed of a doubtful heart.

Is this how people find out?

“Mhm, you look—god—ok, you look hot too, Dream.”

“Oh I know,” an all too familiar voice teased, making George just want to sprint out of there, maybe he wouldn't see him, maybe Dream wouldn't realize the name being shouted when he makes a run for it—

“Together you two look...sexy. This will be a good one.”

Batting amber lashes up to stare daggers at the wall, nostrils flaring while taking deep breaths. He knows what comes next, the consent talk, — going through what's happening when the cameras start rolling. Dream being the idiot he is; didn't seem to realize just *who* is standing beside him yet, probably isn't expecting it.

“Have you guys filmed together before?” Monty asked, crossing his arms.

George decides to stay quiet with dead eyes. Heart thumping in pale fingertips uncomfortably.

Everything seems slow-motion as Dream turns in his peripheral to look at him fully.

The blond starts choking immediately; coughing while hitting himself on the chest. “You—no, Geor— *shit* —what, what are you doing he—”

“No, we haven't,” the shorter simply cut him off, teeth grinding together to compose himself, still not looking at his friend — *friend that's apparently a pornstar*.

The director eyes Dream's little fit before clearing his throat. “Do you both consent, and the act being filmed?”

There's heavy silence, only sounds coming from staff working on set last minute, and Dream catching his breath.

The blond drags a tan hand down his face. “I-I don't kn—”

“Yeah, I already signed the paperwork. I want the cash.” George rasps as nonchalant as possible, why he says it, he doesn't know. Still on this hard mission to not look at the other, almost as if he doesn't look; it doesn't make it real.

More tension-loaded silence. “Alright, I—fuck, yeah? I need the money.”

“Great! If you ever need a break, for it to stop, or if anything is wron—.”

Tuning out the rambling — he knows the words of heart. Carefully turning to the side, catching jade eyes on his own darkly. They just stare, seven years of friendship, and never once did either of them mention they do *pornos* .

Ending them up here.

He didn't even know Dream was into men.

Trying to look as bored as possible, blinking up at the blond as nothing was out of the ordinary, despite the pure terror wracking throughout his body, watching a sharp jaw flex and unflex over and over again. Breathing out their mouths, *this was so fucking weird*.

Director still going over protocol and safewords, not caring for it.

Veridian eyes carefully trails down a lithe figure, taking in George's costume with confusion painted over his face. The taller pokes a tongue out to wet at his lips slowly, eyes lingering at pale thighs. *Shit* .

Dream puffed his cheeks up dramatically like a squirrel, before exhaling, wiping a hand down his face again, muttering under an uncertain breath, “Jesus fucking christ.”

The brunet chewed the inside of his cheek, contemplating what to say. Maybe he could pretend like nothing, do his *job* as he's supposed to.

So, he just sends a face up at Dream before looking at the director again, placing a hand over himself to get the blood pumping.

Montey starts, “Ok, you guys remember your lines, the positions, et cetera, for the first act, yeah?”

The blond sighs, grumbling out: “I-mhm.”

“Alright then,” he clasped his hands, “you two get ready and such, and I’ll call out when we start rolling.” He sends them a light-hearted wink, turning to sit on some chair behind him – adjusting a camera with one eye shut.

Heart beating brutally around his body, tilting his head back with a flutter to brown eyes, cock stirring to life under a slender palm, letting out an audible gulp.

They’re probably expected to *get to know each other* before filming, but George just moves towards his starting point without a word to the blond – right outside of frame.

Palming himself harder, gaze burning holes to the ground with parted lips, *what the fuck are we doing?*

Dream stays rooted to the ground, a gape like George was crazy, before he moves cautiously to sit down by the desk, all awfully slow. Studio lights adjust to get it up to quality with his golden features, because of course it's getting filmed in HD – caught on camera and recorded by a superb porn industry when he's surprised *fucked* by his best friend.

“You boys ready?” Gets called.

Shifting umber eyes up, eyeing Dream sitting by the desk stacking some prop papers, freckled face contorted in disbelief.

Trying his hardest to bite back any wince, the two of them had never looked at each other sexuality, but now, they're wordlessly about to act out some sort of teacher roleplay for the world to see. All within a five-minute timeframe of finding out the other does high-production adult films.

Holy fucking shit, what the fuck.

Why is he still standing here, actually going along with it?

“Yeah,” George croaks back, itching his scalp to stop from spiraling – both of them could say no at any moment and they could freely leave. Both of them also need money, so some sex isn't the worst, because *apparently* , they're both well-versed and professionals in this field.

It's just their job.

Placing a hardening cock in the skirt's waistband gently. "And...action!"

He felt like throwing up.

Running over the lines internally, walking into frame with a tilt to his step.

Plastering a sluttish smile was harder now seeing *Dream* in front of him – so he sputtered right away; half tripping over his feet.

George calls "Cut!" placing sweaty palms onto sock-covered knees, screwing brown eyes shut with a shake to his head, chocolate bangs swaying. "I just–fuck–can we try again, please."

Monty looked surprised but gave him a soft smile, understandable, George has never been one to pause when not needed, especially not even a minute into it. Director lightly asks, "You alright, pretty? What's wrong; you uncomfortable?"

George grins at that with false confidence, rising up to full length again. "I'm fine, Monty," he sings, walking backward holding eye contact with a man behind a screen. "I-well, just redo the shot, and then I'll be fine at least."

Dream stayed quiet, he probably gets the apprehension though, lazily rubbing over his bulge waiting for the cameras to start again. God, fuck, he hadn't even thought about the blond's cock, or the fact that they're about to say smutty words to each other.

"Action!"

Pushing away any pride he once had, smearing a faux smile onto tinted lips, pulse quickening on the side of his neck when walking closer to the other. Focusing solely on *Dream* and not the cameras, trying to fall into a forced pink-heated bubble with him. "Hi, uh–sir?"

Head spinning with humiliation, how insanely pathetic; he has to call one of his friends *sir*, this is the kinda shit they would make fun of.

Dream alluringly looks up bored. *Ok, so he actually knew how to act, because he didn't take the piss out of him.* Eyeing the smaller man's body before leaning back in the chair like filth, spreading clothed thighs. Brown eyes make a show out of watching his *teacher's* groin. *He hates it.*

"Yes, George?" Tone masked with fake lust, sparks of abashment cracking through syllables.

Glossed lips parted over the change in his voice, it was weird seeing him like this, acting a role – for a porno. His mind can't comprehend that Dream of all people has been recording films–pornos, just as long as he has himself.

“I need to talk about my grades.” Making sure to shy his tone down and stutter at parts to fit the act, taking a small step forward ignoring his mind screaming. Perhaps the awkwardness he feels helps him fall into character. “I been failing, and-and I don’t–”

“I know you have.” Dream tilted his head mockingly, maybe because they know each other so well... it helps them comfortably say stupid shit out loud.

Heart skips a beat – that line was a cue, moving closer with faux(real) nervousness, their knees bumping as a camera moves closer to their left.

He wants to run out of here, adrenaline throughout his body numbing. It's plainly perplexing he has to act this out with Dream, it's surprising they're managing to stay serious, he supposed that's a perk of experience; masking your emotions. “Would you be able to help me...sir?”

“Sit down and we could discuss options, perhaps.”

George chewed his lower lip, rounding dark eyes for the cameras, Dream studies the look too. Moving in front of the desk just as the script had said; gingerly sitting on top of the mahogany, pressing slender thighs together to not let anything show. The brunet’s claws dangle between Dream's spread legs where he sits.

Skin clammy under polished wood. “Could we talk now?”

Dream takes a deep breath, camera moving closer towards his groin, to film at his forced bulge.

And George almost breaks and calls cut again, but he bit back. Tension steadily built, it was so, so unfamiliar.

As stated before, they never looked at each other in a sexual manner, just bros, dudes, friends – whatever, borderline making his skin crawl that they're in this predicament together. If it was any other person George was playing this act with; he would somewhat enjoy it.

He’s never looked at Dream as attractive, never cared to think about it before.

But looking at tan skin dotted with uneven freckles, sharp bone structure, and golden hair flowing under studio lights, he can see it. He can understand how the man managed to climb the ladder of fame in the porn industry, not that he has yet to see the man naked – tight slacks and shirt don't leave much to the imagination though.

Locking eyes, silently communicating *I don't wanna say these things to you*. “Which one of my classes are you being *bad* in, George?”

Sending him a hooded look, body bearly warming to the idea – it's just another day of work, nothing special. Almost forgetting his line getting lost in sun-kissed skin he's known for years. “Do you even know what classes you have me in, sir?”

White teeth drag over subtle flesh on Dream’s lower lip, studying George on the desk in front of him – a flash of awkwardness behind jade irises, probably having the same thoughts as the brunet: how fucked it is that they’re randomly about to shoot a *film* together, having each other's darkest secrets get spilled in the worst way possible.

Meeting on a porn set.

Light lashes blink, they both know what's soon to come. "I do not."

Clenching a milky jaw, glancing into the camera closing in – they could cut that out in production.

Murky amber eyes trail languidly back to his so-called teacher, freckled face looking expectantly back, eyes asking *are you really doing this, are we—I'm about to see your fucking—*

Plastering a teasing smile onto tinted lips, slowly pushing clammy palms behind himself on the desk; to lean back, just a bit. Blinking dumb big eyes while slender legs spread seductively apart. Breathing through an open mouth in shock of his own actions, fabric of his skirt hardly covering his junk – feeling a breeze where the curve of his arse gets exposed, green irises burn holes in the flesh there. Sounding timid, "You have me in maths, sir."

Cock stirs even more under skimpy cotton, because George knows he looks hot – he looks the part, he knows people wanting to fuck their teachers are gonna love it...and he knows it's turning Dream on too.

It had to turn him on a smidge at least.

Why does he even care if it's turning Dream on?

A sizable hand grabs one of George's ankles, letting out a soft sound at size comparison. He should have expected it, he always gets put with someone bigger to make the brunet look shorter.

He'd never noticed the obvious size difference with the blond before. No reason to think about it either.

He's never seen Dream look so mean, everything about his face looked like a mock, clearly falling into character comfortably now seeing the smaller go along with it. With a tsk; "Looks like you're breaking more than just *one* rule, George." The hand slowly moves up his socked calf, never breaking heated eye contact.

It's ridiculous he's getting aroused by this – *by Dream*. How a dark stare and hoarse voice twits his gut pink. The brunet croaks, "Wh-what rules?"

Dream's mouth split into a dirty grin, George watching the action like a hawk with parted lips, shifting lithe hips discreetly to accommodate the strain. Tan hand makes it up to his knee before squeezing. "You're breaking quite some dress codes, wouldn't you say?"

Eyes lock as they both realize what's next.

The blond kept that tough teasing persona regardless – they were right about Dream being an experienced actor, thank fuck for that, otherwise, this would have been more humiliating than it already is. Digging nails into the desk under him. "No, sir, I promise I'm not."

Jade green eyes narrow in on pale features falsely, opening his mouth to mimic how the brunet's jaw slacked – like he knows it feels good when he runs a broad palm over George's inner thigh, up to the bend of a slender hip. Butterflies tickled at his breast observing how the man tactfully morphed his face to match George's pleading expressions, like a mean tease, shining a vile smirk, golden fingers barely dance around his groin skilfully.

Getting pulled in by Dream's aura, brown eyes hazing slightly as he lets out a sound in shock, it's weird seeing him like this, acting all seductive, and George actually getting affected by it. "Drea—"

Cut off as the blond smacks a hand down on sensitive flesh. “Don’t lie.”

Jolting George rasps out immediately: “I’m sorr—”

“You also refer to me as *sir* .” Caressing the prickling area, he didn’t hit too hard. “Or are you trying to break every *pathetic* rule in the book, get yourself expelled?...punished?”

Feeling weirdly invested in the storyline their acting out, he lowers his voice never leaving the blond's eyes. “Yes, sir.” Swallowing down fuchsia spit coating down his throat. “And no, sir.”

“Good.” For the first time in a while, Dream showed a spark of embarrassment through the heat clouding around them, but he covered it as fast as it came.

Wheels on his chair *slowly* rolled forward across the floor. Heart beating in George's throat as the blond placed hands on either of his thighs, goosebumps rising from the warm heat of his palms. They both furrowed their brows, opening and closing their lips repeatedly as Dream leisurely spread the brunet's thighs wider.

George stammered out with gritted teeth, words probably only audible for the two of them, “Oh my fucking god.”

The other snapped eyes up at the smaller man’s curse, Dream actually looked like himself now – and not that role he was playing. The blond silently looking into umber eyes, stare holding invisible pink and black tension.

Looked like Dream was reevaluating what they're doing before clearing his trachea, falling back into that dominating persona. “Good. Now let me try again–” squeezing alabaster flesh harshly, making the brunet whine, “–are you breaking any dress codes, George?”

Pulse swirling fuchsia around his ears. The nervousness he felt over–his friend for almost a decade–seeing him naked; painted his face a perfect shade of needy, the same needy look he *needs* to play the role of a bad student.

So he stops worrying about getting the lines perfect, answering Dream as himself as if there were no cameras. “No.”

Green eyes lazily trail down to his skirt, slight outline of an erection pressing against cotton – a small flip of fabric and everything George had to offer would be out.

Dream does just that; tugging at the hem of his skirt, a tiny jitter to tan fingers. Not exposing the smaller yet, just pulling at the hem to make the fabric *rub* against the painfully obvious hardness. Tone dropping to a near rumble, “So you’re telling me you’re wearing panties under this, darling?”

Head spinning fucking haywire, almost in a trance with the blond. Big eyes blinking down at him – a small desperate pout forming on lips. “Will it help my grades if I’m not?” Improvising by shifting slender hips – to coax the blond to pull on the skirt more, all with a hitched breath. “You could use me, sir, I wouldn’t tell anyone.”

That last line was nowhere in the script, hitting Dream in the face like a truck.

Exhaling harshly as the blond stood to his feet with a thud, flinching as he got dragged in by a grip on his neck. Tan and pale noses bump, breathing the same air as Dream leaned them down on the desk together, slender back hitting mahogany. “You think that's an appropriate way to talk to your teacher?”

Cracking brown eyes up to look at the man looming over him, letting out a practiced—but not fake—whimper as Dream suddenly flipped the skirt up with a tsk. Squeezing on the sides of a milky throat. “Look how fucking hard you are, George. This turning you on that much?”

They’re completely off-script now.

George couldn't decipher if the words were a part of the act or not, the sentence fit their roles regardless. Shuddering out a deep and stern, “Dream—”

Dark jade eyes snap up at the use of his name, staring the brunet down with mirth – pressing at a slender throat till the smaller let out a slightly choked whine. “What's my name?”

Throwing his head back; a hard knock of his skull hitting the desk, light-headed. “It’s sir!”

Heaving when the chokehold is gone right as the words are uttered, Adam’s apple bobbing when swallowing down rapidly. Skin numbing with thrill, forgetting the staff watching them.

Dream leans up with determination, grabbing George’s tie to manhandle his upper body up from the table. Holding each other's eyes, and just gaping when the blond *rips* the smaller man's shirt apart, buttons flying—hitting the ground with multiple small sounds. Hiccuping as broad hands skimmed down his torso, before pushing him harshly back down on the wood. “Fuck.”

Yelping as hands were on the underside of pale knees, shoving them up to fold the brunet in half with no care, instinctively George brings thin hands to hold his legs towards his chest as well, pulse thumping harder.

Blinking wide-eyed up at the blond when he moves closer, placing his clothed erection right over George's exposed scrotum.

Mind screaming at the brutal shift.

Holding heated stares, never relenting their gaze as Dream *slowly* bends the smaller more, lower-back hovering as slim legs almost get placed on either side of his head, gritting out; “God—fuck.”

Sometimes he wanted to curse out the porn industry for making them fuck around in these lewd positions.

“Of course a slut like you would be flexible.”

“Cut!”

Dream’s face falls from that dominating one, squeezing where he was holding the brunet before ripping away with a cough. Lithe legs fall – dangles off the desk again.

Umber eyes slide shut, listening to staff walk around, mumbling whatever information they need to rely on each other – bringing a hand down to run over his—now—exposed cock, dragging the heel of his palm from tip to base, lifting hips to chase it.

Jumping off the desk after some deep breaths, loosely holding a fist around his stiffness, pulling on the socks that were sliding down. Nerves sparking seeing the blond rest his forehead against the wall like a kid in time-out – eyes screwed shut while palming himself outside of his slacks.

They really went off-script.

Dream—his friend—bent him in half and saw every crock and cranny he had to offer. The view so vulnerable, at least he takes care of himself down there, he always did – fitting the role of that hairless bottom every director loved.

So it wasn't unnerving because of the being naked part; it was the principle of who's seeing it. Neither of them woke up today and expected to see their best friends clean pink—

“Boys!”

Both men turn with a hand on their groin, the blond rubbing at his face huffing, avoiding the brunet's stare. The smaller sits down in the *teacher's* chair watching the director walk up to them.

“That was great,” Monty starts, wiping at his forehead, “awesome line too, George,” the brunet smiles up weakly, still a little in shock – eyes a little hazy, “you too blondie—the way you responded, great improv.”

Dream moved closer, and George couldn't help to snap his eyes down to his awfully prominent bulge that's clearly grown – racking his brain for memories; how have they been friends for almost a decade but he's never seen the blond's cock before, not even accidentally.

“Yeah?”

“Mhm,” their director hums thoughtfully, “it's fine you went off script, you guyses tension is fucking heating up the room regardless.”

Hitching his breath involuntarily at the words, he supposed they would have thick tension, of course they would, neither of them expected this.

“George,” brown eyes snap up to the man, “take your shirt and tie off, keep everything else, and lay on the desk again.”

So he does just that, staring daggers into the floor whilst doing so.

“Yeah like that, thank you, gorgeous~” scoffing with a grin at the pet name, Monty and him have known each other for years too, nicknames gradually came with.

Wood chilled on his naked back, legs swaying over the edge absentmindedly. Cock laying pretty on the side of a soft tummy, skirt hitched up to show it off. He didn't really think twice about it, everyone in this room has seen his cock a million times, well, except for—

“Alright, Dream. Take everything off, but keep the shirt, just unbutton it. It will look hot.”

George leans up on his elbows when the blond's slacks fall off with a rustle – length bobbing free. Green eyes catch brown for a second before looking down at the floor, almost flustered, not matching the confident role he so perfectly plays. Tan fingers work to open the buttons, refusing to look at the brunet.

George, however, eagerly watches, mostly out of pure bewilderment in the situation they ended up in. Biting gently down on his bottom lip, studying a sun-kissed stomach, toned, cock curving up to

his navel.

He had a good dick, he can see why doing porn was an option.

“Ok so; we *were* gonna have a blow job scene right about now,” throwing the blond a bottle of lube, “but, with how you ended the intro, I’d say just start right at missionary—barback over the desk.”

Tensing at the words, *he's actually about to fuck Dream.*

The latter poured a tiny puddle of lube in his palm, slicking his cock enough so penetration would be comfortable, but not so much it would look messy for the cameras, *experienced* . Walking up to the smaller man with a deep exhale, situating himself between slender legs.

Heart thumping faster as they lock eyes, the taller cautiously brings a hand down to run two lubed-up fingers over George's rim. Hiccuping at the sensation, furrowing brows up at him. “Dre—”

“Don’t.”

Clenching around nothing, sucking on his lower lip to stop the borderline needy pout from forming. Sending each other looks laced with a thousand questions. He knows neither of them has talked together *outside* of the act yet, so George breaks first; “How long have yo—”

“Eighteen, you?”

Breathing out. “Eighteen.”

Dream's lashes flutter momentarily, carefully leaning down with hands on either side of George's body. The blond mumbles, “How did you keep it secr—”

“I don’t know, you?”

“I don’t know.”

A little smile spread on George's tinted lips, not able to hold back the muffled giggle. They were best friends, after all, this situation is utterly crazy; of course he has to laugh about it. “Dream, what the fuck.”

The blond grinned back, dragging the smaller down the desk for better positioning. “Shut up, you absolute idiot.”

Breaking out in full laughter, back of his head knocking down on the table. “Are we actually about to have sex?”

Dream scoffed at the words, unconsciously running his palm down a pale stomach, lithe muscles flexing under his touch. “It’s just our job, George. Kinda gross I have to fuck you though.”

The brunet mockingly frowns, laughter dying down. Subconsciously arching his tummy into Dream's hand. “Trust me: I don’t wanna fuck you either. It’s disgusting, truly.”

Umber and jade irises mix, breathing out tension while studying each other's expressions. Ignoring how his chest buzzed, watching how Dream licked over his lip before he drags the pink flesh into his mouth to bite down, sending the smaller a mean look.

There's silent thinking before the brunet mumbles, “I thought you were straight. You’re doing *gay* porn.”

“Surprise! I’m not,” he deadpans back, “I’ll fuck anyone.”

Opening his mouth before the director shouts, “Everyone ready?”

The room filled with calls of *yes* . Gut twisting nervously as “Action!”

Dream's face shifts again at the word, leaning down with a smug smirk – running hands all over soft alabaster thighs, tugging at the knee-highs teasingly with a scoff. “You’re not wearing anything under, that's against school policy, is it not?”

Needing the other closer to fall into character again, so he brings thin fingers up to tug the blond down on top of him, letting out a pitched noise—almost sounding content—when golden lips mouth over his jaw back. “I’m sorry, sir.”

Maybe it’s years of friendship – but it wasn’t weird having him close, it felt familiar in a way. *They could do this strictly professionally, earn the cash, and never speak upon it again.*

A gruffly sound when the bigger spread his thighs more, pressing knees against the table and looking down, rising to *spit* at the brunet's groin. “I don’t care for your apologies.” Spit hitting right under clean-shaven balls, seeping down over his scrotum, all the way down his crack – shuddering at the lewdness.

Holy shi—

Groaning out “Sir—” before there are lips on his and a heat hitting his entrance, *he’s fucking kissing Dream.*

One tan hand holding George's knee flushed to the table, other around his cock to line up. Tongues dancing around each other, surprisingly hungry to taste one another; it’s just a kiss, they have kissed hundreds of people in the past.

Ignoring the pink warmth spreading over his hips.

Whining into the blond's mouth as he pushes in, *this is actually happening* – tip slipping through his rim, melting under honey lips like pudding, sloppily exchanging spit, teeth knocking at points –

he was a good kisser, unsurprisingly for someone who does this for a living.

Pushing in felt never-ending, with no idea how far the blond's cock has gotten. Practiced biting back the maroon burnings, knowing how to stretch himself well before getting to set, to avoid it.

Throwing slim fingers to tangle blond locks, because the taller tried to pull their lips apart, George just pushed their faces close again. Licking into his mouth with more force and a stubborn sound – body screaming at him to not let go, don't get him wrong; it's terrible he has to fuck Dream... but he wants to taste more now that he first got him here.

The blond sighed into George's mouth back, rubbing circles into the flesh on his thigh with a broad thumb. Tilting his chin left for better entrance, eagerly swirling their tongues around, lips overlapping and dragging against each other.

Mouths speeding up with their hearts beating, Dream abandoning the hand on his cock to rather grab George's jaw. Drifting apart for a split second–looking at one other–before lunging at each other's faces again. “Mph-shit.” The kissing part should have ended minutes ago.

George's lips go slack as his cock pushes further in, the blond bites and licks at the brunet's lifeless mouth like a taunt, green eyes watch him closely as he suddenly *slams* in fully.

Umber stare shot up, pressing their foreheads together with an airy moan, eyes locking, breathing in each other's mouths suggestively. “Fu–”

Dream did that thing again where he set his mouth open and furrows his brows mockingly – just to silently make fun of the brunet's fucked-out facial expressions, to pretend he knows what it feels like. “Yeah, George?”

Choking a sound, hypnotized watching the bigger make these faces like he's invested in George's pleasure. Nodding up at him with blackened eyes, to try and say *yeah* .

So Dream parts his lips wider with a little tug to the corner of his mouth and a cocky mean eye, teasingly nodding *back* at the smaller. Hovering their mouths, the blond chuckled out an “Mhm?”

A pitched *mhm* back.

He didn't realize when the blond had stilled all the way in – clenching around the intrusion. Breath hitching as Dream rolls his hip, not pulling out, just circling it inside. George chokes on pink hot syrup coating his tongue. “Dream fuck–y–”

The blond bites George's lower lip harshly to cut him off, pulling subtle flesh between ivory, displaying a set of pearly whites before snapping it back with a wet sound. Leaning up while wrapping tan fingers around a doll neck. “What was that?”

Heart skips a beat knowing what's coming next, but he wants to play the scene out longer, so he rasps out, blinking up into jade irises like a stubborn cat, “Dream.”

Dream got the improvisation right away, or he just figured George is a bratty one. Squeezing the sides of the smaller man's throat, pressing down on his pulse points, sending fuzz up his spine. “Have you forgotten your manners?”

Swallowing with a grin, Adam's apple bobbing against a tan palm. “Drea–”

Sentence falls short as his head flies to the left by the force of Dream's hand, smack echoing off the walls as he belts. “What's my name?”

Cheek pricking maroon tingles before dabbing off to fuchsia arousal, slowly turning his head to look up at the taller again, flexing his jaw to accommodate the pain, making a show of doing so as if the hit wasn't hard enough. Dream looked annoyed, all the stubbornness wasn't in the script—a slap was though, and it all fit so perfectly.

A little smirk formed on spit-slick lips seeing the blond react. Talking with his best ability around the chokehold, “Your name is Dream—”

The taller pulled his cock all the way out, then roughly slammed it back in. High pitched sounds fell out of the brunet in response. “Ohmygod—”

“What's my name?” Dream grunts again, removing his choke to push slender legs up jerkily, holding under George's thighs to bend him and start an agonizingly hard pace.

Umber eyes slide shut listening to skin on skin hitting, curling his toes over the pink electric shocks buzzing under his navel at every thrust. Legs straining from how he's folded. He hisses through teeth, “Fuck! Ok! I-it's sir!”

“That's what I thought.” Dream calmed his thrusts instantly, borderline erotic how he switched and started to slowly drag his cock out, before swaying his hips rhythmically all the way in, tip getting hitched on his rim at every pull.

Dream was definitely practiced – knew how to move his body.

Somehow that information makes him whine out, he never looked at the blond in this light, never for the life of him would he assume he was a great fuck. He expected him to be some straight guy jackhammering poor girls till he cums.

Not all these little movements and teasing facial expressions, grinning down at George like he *knows* it feels good.

Catching viridian eyes with his own hooded ones, hips quickening, brown bangs bouncing with every hit. They almost fluently switch their hands; Dream removing his hold on the underside of pale thighs, to let George hold his legs to his chest himself.

“Dr-sir,” the brunet chokes getting dragged down the desk, spine rubbing against mahogany uncomfortably. Ass hanging off the edge getting held up by Dream – Dream grunting as he starts a steady pace, not too fast, just deep.

Pitched sounds fell over reddened lips like melted chocolate, thigh-highs already starting to drift down. Broad hands came under his knees again, pressing down harder to fold the smaller more – green eyes focused at looking down between his legs, to watch where he's fucking into George like some toy.

It was all in the script, they loved bendable short boys. He could guess there's a camera on the ground under them right now, pointing up at where his arse is hanging off – to get some good close up at the blond's cock slamming in and out.

George throws his head left and right, moaning from behind closed lips – he did somewhat expect the size, Dream is a *big* guy generally.

Eyes flew open when there's a warmth hitting his chin suddenly, Dream had leaned down never relenting his hips, folding the brunet with the weight of his torso, wearing a shit-eating grin; the grin he always wore when beating him in a game, now he was acting as if sex was just a friendly competition – to see if he could make the smaller squirm.

Hot pink boiling below his navel, tilting a pale jaw to bump their noses, accompanied by a small whine. Eye contact intense, never in former shoots does George really indulge in intimate gazes, but he couldn't help it now – mutually studying each other with pitched breaths and bodies moving faster.

No need for any talk right now, the producers just want minutes of different positions.

Staring like they both first realized just *now* that they're fucking – how out of pocket it really is. Not able to look away out of shock.

Golden locks swaying in tandem with their bodies jolting, rose flush seeping under freckled cheeks – pupils blown removing most of the jade in his eye, honey lips parted with a dust of sweat on top.

George chokes out words when leaning up to bite at the man's jaw weakly, words getting caught and mumbled against bronzed skin, “Oh god–oh fuck.”

Blond lashes flutter, capturing the brunet's lips gently before roughly flipping the smaller over with no warning. George's face falls into the table with a groan, hips jerkily pushed *down*, folding him again, making him sit on his claws – pale heels digging into the fat on his own ass.

Pinning both of George's arms behind his back, the position has him curled into the smallest ball he could manage, umber eyes rolling when Dream slips his cock in again – starting with harsh thrusts right away.

Moans he couldn't really control falling out, skirt gets flipped up as a warmth drapes over his spine, Dream fucking into him harshly but biting softly at a pale shoulder.

The brunet squirm into the desk, a small puddle of drool seeping out from parted lips – smearing against his cheek where he gets dragged with every jerk, fuzz foggy in brown eyes – like falling into pastels clouds of pleasure, deciding to just take it, and *enjoy* it.

“Yes yes y–shit–keep g'ing,” frantically flexing thin fingers where they're held in place, grabbing Dream's forearm to squeeze desperately. Embarrassingly letting out a squeak as his cock–that lays trapped–rubs against a pale tenuous thigh at *every* insignificant movement, coaxing the pink behind his navel to build faster.

The blond put more passion in his thrust seeing the reaction, ghosting golden lips down George's nape before mumbling into brown curls; “Jesus fuck.”

Tightening his grip around slender wrists, a freckled face tilts to whisper into the smaller man's ear, deliberately so mics and cameras won't pick it up, breathless words just for the two of them to hear, “Can't believe you're actually falling apart on my cock–what the fuck.”

A whine trying to fight back. “m not–”

“You want me to make you fall apart, *even more*, George?”

A deep shudder falls out at the words – head swimming with more hot fuzz. Why would he say that, they're supposed to just do their job. Whole body starting to feel like pink jello at the implications, completely entranced by the blond's persona. “Mh.”

Dream took the grumble as a challenge, leaning up again – harshly wrapping an arm around a thin midsection, pushing George up to grab lithe legs with his other arm. Manhandling his feet to stand on the ground, pale thighs clench and quiver slightly – sometimes that happened after a long day of getting fucked into, but for it to happen so early on makes him stutter.

Embarrassed.

Hazily shoved down on the desk again, heavy palm between his shoulder blades keeping the brunet there. Arms stretched above himself; lazily gripping on the other side of the desk, letting out quiet sounds as Dream's cock stills halfway in.

The shake to his legs shows more now that their movements stills, the blond just chuckles – kneeling at the fat of George's ass, feeling the smaller up, acting bored while contemplating, the twitch to his cocks tells a different story though.

Whining out a pitched sound as Dream spits down on his rim, some hitting the area around and surely the blond's cock that's inside. There's silence for a while, a hand making its way towards where the two men are connected–

“Cut!” Monty calls.

They don't move – the blond keeps him in place. George has no idea for what reasons they needed to pause – before feeling a camera move closer, directors probably need a better view.

Keeping umber eyes closed to stay in character, subconsciously he bent his spine to fuck himself back on Dream's cock while waiting. Choking in a panic hearing a muffled grunt from above him, stopping the small rocks, George stutters out, “I'm–oh my g'd, I'm sorry.”

Dream brings two careful hands to grab at either of George's cheeks, lewdly spreading them, slowly sinking in once. “Don't worry about it.”

Mouth stuck open in a soundless gasp, stomach arching off the desk as his legs get hit with a new wave of shakes, it's normal, never noticing it while in the act, but stilling with a cock teasingly buried inside makes it worse. He doesn't really know the scientific reasoning behind legs trembling, he supposed it's just a side-effect of good sex.

“'s gross I fucked myself on *you* while we 'rnt filming.” George slurs out, bringing a gooey hand back to adjust his skirt a little.

The blond pulled his cock halfway out again, squeezing down on slender hips to try and stop the quivers. “You realize how stupid that sounds when you're literally shaking on my dick right now, right?”

Stomping a foot – which only made his legs spasm more, Dream laughs before the director shouts: “And action!”

Crying out when Dream starts a steady pace right away, skin hitting skin deafening the room. The brunet's cheek littered with carmine markings from the desk, a little drool seeping out the corners of pretty pink again. “Yes–shit.”

The taller chuckles as he spits down on his own cock, spit getting fucked inside the smaller with every quickening thrust. Broad finger comes to massage his rim besides Dream's stiffness. “I bet the school slut could take more than just this.”

Brown eyes shot up from where they'd been hanging hooded, mouth opens permanently feeling the tip of Dream's finger push in alongside his cock. The burn makes blown out pupils roll back,

whimpering out – he was definitely stretched enough, the man wouldn't do it if he wasn't.

Sock on his right leg falling down to the mid of his calf, Dream's hips slamming into him from behind, finger pushing in tandem. Screaming for extra show as the pointer slipped fully inside, eyes wetting with arousal and fog, pushing back looking needy.

Gut churning; *he's getting absolutely fucked over a desk by Dream.*

Refusing to think too deeply about it.

He knew his fucked-out face looked good, it's a reason he get traction. So when a camera moves all up in his face, he ignores it, letting them capture his slack jaw and sweaty brown bangs in full HD.

Mind too hazy to think about it, the word *Dream* blending in the pink puddle on his chest.

Walls clenching against the extra intrusion, furrow the tips of his brows to whine out and make him stop. "Sir!"

Cheeks prickling with warmth as Dream relents and pulls the finger out, grunting while grabbing slender hips, pinning them to the edge of the desk – standing on the balls of his feet to fuck into George harder at a different angle.

"Fuck!" Grasping on the flat wooden surface – fingers squeak against polished mahogany trying to hold on to anything.

He wonders how the man's stamina is, it should be good seeing as he films professional porn as a top, but the way he's fucking into the smaller at a brutal force won't exactly help him. George knows himself, though, it's easier to keep from an early orgasm as a receiver, as long as his cock isn't being played with.

Nails scrape down the wood under him with a choked whimper, arching his body and pushing his hips back to meet Dream's thrusts. Fat on George's ass jiggles with every hit of tan hips.

"Fuck me," the blond starts, tone murky, fondling at the curve of his arse harshly like it was dough, leaving flushed marks on fair pale skin, "how have I *not* noticed your fucking ass before?" Warm palm hitting down.

Breath hitching at the words, sounding too real of a question than an act for their *teacher fucks student* play. Biting down on tinted lips, half-embarrassed by the acknowledgment; basking in pride at the same time.

Mouth filled with fuzzy cotton, not able to respond anything other than small sounds, and a weak call of *sir*.

Letting the bigger fuck into him for a moment – letting his thigh highs slide down with the force. Making himself look disheveled before screaming "Cut!" through the haze clouding them, hating how Dream listens and pulls out, almost asking where he went.

But he really needs to move on with the script before it gets too much. George rasps out again trying to lean up, head dizzy, "Mh—I need a breather and, and position change...please."

Some lights adjust, calling out an agreement. Legs mushy when pushing from the desk, so tan hands come around his abdomen and pull him back against Dream's chest. "You alright?"

Melting back into the touch, fighting all the hormone-filled dopamine, lazily turning around in Dream's arms, resting a sharp chin on his peck. Legs started to quiver harder now that he is standing up. "Mhm–yeah."

The blond tightens his arms around pale shoulders, walking them back to sit George down on the desk, so he doesn't have to stand. Dream spread slender thighs to walk between them, tugging on the brunet's arm so his upper body falls against a tan stomach. Tangling a hand in chocolate locks to keep George's weight resting on him, while his legs dangled off the desk.

The smaller makes a pleased noise back, rubbing his face into sweaty sun-kissed skin. Bottles of water getting placed on the desk next to them. Dream just drinks quietly, toying with the hair behind George's ear absentmindedly.

Mustering the care for water through a sex-driven mind, huffing, blindingly reaching for it, wrapping thin fingers around cold plastic, bringing it up to swollen lips while pressing his cheek harder into Dream's stomach.

Chugging down the liquid like a thirsty animal, waking up a bit hydrating his dried-out mouth. Flinching when Dream suddenly hisses and pushes away hastily. "Ah–you prick."

Blinking blown eyes up. "What?"

"You poured water all over me–you sure you fine to continue filming?"

Bursting out laughing, ignoring the small twinge of fear at the words. Body sending muted shouts about pulling the taller in again, fighting a small pout, just wanting to feel the blond– *ok, what the fuck*. "Yeah, I just got really fucked-out honestly, holy shit."

Dream wipes at his tummy with a grin. "I can tell, dickwad."

Umber eyes trail down the blond's body with a scoff, gaze obviously drawn down to his cock – it looked angry. Chewing down on his lip and just *looking* at it, he's known this man for years, and it's the first time he gets to see his cock fully, so of course, he's gonna take the opportunity.

Sputtering when the blond sway his hip left and right, making it bounce—slap against his hip with lewd noises. Wearing a shit-eating grin when George looks up like a deer caught in headlights. *He's definitely comfortable filming naked with the way he's acting like a–* "George, are you seriously staring at my cock."

Head still prickling with a little fuzz, placing a hand on his own length to keep his erection from flattering. "No–just...how's your stamina?"

Dream walked closer with a quirked blond brow, aloofly standing between George's legs again. "You asking how long it is till I cum?"

Clenching his jaw to not listen to his body screaming to touch. This situation still fucking weird– and he trust this man with his life–but hormone-filled lust makes him want to shy down, continue this little play of *yes sir* even if it's no reason to.

That's probably *why* he wants it; he figured right then and there. The whole act they're playing out, the stupid power play. Sex-driven haze crying at him to just...

So unreasonable invested in the little story they're filming. He's acted in heavy dominance and submission movies before, what they're doing *now* is just filthy sex with strong undertones.

Those are typically a lot more strict, tied up in pretty rope, teased and sexually tormented; forced to cum over and over—talked down to till he *cracks* and becomes the most vulnerable version of himself for the world to see—

“George?”

Blinking realizing he's halfheartedly palming himself faster, burning holes in Dream's chest with his stare. Gaping quietly before inhaling. “Sorry—I was just thinking.”

Dream moved into his personal space, dragging a tan hand up to tilt the brunet's chin forward, forcing eye contact with a teasing grin – and George let him, gaze following the hand on his face up to jade eyes.

“What were you thinking of?”

Rubbing his jaw to rest in Dream's palm, it felt good feeling warmth again, rounding out brown eyes. “I-uh. The—about, about what we’re acting out.”

The blond didn’t say anything about George borderline snuggling his face down in his palm, instead, he ran his thumb along a sharp pale jaw. Giving him a half smirk. “That I’m playing as your teacher, Mr. Davidson?”

Eyes shoot him from where they started hooding again. “Dud—Dream, don’t, what if you—”

Gripping around George's chin tighter. “I won’t moan your last name while I *fuck* you, idiot, don’t worry.”

Pink sprouting behind his navel again, bringing a thin hand on the back of Dream's spine, skimming the area before he drags the taller in more, he doesn't really know why he does it. “But no, I don’t have a *teacher* kink, what the fuck, Dream.”

Dream’s cock that's hanging free bobs against George's stomach, and they stiffen for a moment. The blond slowly leans with hands placed on either side of the brunet’s thighs, locking their eyes – jade irises laced with confusion. “Then what is it?”

Faces drifting closer unconsciously. Skin crawling with content. “I dunno,” worrying at his bottom lip, “the whole control and sir thing kinda hot, 's all.” Deciding their literally having sex on camera, their both actors, they see naked bodies more so than not, talking about sex should be the least of his worries.

The biggest smile he's seen yet spread on golden lips. Dream murmuring, “Freak, of course you'd like that.”

Letting out a breath as their noses bump, both men blinking rapidly – like getting out of some trance, looking awfully like he was going to casually kiss his best friend for no reason. Digging blunt nails into tan skin, George mumbles, “Don’t call me a freak, idiot, you probably like it too.”

Dream audibly swallows, ignoring how close they drifted *and* the brunet's words. “Do you act in a lot of sub ‘n power-play?”

“I mean, kinda?”

“Kinda?”

Pulse swirling around eardrums for reasons he didn't get, maybe it was the close proximity, how his *friend's* voice was getting raspier and raspier for every second.

Cock still laying pretty and hard against a pale tummy. “I do a lot of stuff; mostly, uh, darker shit, yeah. Not so much vanilla and plain sex anymore,” parting tinted lips with no sound before adding, speaking fast, “they love a petite bottom who cries, and, I’m experienced with playing sub–uh–I know how to submit, and do it right so no one gets hurt y’know, usually, I-I have the same partners when I go into *really* kinky shit, so nothing wrong hap–”

Realizing he's rambling; he shuts his mouth harshly, it was just a fun topic to share with someone who he knew could relate. Dream was listening with a little smirk and a tilt to his head, so George starts again with a pout, “And I’m guessing that's why I got cast for this too, since it’s, like, a big play on power—even if you’re not tying me down and making me obe–”

Grumbling, fighting with himself internally, deciding he should probably *shut up* now, words coating his tongue ready to get spit out.

Looking up at Dream with big eyes, seeing the man bite back a grin. Fluttering amber lashes before taking a deep breath; “And my last shoot was like five days ago, then-then I did a *rich brat getting punished* thingy—oh my god, Dream, I had to call him daddy, It was horrendous. I do a lot of bondage–punishments, and–and–”

A little embarrassed over the word soup being spilled, blinking up before adding a weak “I-I guess you could probably just search me up and see...what about you?”

The blond tilts his neck a little, nudging their noses again before retracting – because that intimacy does not fit their friendship. Letting an airy laugh hit George's chin, before echoing back, “Just keep talking if you want, you already know I’ll listen to your word puke—I’ve done years, idiot.”

Ignoring the warmth spreading on pale cheeks. “But—I wanna hear what you do too, how you ended up here.”

Dream spread a sheen of spit on his bottom lip, furrowing his brows then smiling. “Actually, how did *you* manage to keep your mouth shut about this for years?”

The brunet scoffs. “Answer my question.”

Jade eyes hood, studying the smaller man’s face before sighing. “They like my size, and my talk.”

George simply sends a glare at the plain explanation.

The blond leans back but still stands close – bringing a tan hand to stroke at his own cock lazily, much to George's surprise; it was still erect, that same needy shade of red.

“Just say you wanna know if I’ve done bdsm fetish, George.”

A frown.

... then a nod.

“Yeah, like I said; they like my size,” squeezing at the tip of his hardness, “and we figured really early that I know how to *talk*, how to play a dominant character if I needed to,” oh the burnet already figured that out, seeing the way he shifts when the director shouts.

“So, because of that, they tested me with more dominating roles early on, and it kinda just stuck. That's mostly what I do now,” eyeing the staff members around them, “probably why I got cast for this too, it's not always hardcore shit. Sometimes I'm just acting as a CEO, teacher, daddy, you get it; power imbalance stuff.”

George doesn't really know how to react to the new information.

Mind clearing a little from that hazy cloud. Without really thinking he drags his hand to stroke himself more, wrinkling a pale nose when his legs get hit with a shake or spasm. “Like, do you—do you... do really *hard dom* stuff?”

Dream rolls his sleeves. Mumbling, “Mhm.”

Tightening fingers around the base of his length. “You just turned twenty-two though, how?”

The taller lets out a short snort, pushing the chair to place it in front of George – sitting down languidly, blinking up at the smaller with thighs spread wide, cock laying on his stomach not touching it, rather his hands are placed on the armrests – head leaned back too, staring at George from over a freckled nose. “Dom classes and bdsm seminars. I bet you probably gone to some sort of *class* when you started doing heavier stuff too.”

The blond looked dark even sitting shorter than him, posture like he's never seen on the man in the years of them growing up together. Sounding a little breathless, “There's nothing for submissive training. You—you just need to educate yourself, get mentored.”

Dream is young, of course, he looked like a case of the porn industry breeding their tops, coaxing them into a dom from an early age. So he sputters not letting the blonds respond to his first words, “Did you want to—”

“Of course I wanted to.” Dream grins – flashing sharp fangs. “I kinda brought it up to my agent, anyway.”

Sending a pout down at the taller. “You're still so young—”

“George for fucks sake,” the blonds laughed, shifting his hips, “you sound like those bitches crying about *young people are too inexperienced*,” shutting his lips because Dream is right, that's exactly what he sounds like, “I didn't go to all those classes, dommed a fuckton of people in full HD videos; for you to say that shit.”

Rolling brown eyes, he can tell Dream isn't actually mad, sounds more like their normal banter. “I'm not saying that—”

The blond clicks his tongue mockingly. “Just because all the doms you film with are old men;

doesn't mean I have to be.”

Bit-swollen lips and mouth slacks at the faint implication, pale ivory finger digs dance up the length of his own cock. "Shut up."

The blond just smiles more, tilting his head left like a puppy. “Usually the camera focuses on the pretty bottoms—subs, right? The people tied up,” he started, locking eyes with the brunet as he nodded, “so producers go *wild* when there's actually a competent, young, dom who talks back. And I’m that guy...which means more jobs for me.”

Huffing. “Now you’re just gloating.”

Slowly, almost like a taunt, Dream's lips part dangerously into this sharp smirk, piercing viridian eyes hooded from where he has to look up at the other. “I'm just saying you're underestimating me: I could make you cry, *just* like your other doms can, even if I'm young.”

Choking on spit. "Dream, stop."

"I could probably do it better too; because I actually *know* you, George."

Ready to fire back before they get asked to start filming, an agreement and an *action* later; George jumps to his feet, arguably a little annoyed at the blond.

Taller moves to grab the brunet before the smaller pushes him down on the chair. Falling back with a thud, groaning as he blinks up confused. “What ar—”

That wasn't a part of the script, once again.

George just sinks to his knees wordlessly, legs flex with a small tremble again. Thin hands skimming up the blond's thighs, wetting at his lips.

A blow job was a part of the script though, not now—also, George was supposed to receive it.

But the director hadn’t called cut yet.

Pink breath fell out slowly, studying the length a few centimeters in front. Not knowing why he went for it. Spit formed under his tongue watching how it twitched in attention, sucking the insides of his cheeks to gather all the drool on top of his tongue.

Why was he on the floor unprovoked?

Making sure not to swallow down the wetness in his mouth, carefully bringing a hand to wrap around a girthy base. Looking up, already finding green eyes watching him – almost this faux disgust glinting behind jade irises.

Pressing the muscle into the roof of his mouth, then lewdly parting sinful lips and letting his tongue fall slack, creating strings of spit to show off that his mouth was wet, he's sure not even the cameras picked it up, just Dream grunting at the sight. Swirling his tongue around to not dribble when he asks with newfound confidence; “Can I taste you, sir?”

Hands tangled in brown curls immediately, shoving George down harshly. The brunet whined but loosen his throat, it was practiced, taking the length until he felt spit drip down on thin fingers where he was holding.

“You’re such a fucking whore,” Dream starts, manhandling the smaller man’s head, tip hitting his

uvula at every thrust, “you don’t even deserve nice treatment. Probably don’t want it either.”

Sloppy gags and sharp intakes echoed off walls, and he let it – production loved the sounds, so he did no measures to stop them. Blinking up heavily as Dream starts fucking down his throat, the blond watching him back intensely.

Trying his best to run a dripping tongue over the slit and under the string on his cock-head. Making sure to arch his spine to give the camera a better view of his backside. Pink haze washed over, tightening his lips with a perk to brown brows and a whine, feeling spit seeping out the corners of his mouth.

Salt melting on his tastebuds, sighing through flared nostrils, shakily he brings a palm up to feel on a sun-kissed stomach, watching *and feeling* how the muscles flex with every thrust. Letting out a whine when scraping down his skin, crimson scratch marks a beautiful contrast against tanned flesh.

Heavy palm on his forehead pushes him off Dream’s cock suddenly, stumbling back and falling on his arse, the taller just sits and looks bored down at him – groin messy with dirty spit, his opened shirt falling off his right shoulder.

Holding himself in such a way George has never seen, somehow darker than when they first started filming today. Maybe the talk had him changing his ways, trying to prove a point that he can be mean if he wanted to — the brunet scoffs at that idea.

Trying to send the blond a glare, but Dream just narrows his eyes back.

It’s so weird seeing his childhood friend act so dark – how he does it so well. Wiping drool off a flushed face while standing weakly. He’s expecting the taller to break the facade, no shot he is able to stay serious.

But he does.

Flapping the skirt that’s already risen up his waist, getting it more out of the way, walking towards the other – Dream just stays unmoving and quiet, it somehow made his gut crumble more, made him feel unworthy of his time.

Which is stupid.

Silently climbing into his lap with a frown when Dream stays looking bored, erections knocking as he rests a pale chest onto a tanned one. Languidly snaking gooey arms around the taller man’s neck, *why was he gooey*, squeezing slender thighs together so they would squeeze Dream’s as well.

Staring up at him with wide amber eyes. *Talk to me.* Like he wants attention.

“I push you away and don’t say a word, and you still come crawling back?” Dream starts slowly, tone unrecognizable, “you come and sit in my lap *without* asking,” smacking down on soft thighs, carmine prickling alabaster skin, tingle of pain makes the smaller clutch onto the man’s shoulders harder, letting out a broken whine, thin fingers play with golden locks on the back of his nape, “like a *needy* cat.”

Pulse quickening for every murky word the blond spat.

George’s pout gets kissed away before he can respond to the insults, melting like it was the best gift he could have gotten – a stark contrast to the rest of his behaviors, tinted lips lazily moving

against Dreams with small sounds. Eyes comfortably sliding shut, mumbling against honey lips, as broad hands start fondling with his ass, “‘m not needy.”

It's lewd how Dream starts spreading pale cheeks apart, probably some camera filming a close-up – not caring for it. Lips soft when seductively suck and bite at each other; running a thin hand down to hold at Dream's face on autopilot, pushing his tongue in to gently let them dance around together, spit mixing.

It's way off script, they're meant to be fucking right now, but Dream kisses back – squeezing harder at George's bottom. Lips slowing and parting just a centimeter away from each other, a grin spreading on golden lips; he echoes into the brunet's mouth, “Your cock is dripping–making a mess on my stomach,” lithe hips twitch forward at the whispered words, “I can't tell if you're truly acting anymore, George.”

Gaping at the words, refusing to open brown eyes, he's sure no camera could hear the words muttered. Voice shaky as he tries; “Drea–”

“No. What's my name?” Dream whispers back just for the two of them, parting unholy lips to softly kiss on a pale jaw, viridian green eyes staring up at the smaller darkly.

Inhales became increasingly labored, looking down at the blond to lock their stares, chest tickling and fogging with all colors. “It's–it's sir.”

Grazing blunt fangs over George's chin – dragging his bottom lip over flushed cheekbones, before murmuring *good boy* into his ear, slowly sinking two fingers inside. The brunet moans a pitched breath, immediately thrusting backward to fuck onto tan fingers.

Dream stills his hand, letting the smaller ride on his middle and ring finger, leaning back just studying his face. Umber eyes barely rolled, swollen lips open to breathe out, head thrown slightly back trying to sit down harder, to get them deeper.

Basking in the hot pink aura overtaking again, whatever praise the taller whispers going straight to his head.

Nails dug into bronzed skin as a third finger slipped in, whining while rolling his hip – to try and hit that one sweet spot; airy *yes* fell over as he found the place fairly quick, grinding down repeatedly at that angle.

Dream watching him with a slack jaw, whiplashing the brunet by replacing his fingers with his cock smoothly. Squirming as he rides at just the tip, bringing a tan hand up to wipe the corner of George's mouth, where some spit had seeped out disgustingly.

The blond echoed so no one else could hear, “I'm not gonna be able to last much longer if you keep acting like such a mess.”

George moans harder back, sinking halfway down his length, heartily shaking his head to focus in the haze of it all – haze the blond so easily brought with him and pulls the smaller in with.

Mustering willpower to bring back his witty mouth, croaking into Dream's lips, “You're a–you're a pornstar, Dream; you just have to last.” Sinking all the way down, warm pink butterflies grazing at his gut and deep behind his navel, Dream finally cracks and moans out himself.

The blond didn't look pleased with the backtalk, slapping down on pale thighs, leaving them glowing this pretty carmine, talking loud enough for everyone to hear. “Ride me and I might look at your grades.”

Sucking down on his lower lip to not let out a whimper at the arousing tingles, vocal cords strained, "Yes, sir." Riding at his cock a bit with soft sounds, before slamming down hard making himself sob out, pleasure hitting all the way up at his scalp – down to the tip of his heel.

It seemed to be the breaking point as Dream starts moving his hip, suddenly fucking up with a grunt. The brunet stills his body a few centimeters above tan thighs; to give the blond room to ram into him from below. Choking out, "Godyes, keep going."

Head almost jolting with the force hitting his lower body, clutching slender fingers on Dream's nape to hold on, constant pink shock waves numbing his skin. Green and brown eyes locked and everything seemed to go faster, gaping at each other – sweat coating foreheads.

"George–"

"Dream–" he breaths right back.

Dream is first to look down, squeezing George's waist to go harder with a hoarse sound, watching intensely at where he's fucking into the smaller – George looks down too, hypnotized watching his cock entering and exiting at a harsh speed.

A single droplet of sweat ran down a pale temple, throwing his head back up – facing the roof with a high-pitched noise. "Fuck!" Fuzz shooting up his spine, toes curling inside white sneakers, body going limp, falling against a sun-kissed chest, resting his head in the curve of Dream's neck – nails penetrating tanned skin on his shoulders.

The blond throws his head back as well, nuzzling into George's chocolate tufts, broad fingers thighing around slim sides. "You're such a slut, fucking your teacher."

Pale nose bumping under Dream's ear, bringing a hand down to scrape at the bigger man's chest frantically. Mumbling; "I'm a slut."

Dream moans through pearly white teeth, gritting out sounds as he fucks up with more fire. George wanting to see how far he could go, batted amber lashes to blink the fuchsia fog away, breathing into a tan ear, making sure lips graze at his earlobe at every word. "Dre–sir, go harder, faster, please."

Mind heavy trying to rest the crown of his head against Dream's sternum, looking down again – getting dizzy watching at their groins, how the blond actually listened to him, mouth open in a permanent gape, sounds falling of both of them becoming increasingly louder.

Melting into clouds, feeling spit coating the corner of his mouth again. Voice rough as he betrays his own will and shouts, "Cut!"

And Dream darkly whines, smashing his jaw closed with a clank to stop himself from moving, breathing out erratically, tan thighs spasming once – but he stills his thrust as fast as the words were uttered. "George," sounding like a warning.

Inhaling and exhaling together, almost gargling a sound as he rises to not have Dream's cock inside anymore.

Monty called from his chair. “What's up? Fuck—I, you guys are doing great?”

The brunet wobbles to his feet, shoes squeaking as he tries to find his footing, legs trembling hard again, embarrassingly moaning out as he yells back; “Position.” Eyes heavy grabbing the armrests on the chair – using all his strength to roll Dream backward, closer to the desk.

Not giving a fuck anymore for the cameras, sitting down reversed on Dream's cock when he found a placement he was content with. Letting out a soft pleased sound, sinking down absentmindedly, the man under him let out a hoarse moan back.

Bring a shaky leg onto the edge of the desk, other foot on the ground – so he has leverage to fuck down on the blond's length. Slender arm was thrown over Dream's shoulder, half his back pressed into a tan chest, torsos flushed beside each other

Dream's head under George's armpit, sloppily leaving dirty kisses around his nipple – broad hands placed under the brunet's ass to help hold him up, so he can ride backward.

Not waiting for someone to call action, just starting to fuck himself down with gritted sounds – before slamming all the way down, then back to fuck at his tip. Alternating on speed – it was all messy, desperately wanting to feel the blond inside in the haze of it all. “Dr'm, fuck me.”

“Action!” And Dream starts fucking into him, they both move this time – each with power behind their hips, harshly slamming their lower bodies together, tan fingers feeling all up on a pale figure.

George's cock bounces between his legs at every thrust, so he lazily brings a hand to hold at it, moaning an airy sound, making sure his right leg doesn't slip off the edge, knees wobbly. Switching to cup at his balls – then to halfheartedly jerk off, ending up just letting it hang freely and bounce lewdly.

Yelping when Dream harshly pulled on his leg to rip it off the desk – making the smaller sit down on his cock fully, tan hand shoving at his upper body to press him flushed against a hard chest.

It felt like Dream's cock could rip through his stomach sitting like this.

Sizable fingers tangle in chocolate locks, roughly tugging there to pull him back – to lay him against Dream's shoulder, pink ripples over his scalp at the sensation. The blond's hand in his hair fell to rather wrap around a slender neck, to *keep* him in place, other going down to stroke the smaller man's cock while starting to slam into him again.

Eyes rolling with a whine, knees almost bouncing from the shakes, golden lips attacking at his neck – leaving carmine, magenta hues on the otherwise alabaster throat. Pink steadily built from the hand tactfully working up and down his cock.

Squirming into the curve of Dream's shoulder, cracking amber eyes up to look to the side.

Dream seemed to be the fucked out one now.

Jade eyes screwed shut harshly – forming wrinkles around his eyelids, mouth permanently stuck open in a gasp, murky moans falling over swollen lips like honey. George whines as the blond's hand around his length fall off too, rather going to hold the brunet's hip to fuck into him harder. “No-sir!”

Dream never opens his eyes, face contorting in all shades just enjoying himself. “You told me to use you, did you not?”

Choking on an extra hard thrust, squeezing around the taller man's bicep to hold onto something, brown bangs swaying with the force of his hips. Biting back any bratting to let the other fuck into him for his own pleasure, socks falling down slender legs again, obsessed with studying Dream's face.

He's seen this face a million times, for years – but never seen him in *this* state before. Never thought he would be able to see his best friend's flushed cheeks and sweaty brow bone.

He can see why Dream is popular.

All though he didn't ask, he assumes the man only films as a top – a hot one to be exact; pretty features, tall, toned, tanned. Breathing out a small whimper before going back to look at the blond with heavy eyes.

Gripping a tan shoulder again, fighting the wetness building on his lash line. Dream was good at what he does, it's almost hard to comprehend that the bitch of a friend he has, and this guy relentlessly fucking into him right now; are the same person.

If it wasn't for that same little scar on his left cheekbone—that he got when they played rugby in gym—George wouldn't believe it.

Snapping his gaze down to golden lips as they slowly turned into a smirk, languidly green eyes blink open – looking back at George with a wide grin, like he had caught him in stealing candy – caught being naughty for staring at him.

What is he meant to do; he's seeing his strictly platonic friend film a fucking porno with him, of course he has to look. George is utterly shocked, he's never seen the blond online before, alas, he never watches much porn himself – but he *knows* people still.

“Just staring at me, huh?” Dream grinned wider when the brunet bit his lips, looking away with a stubborn furrow to his brow. Trying his hardest to hold back any moans – deciding Dream didn't deserve to hear them.

Breath hitching as he's pushed off for the second time tonight – knees hitting the ground with an ugly clank, sure to leave bruises. No time to even whine about the hurt before there are hands under his armpits, pulling him up to his feet.

Legs trembling as he has to stand – Dream softly kisses once at his neck, then harshly shoves him into the wall, moaning on impact, bracing himself against the wall with his chest – realizing he is probably about to get fucked against it.

Cock twitching at the idea, *kinda arousing he has to act it out with Dream—*

But Dream didn't fuck him – he rather let a heavy palm hit down on his ass, George stomps his foot at the pink pain. “Mhfuck!”

Gaping when broad fingers kneel at the reddening flesh. “You stare at me a lot, George?” It started trailing off script, but the directors loved it as lights adjusted to fit their new placement.

"No, sir, I don't—" another smack delivered on the same sensitive area as a warning, half yelping—half moaning at the tingles. Dream pinned both of George's wrists behind his back, the brunet pushing his arse back wanting to feel more – even if it was a stinging slap. Pale cheek pressed against the wall, right eye having to close.

Moving closer to rasp into the smaller man's ear, "Don't lie," teasing his palm, phantom reminder that there will be consciences.

"Sir! Please! I'm not lying!" Falling into role was easy now that he actually feels the need to cum, Dream's stern aura luring his mind along.

Or, that happened ages ago.

Blunt nails dug into a flushed ass, sending sharp icy shocks down his thighs. The blond mumbles, "Do you look at me like *that* in class as well?"

Shoving his hip back to try and feel Dream's body. Breath hitch at the words – it felt like a double entendre, as if he's asking outside of character, like he's asking if George had ever looked at him *at all* before. So he responds simply, "I realized first today how—how...how—"

"How what?"

Whining. Changing the topic. "Have you ever looked at *me* in class, sir?" Subtly squeezing slender thighs to feel something, shoving his lower body back again as Dream falls to his knees behind him.

Wet lips kissing over the redness on his arse, blowing cool air onto the new moist area. "To be honest; I don't know how I missed your ass," softly biting down on pale flesh, spreading cheeks apart languidly, other hand snaking to wrap around George's cock. "I probably would have jerked off to you, had I just noticed sooner."

Trying to respond before there's a golden tongue flicking over his rim, goosebumps rising all over his body – pushing back with a choked moan. "Oh fuck—"

Wet muscle swirls around every ridge, tan hand working at his shaft – mumbling pleased sounds, slowly grinding hips back to get Dream's face closer, then grind forward to fuck into his fist. Boiling fuzz in his gut rapidly swelling.

Thighs starting to shake again with an airy moan, eyes screwed shut and mouth agape focusing on the pink pleasure eating away at his body. Dream's tongue dips inside, tactfully circling just the ring of muscle. Broad fingers working faster up and down his length.

Murmuring a broken, "Dream—" as his stomach clenched embarrassingly fast, feeling that inevitable coil start to tighten. The blond licked around with more passion, upping his fist at his name being moaned. Butterflies tickling under his bladder – deep inside his gut. "No—Dream."

He can't cum like this.

Standing on his toes to get away from Dream's face, to which the blond only grabbed a slender hip harshly in rebuttal, drifting away from George's ass just to spit on his rim and dive back in harder. Tan fingers skillfully dance around his tip at every upstroke. Brown eyes roll back, stomping one of his feet, letting out a raspy grunt, thighing his muscles to try *not* to cum. "Dr-sir! Stop—"

Pale fingers dig into the wall, pressing his face harder into the flat surface – choking on spit and eyes wetting as Dream pushes his tongue as deep as it goes. Fist speeding up, hitting the wall at every jerk. Wriggling a little fighting that wall of ecstasy that's threatening to break free. Letting out a panicked dry sob, "Please-stop, imma—"

It's too early to cum like this, *he wants to finish on Dream's cock*. Realizing himself how desperate that sounds.

Choking at the two fingers that slipped inside alongside the blond's tongue. Lashline wet with liquid pink arousal, moans falling over increasingly louder. Slim hand shoots down to grab Dream's wrist, to try and stop the jerking motion. Voice sounding wet and strained, "I can't- sto—"

Golden mouth grins against his bottom, tan fist coaxing him harder to cum despite George trying to stop it. A singular tear run down flushed pale cheeks, tethering his jawline before dripping over a bruised alabaster neck. Pulse thumping drastically in his ear, hot boiling pink washing over him harshly, skin cribbling with fuzz. "Sir! Please!" hiccuping "Stop! L-let me cum on your c'ck instead!"

Dream rips away at the words, lithe hips desperately thrust into the air – orgasm being denied, even if he wanted it to, it makes a hoarse sob fall over, wetting down his cheeks – white in his eyes turned light red.

Mind hazy as he's flipped around, staring dagger to the floor refusing to look at the blond, refusing to show his tears. Pout on swollen lips and pale legs shaking. "Dream—"

"What did you say?"

Sniffing, fluttering amber lashes to get the tears away. Brown eyes foggy whimpering out; "Please," inhaling deeply, lungs stuttering at the intake like it always does when he cries, mouth filled with cotton, slurring out without even knowing what he's muttering, "please let me-let me c'm on 'r cock instead, sir."

For a moment there's quiet, Dream slowly skimming palms up his back – melting into the warmth with a pitched breath. "You scared you couldn't cum on my cock," grabbing George's chin suddenly, forcing wet umber eyes to blink up at Dream, pout painted on his face, "so you started crying like a needy brat?"

Eyes locked, and the brunet felt like crying more, gut churning with images of being bad – chest getting punched as a hard sob falls out. "'m sorry."

Green irises taking in the mess of a person before him, slowly Dream shifted his eyes to staff before back at him. Gently dragging the smaller in to leave a kiss to a pale temple, caressing brown curls. "George," he whispers, unsure, "you know you can call cut—safeword, right? Be good for me and say a color."

Eyes widening, he knew that, *and not at all what he wanted*. Shoving Dream's chest like a stubborn cat. "No. Green, idi't. Fuck me."

Whining when the hand in his locks tugged, shoving him towards the desk. "Who the fuck you

talking to like that?" Backside of fair thighs hitting the edge. Skin crawling with thrill, even if he knows he shouldn't have reacted like that.

Getting pushed down on the wood, Dream quick to loom over him, spreading slender legs to slip his cock in smoothly. Umber eyes roll in content – bring a hand to jerk himself off.

Golden hairs tickled at his face as Dream leaned to whisper to the brunet again, "That's not how you fucking respond, George, when I check in on you." Starting to move his hips.

George just moans back, biting back that same pout, lashes dripping with wet enjoyment. Pink coil building right away, tenfold more intense having already had an orgasm ruined.

The blond's words seep into his mind through the fuchsia haze, "If it wasn't for the film; I would have left you crying right now. You don't get *shit*—rewarded with my cock with an attitude like that."

Breath hitching immediately. "No—"

"Now what do you say to me?"

Staring up at green eyes, freckled face painted in disappointment. "'m sorry."

"And?" Dream rasped, bringing a hand to hold a lithe hip, pressing it down into the mahogany under them.

"Thank you," comes out as a sob.

"Thank you who?"

Choking on pink spit as Dream went harder, on a mission. "Th'nk you, sir," feeling that familiar fuzz warm his limbs, toes curling in white sneakers, socks clammy, as he whines out, "thank you, thank you, thank you—"

"You don't deserve *this*."

Fuchsia heat waves struck down at his body repeatedly like a truck. Jaw unhinged with eyelids permanently shut, mumbling a stern; "Harder."

And Dream goes harder.

"H'rder."

Viridian green eyes send a deathly glare, obviously pissed that he can't really talk back to fit his role. So he huffs, *going harder*.

"Pussy, that's the best you c'n do, Dream?"

Tan fingers wrap around a doll neck, shifting all his body weight onto his arms to press the brunet harshly in the table – a bruising grip on a pale hipbone, to slam in hard *enough*. "That's not what you call me."

Bratty lips parted wide, umber eyes shut while holding his breath, muscles clenching, refusing to breathe – before loudly letting go of all the air filling his lungs as he starts cumming over himself, choking out a "Sir—"

Punched out whimpers falling over, painting himself in sinful white – fingers and toes alike flexing

while he squirms, hot pink burning at his skin. Sloppy when jerking around his length, drop of sweat falling from a pale cupid's bow, down into his gaping mouth.

Dream grunts. "You don't deserve my cum either," spitting golden dirty spit down on George's chest, before ripping away jerkily. Leaving the brunet whirling on the desk coming down from an orgasm.

Faintly in the midst of the thick pink fog, he hears the blond stroking himself off frame, chocolate lips turning to a frown wanting the other to come back – hiccuping as a camera comes in on him instead, filming at his face.

So he just cracks umber eyes up, tired, hooded eyes staring in the lens, breathing out erratically.

Acknowledging the camera more with a whine as it pulls away. Croaking out, "No c'me here."

The man operating the camera lets out a confused hum, walking up anyways, filming at the sticky mess on a pale chest. Slender fingers swirl in his own cum – coating the tips of his fingers before bringing it up to his lip, sucking it.

Eyes fall shut with a moan again, heart beating brutally against his ribcage. Salt melting in his mouth – lazily pressing his whole palm into the dirty puddle, lewdly dragging it over his face – sticky on the bridge of a pale nose and tip of his chin.

At least now they can add *come play* to the video.

"Cut!"

Jumping as Dream is on him as fast as the words were called. hoisting him up to half carry him to the leather chair, situating the smaller on his lap, pressing a sweaty forehead into a tanned shoulder. "Hey, look at you; look how good you did for me."

Buzzing arms lazily clutching on whatever body part of the blond he was holding. Skin crawling with content for the tenth time, nuzzling and melting down in the body under him. Gut still lingering at the out of pocket reaction he had. "'m sorry–"

"Don't say sorry," grunting as he used his strength to get George to straddle him for better positioning, pressing his head harder into a tanned chest, listening to his heart thump, "you were so good," kissing chocolate locks, "I could never be disappointed in you. So, so pretty, such a pretty boy."

Chest fuzzing at the praise, eyes wetting slightly at his words – so he just sniffs, hazily kisses at wherever he could reach – ending up half drooling onto a sun-kissed peck. "Mh."

Broad fingers dancing up his spine. "I mean it; you're so pretty."

"Mh."

Dream whispering as tired brown eyes started blacking out for exhaustion; "Probably the most beautiful man I know."

you can't do that!

Chapter Summary

alot of bdsm discourse

Chapter Notes

ok so a some bdsm, master/slave, dom space etc and shit like that is mentioned in here, also i read so many stories with adult stars, to try and get the porn part of this good.

AHH also, its slow building, they r young and silly, but also into kinks. next chap they sitting down and ACTUALLY talking things out, without anger and horniness

MY TWITTER

hi dont stress ab the teacher, alright? i talk ab it at the end notes more.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Surprisingly, things ended as hoped.

They could do this strictly professionally, earn the cash, and never speak upon it.

That's what he wished for, after all.

Admittedly, he got a little *too* fucked-out during filming; he blames it on the trust they already have for one other.

Feeling safe enough in Dream's arms to allow himself the pleasure of getting dragged under pink clouds. Teasing sun-kissed touches coaxed pliant fog behind brown eyes. Timid as no pain was felt.

Enhanced by sly words honey lips would spit, emotions intensified with every labored breath, head spinning till he's purely dizzy with want to be good and joy – forgetting that the act was being filmed in sparks of arousal.

Dilated pupils got tunnel visioned to the point of falling into his own world, consisting only of golden hairs and freckled cheekbones, the men behind cameras becoming just a distant blurry face.

Of course, he's expired this headspace before, arguably a lot more severe than he did with Dream. Still, he's surprised he even managed to get there; in his books, the scene wasn't all too heavy to warrant George's mind to float with vulnerability and submissiveness.

But he supposed it didn't always have to be intense. Not in *this* case, because he didn't have to build any relationship with the blond. *George's walls were already broken down when it came to him*, and they had been for years.

It was easy to just let go.

So, mostly for that reason, Dream stayed; gave him mumbled praise and warm hands that George needed till he let loose a wet hiccup, and drifted away on top of a dirty chest.

Anything after that became a blur. The blond cleaned him up, half carried him down the hall and a few steps into another set – a set with a bed, splayed him out in clean silken sheets, drew circles in alabaster skin until George passed out once again.

He still remembers the dread washing over when he got rudely awakened by some staff. Telling him they're locking down the build with soft smiles.

Dream long gone.

Things had ended as hoped.

Luckily, the filming happened on Friday. He had a whole weekend to wind down in the company of himself and boring movies. Declining a party, but still messaging Karl and Sapnap to not let any suspicion about his absence grow.

Dream and he didn't talk.

Didn't call.

Didn't even send a text.

They only murmured some *hello's* a late night at Sunday – getting dragged in call with the rest, curing their hangovers.

Bister eyes flutter with the breeze of the classroom door swinging open, boredom masked over pale features. It's Monday now, and his backside still sore. *He's used to this*; covering any pain or strain from work. It'd be fine.

A day like any other.

Ignoring how his stomach drops, catching sandy hairs and a familiar face for the first time since last. Heart thumping up against his sternum. He assumes Dream doesn't want his secrets spilled, so neither would talk about what they'd done, *he assumes*.

Hoping no one would question the later arrival either, honestly, he had just stupidly slept in.

Licking the roof of his mouth—feeling the ridges, hood pulled over chocolate hairs as he nods at the teacher with faux innocence. God, had the man only known what fetish he engaged in for the world to see just a week prior: the professor wouldn't have smiled so brightly back.

He sits as normal.

Next to Dream.

It'd be weird if he stopped, right? So he must take his usual seating. George's bag is thrown on the floor between the two accompanied by a thud, chair scraping annoyingly as he sits, *nothing out of the ordinary*, yellow breaths falling out of flared nostrils – eyes dead set on the chalkboard up front.

“Thank you for finally joining us, George,” the man—his teacher—quirks a dark brow down at him, reddish lips parted in an amused smile. Not a stern one.

Slender finger draws non-existing shapes into his table, he croaks back, “I-uh.” Suddenly hyper-aware of green eyes burning holes in the side of his face. “I’m sorry...sir,” ivory jaw clenching up at the formalities. “I-my tube was late—”

“Don’t stress it,” the man only chuckles, sending him a look before turning to write with dusty white chalk. “As I was saying; turn to page forty. Read over the summary about set theory.”

George had no reason to be nervous about today, they have already done the worse part—the sex was good, their scene was great even. But bleak palm sweaty nonetheless as he bends to pick up his book – taking time to trail peering eyes down Dream’s figure.

The blond looked like he always did; relaxed—almost aloof. White shirt fitted with black tracks, a dark discarded hoodie on the table in front of him. The simplest outfit he could have picked.

Not that he could judge with his own navy set of joggers, hiding most of a lithe body.

He noticed more now: how thin cotton stretched the expanse of a hard breastbone, barely concealing a tanned chest George himself had once clawed at; marking sun-kissed flesh with desperate carmine paintings as eyes were foggy and pink hormones were aflame.

God fuck.

Calmly huffing—hastily throwing his book on the table to help rip his gaze away. Eyes locking onto dark ones for a split second. *Fuck.*

George is a good student, he tells himself that at least. Reading on whatever page their teacher had requested – or, not really reading per se, eyes just trail inked letters over and over, not processing what it says.

Mostly doing so to distract himself from the man sitting an arm's length away—man he had fucked to make matters worse—man whose also his best friend. *God, where did he go wrong?*

He had to give it to him in all fairness. Dream had been doing this—adult films—for as long as George had, supposedly he started for the same reasons as the brunet as well. *That was his guess anyway.* Money.

Tongue itching to speak; to ask about it, though.

They barely got time to discuss shared experiences when the secrets first got spilled. Too much in the haze of it all, *not just sex*, too stuck in their own heads about *who* they’re fucking. And, at the end of the day, it was dumbly a close friend.

Friends talk—friends talk about vulnerable topics.

His life as a sex worker, on the other hand; he couldn’t really gloat about if his goal was to keep it locked away. Dream though, Dream could *understand*. Glancing to the left he mumbles out without a second thought, “Why did you start?”

The blond tensed beside him, understandable, they hadn’t talked since their shoot together. “Oh my god,” Dream mutters with a sigh, making a faint pout form on the brunet’s curious lips. “Are you seriously, *first now*, talking to me about what happened; in the middle of fucking class, George?”

Ok, good point.

But he refuses to give in, thin arms crossed over his chest with a huff. They’re looking forward at

the teacher as if they're paying attention – maybe it was easier to not look at one another. Voices low and quiet, "I dunno... we just didn't talk too much about it," brown eyes shift to the table, studying some pencil marks imprinted into plywood, "and I usually don't get to talk about it to *anyone*."

Wincing at how much self-pity was laced behind his tone. He didn't try to make it sound like that. Just genuinely wanted to know more; because this is all bat-shit-crazy, anyone would have wanted to know more in his situation.

Dream breaths beside him roughly, shooting right back; "Why did you start then?"

Simple. "Cash. Stupid. Young," which was true. Moving to the states alone with a bullshit of a scholarship rendered him, well, broke—in need of money. The only income he had was grants and student loans. After paying tuition there was barely any left to afford the housing he had.

He's not proud of the ways he used to pull loaves of bread under his hoodie to save those meek dollars.

So when he researched about *it* in a spur of desperation, saw a glamorized pay—flexible work hours, he couldn't help but contact a place he rather not think about anymore—borderline sketchy.

The sketchy directors wanting something in return for a job.

George learned awfully fast about the misconceptions; *let's become a pornstar, tsk, easy, I'll just take my clothes off and fuck a chick*. To be fair, that was a large part of it, but also not half of it.

If truth be told, he didn't fuck *chicks*. So that was a privilege perhaps. He didn't have to have the biggest dick known to man, he didn't need the stamina to fuck into someone for hours; if *he's* the one being fucked.

The acting was off as well, not nearly as smooth as it is now. When he worked up notability for himself and recognition—when he got picked up by a high production firm: that's when things started getting serious.

That's when he had plans to follow, actual scripts for shoots – a crew, a fucking agent that knew what was doing; who made sure to get George to speak about his own comfort, instead of shying it away.

At the start, the brunet kinda just went with the flow, he let the current drag him around the industry. Foreign sets of eyes watching as he got undressed – not having it in him to say, *hey, this is not for me*, in fear of getting kicked out and them finding someone else.

Even if that was an irrational fear. He doubts they would have done that, or, he doesn't really know, perhaps they would back then.

He scoffs at the memory alone, basically too new to voice his concerns. Of course, if it was something harshly against limits, he'd say it, and they would mostly listen or bargain. He doesn't really know how he managed to work his way up, but he got enough leverage now to simply say *no, find me something else*. Without the fear of being able to pay rent or not, if he does so.

The films being produced of him *now*, are the ones people pay for. Superb quality—dim lighting, almost like a fucking movie that turns lewd halfway through. Well, it literally was, they called it *feature movies*, *jesus christ*.

It got even more intriguing when he started dipping pale toes into fetish production: getting

dominated, leather straps—

Again. He has no clue how he managed to break through in the industry. Or how Dream of all people managed to get a name for himself, it's all dumb luck.

Dumb, stupid, fortunate, luck.

Well, he supposed in straight pornos the man's looks didn't exactly matter; more so focused on the pretty women. Dream never said it directly, but he could figure he does both ways, his *cock* was probably good enough to be in straight ones.

Stamina was undeniably more important than size, but, size was important too. Don't get him wrong.

He pities his colleagues that have to *cum, take a break, cum, take a break*, and just keep it going. During the shoot with a specific blond, he actually lasted to the end; he didn't even finish on camera.

They also both stayed hard during the duration, without any provided help.

Which is unusual. If he was younger and dumber he would have been offended over it. Maybe the tension just made him useless. Shellshocked to the point of not cumming, George grins to himself at the thought.

Doing gay compared to straight, however, as a mainly bottom, the cameras actually focused on him. His face *did actually* matter rather than his length. Maybe the umber doe look is what got him picked up along the way. *How fucking lucky.*

He learned with years how to adapt; adapt to the different scenes, how sometimes there was no chemistry with his co-stars, how to push through it regardless.

At first his fucking cock couldn't get *hard* with all the bored eyes watching him.

He learned to overcome that *stage fright* too.

It's not always sex either, as many would like to believe, he himself hopelessly thought that in the beginning as well. Paperwork, management, post-production; luckily his agent makes it all manageable.

The shit that rubs him the wrong way is the exploitation of talents. The consumers that fantasies about it all being this dream, that don't see the *bad* side. The actors that don't speak up about dier things that happened to them in fear of getting blacklisted in the industry altogether. Left without a job because they spoke up about things that *should* be spoken about. Things that need a voice.

He feels blessed, truly, that he works professionally with a credible firm and management present day. He doesn't see the violence with his own eyes anymore.

He feels taken care of by those surrounding him. Respected.

He wishes it would be days filled with steaming sex and attractive people, though. He liked the sex, that sounds cliché, stereotypical, but he liked it when it was done right. He wouldn't be here still if he didn't enjoy laying himself down to be taken apart. But instead of just fucking around, days consist of mundane tasks too.

He supposes any job does.

The reason he calls it dumb luck with *his* job, was simply because of the stigma around it. How that stigma would follow him for the rest of his life, the moment he had sex on camera –*it would follow him for the rest of his life*. Even if he leaves the industry and finds a different job.

That's why he keeps it quiet. Even if he doesn't experience discrimination, he still notices how people change once they find out. How they won't take him seriously in a conversation, how some start to hypersexualize everything.

Like all he's supposed to know is sex. Not allowed any other opinions. Like he's just a dumb hole; during the act, treated with that behavior is good—he likes it. But when plain passers-by on the streets, start doubting his intelligence, his capability, simply because he's naked on film.

That's when his veins curl with red.

He could probably out-smart every single one of those fuckers—

Performing is a life-long decision. It closed off multiple future career paths for him, and he knew that going into it. The taste of money—taboo thrill was stronger at the time, washing away any second thought.

He still doesn't regret it.

Maybe one day he will. Call himself young and dumb right now, the same way he's calling eighteen-year-old himself that.

He's willing to accept the scum flaming him for it, if it means he can continue doing something he liked despite all the downturns. He liked the sex, he liked the cameras, the boring paperwork—his crew, the sometimes shit pay.

Even if the public eye doesn't want him to *like* his own job. George clears his trachea and rasps, “Needed money. What about you? I'm guessing the same?”

There's silence for a moment. “I, *no* actually.”

Moist lips parted confused, sending Dream a glance. He's not judging him for it, of course not, he simply didn't expect a *no* for an answer. “What?”

Viridian green eyes still locked on the chalkboard in front of them, biting down feebly at his lower lip before languidly smiling—a half-smirk if you will. “I was stupid, sure, but I-uh, I wanted to explore. Didn't need money at the time.”

George looks down at his own lap, pale thumbs twirling around each other as he breathes out: “Explore?”

“Yeah,” the other echoed back, flipping a lone page in his book, essence of freshly pressed paper dancing around them. “Yeah, I jacked off a lot to—”

“Dream.” The brunet hisses, hitting him on the shoulder at the obscene sentence he was about to spit. To which Dream grins at, plush tongue poking behind pearly canines. Subtle pink contrasts beautifully against sharp white.

“You wanna know why I started or not?”

Pallid nose wrinkles like a bunny...muttering a quiet *fuck, alright*.

Humming while fingers skim an indent on the spine of his book. “I really liked the videos I watched,” dark eyes with relaxed lids shift to George before back up at the teacher, “and the *videos I always watched* were arguably a little, well, kinky.”

George scoffs at the word. Corners of his mouth perks mocking out, “*Kinky*,” then adding a “go on.”

And Dream really went for it, “I wanted to do *more* than just watch, right? I discovered those *unique* videos young and—fuck—it always did something to me seeing people...ok that’s not the point. I wanted to explore the shit I used to watch, like a fucking itch, seeing it through my screen wasn’t enough anymore,”

Dream takes a deep breath before opening his mouth again, “I supposed I could have found other ways to explore, but at the time; porn sounded like a better option because I wanted to experiment or whatever...I *did* find other ways to do that as well, by the way. I don’t regret it, the cash was just a plus back then, and now I need the money anyway since I moved out,”

A second breath, “I probably would have tried making my own amateur porn if I found out about clubs and such first. I like it, I love everything about it, and I feel shit for saying that, ‘cause I know—”

Mind racing at the information being spewed, he’s used to Dream’s rambling as Dream is used to his. Trying to focus on one thing, he stammers out, “What clubs—”

“Dream. George.” Their teacher sighed as he placed two aged hands—dotted with sunspots—on top of the plywood table. Keeping his voice low to make a point of the boy’s volume. “Can you guys *shut it* in my class?”

The blond is first to respond, “Sorry.” Then the brunet, “Sorry, sir.”

He’s *almost* sure the man didn’t hear *what* was being talked about. Smiling up at him with a kitten lick to his lip to wet the area. “Sorry again.”

Balck glasses on the bridge of the man’s nose as he huffs, studying George. “Also, Mr. Davidson. I heard you were gone Friday?”

Amber lashes flutter dumbly right away, stomach twisting slightly. He can see Dream in his peripheral watching the scene. “I-yeah. I was at the doctors.” Nerves flaring tawny yellow.

The teacher tilts his head, eyes roaming chocolate hairs as he murmurs, “You can always contact me if you need somewhere to talk. Alright?”

Pulse thumping. “I-I’ll keep it in mind. Thank you.”

A moment.

“Alrighty then. You two get back to work.” And he was off.

Mouth drying a little, knee bouncing under the table as he lets out a exhale. Weakly catching Dream’s eyes before hastily looking down at his book.

Secrets are doomed to get out one day; still, skin prickles over the simple mention of his whereabouts.

He's glad things weren't...awkward with a certain blonde. They seemed to have some mutual agreement of sorts.

A mutual agreement in *what*, he didn't know. But something: maybe to not talk about it to others, to not let it ruin their friendship. Whatever. They probably looked like two miserable kids groggily walking through the hallway, mauve eye bags and hoods pulled up to shield yellow lights.

Understandable though, maybe not for the public eye. But for him it was.

Halting as Dream stops by his locker like he always did. The brunet coughed once while he leaned against the cool metal, absentmindedly scrolling through his phone. They didn't get to talk more about their *adventures* in class. So words were still coating at his tongue; wanting to get spit out.

Alas, he didn't want to break some sort of boundary either. Since everything seemed fine between them, he didn't wanna go and change that with some stupid question, *not yet at least*.

It truly felt like they were professionals. How neither were acting immature about it—it was weird of course—but they could still behave like two consenting adults. Treating what happened as purely work.

Ignoring how into it they got.

“George?”

He hums back immediately, closing out of some app before pocketing his phone. Glancing up at sun-kissed features with questions lacing his stare. “Mhm?”

Dream's eyes unhurriedly roam the slender figure before him – a wrinkle between brows as he contemplates. “I need to talk to you about something.”

Heart drops a slither at the words, gently gnawing flesh on his lower lip, face twisting to something that says *go on*. The blond just smiles, languidly moving forward—half caging the smaller man against the metal shelves. Pulse picking up as that god-forsaken perfume makes his head dizzy again.

“We need to talk about when I *fucked* you,” the blond says, voice floating with stern undertones, lackadaisical eyes locked onto amber ones. *How was he acting so fucking unaffected?*

George splutters, of course he does, pressing his spine harder against the locker as he quietly gasps, “What?”

Not expecting the other to blindly say it out loud like that. The audacity and confidence to come and stare the brit down, spit lewd words without shame. Somehow it turned alabaster skin into gooseflesh within a second.

Clothed forearm rises to rest on the surface beside brunet tufts. Drifting closer with poise to not let anyone in the hall hear. “When we had sex, George, did you forget?”

Unreadable emotions bathe his gut, sparks of muted pink appearing. He blames it on Dream looking mean, because he does—he looks deadly serious right now. And George is just a man; just a man who's only ever seen the other look like this when they...well.

And maybe it's wrong of his body to react like this, *he didn't even want it to react like this*. This is his best friend—best friends that were unfortunate enough to fuck. His mind is just reacting naturally, he excuses, he isn't even attracted to Dream. So he stutters, “We were working. It doesn't matter. Doing...doing our job.”

Dream runs a familiar tongue out to wet at his lip, eyeing a pale ivory neck that's straining—straining over holding his breath. “I know. I would have acted differently if it wasn't work.”

Staring into the taller man's eyes stubbornly, lingering on the splash of cobalt mixed beside the jade in his left iris. Clenching his fist at the words; the implications. “How?”

Broad thumb swipe over Dream's cupid's bow. Tone lowering as he mocks back the brunet's own words at him: “It doesn't matter, does it?”

Batting amber lashes at the jab, annoyance seeping into pores increasingly.

Fighting a pout because there is no need for it, he—outside of work—doesn't care. He would normally just throw banter back at Dream, it'd be stupid to act bratty about it now. So he holds back, stopping himself from sounding needy over something so small. He simply agrees with him, even if it pains him to not make him elaborate. “No, yeah, we were just doing our job, it doesn't matter.”

Dream's face softened with a slight tilt to his head—almost like a puppy. Taking a moment to inhale before he states, “You said you just need to educate yourself, yeah?”

Dark brows furrow. “For what?”

Pressing closer deliberately, breasts almost touching when the taller make sure George would look at him. Painting that nonchalant persona on again, heavy contrast to the words he spits; “Educate yourself to be a *good submissive*.”

Breath catches *immediately* deep within lungs at the sentiment. Maybe it was the use of words. Bloodless cheeks slowly coloring with warmth, heart thumping in tips of pale fingers. He chokes out bewildered, “Yeah. You have to, there is no, no,” but he trails off.

The blond looked mean again with a faint sneer plastered onto honey lips—looked like he wanted to reach out and squeeze. Voice dropping an octave, “Well, when your dom *checks in on you*, you need to respond *properly*.”

Oh .

It all clicked in place now; the response he gave when asked for color. He himself could admit it was in poor taste, a shit way to act.

Brister eyes widen with worry. Black butterflies begin to eat away at him; he didn't know exactly why. Mind flooded with disappointed words the blond had spewed when it happened. He just didn't want the taller to be dissatisfied with him, gut churning at the simple image alone... *strictly because he doesn't wanna be a bad friend, that's all*.

George whispers, “I-it’s just stressful with all the cameras.”

“*I know*, but you can’t do that,” Dream echoes right back.

Scoffing, he snaps his head down to break from the snide gaze. Deadpanning with a glare to the floor, “Whatever, I’m sorry.”

Stomach flares up as tan fingers wrap around his chin, hard. The brunet scan the area around them frantically, hoping no one sees – the hallway seemed fairly empty, most probably eating lunch already.

So he weakly shifts shocked eyes back to Dream. “m sorry,” he says once again, tone arguably less confident than the last time he said it.

The blond swallows, adam’s apple bobbing as he does so. Blunt nails dig delicately into the side of a white jaw—leaving small carmine indents in contrast. “You know when you get *too fucked-out* during heavy scenes, yeah? The subspace shit.”

He opens and closes his mouth to get the grip on his jaw to slacken, but Dream seemed determined, mad almost. So he frowns at him. “Of course I know what subsp—”

“Good. Because doms experience similar stuff, George,” the taller cut him off. He had distantly heard of this before, not that he thought too much about it, so he bites his tongue. “You get, like, an intense rush; you feel fucking *powerful*, strong, almost invincible,” gets continued, face bright—self-assured, “it’s like this, this altered version of yourself.”

“What—” grip on his face tightens and yanks him a bit.

Dream’s voice gets coarse as he starts again, “My paddle starts to feel like a *part* of me; not some object I’m holding,” tilting his head slowly left, shining teasing facial expressions, words coming out just as effortless, “the subs reaction sparks something inside me when I’m in that headspace, when I get a sound—see the little marks *I caused*,” he whispers the last part tenuously.

Whispered in a way that makes George’s stomach flip dark—like a pink flight or fight response.

“And a *brat*, George, god. Cracking, taming some bitchy brat till they become pliant under *me—because of me*, feels like this—this electric fire, everything else becomes irrelevant; all I can think about is making them make *more* sounds, *more* cries, *more* marks, *more* please sir, more—” speaking faster for every *more* uttered, “—any subby thoughts *I* could have just fucking disappear; I get drunk on my sub—the reactions I can coax out of them.”

Both men’s breath surely becoming labored. “It’s like a...cocaine high; I get hyper-aware of every sound, every little facial expression, like some animal hunting prey. Feel fucking powerful, borderline *narcissistic*,” he stares the brunet down harder, sniping his eyes before grinning wide, “my ego swells, George. I’m me but a dirty *cruel* version of myself,” Dream parts his lips in a mocking gasp, “the sub cries in pleasure over something I do and I just *have* to repeat it over and over and over, *until I’m choking for fucking air, needing* to please them.”

George can do nothing but look at him with parted lips, if pupils embarrassingly blackened, neither mention it. “I-yeah, you—”

“Let me speak,” the blond said calmly—too calm, sounding taunting. But the smaller bites down on his lip regardless. “Even if we both know the *sub—you, George*, have the power—”

Yes, they both know of this sentence, he’s heard it a million times before. George wouldn’t like to

think of it in that way though; *sub is the one actually in charge*, feels contradicting to the point of someone putting themselves in a submissive role. So he rather thinks of it as an equal power of consent and limits. "I know, but—"

"Don't *but* me," Dream rasped, green eyes narrowing dangerously, hand still holding onto George's jaw—George whose chest buzzed at the harsh tone. "You have the power to safeword at any point; you're the one deciding what's happening, the dom takes care of the—"

Almost forgetting they're in a hallway, unreasonably wanting to be somewhat difficult, he breathes out never breaking eye contact: "Safewords isn't a form of control, it's a request." Secretly proud of how the sentence came out so put together, despite the nerves.

"Oh I know. Come on. Don't try to *smart-mouth* me," Dream spits back before the smaller could even finish. Irritation was obvious in the way a tanned jaw flexed. He hates himself for the thrill he feels making him react. They had always been like this, always teasing, *it didn't have to be anything new*.

Or sexual; just jokes—like friends.

Umber eyes trail from freckle to freckle as Dream spoke, "When I say you're in charge, George...I don't mean you have any fucking *control* in the scene." Oxygen seems to fly out of his body, breastbones gently flush together—hearts beating in rhythm.

The taller echoes out, "I'm simply saying at the end of the day; I listen to *you*, and you have to trust *me* to respond correctly—that's why trust is important." When they started changing the words from *dom* and *sub* to *you* and *me*, he didn't know.

It was just easier to talk like this.

He knew all this information already. He could also make it hard for Dream to get his words across. "Are you calling yourself a bitch—"

Dream wouldn't *let him* make it hard though. He tugs gingerly on a sharp jaw to shut him up and take over, "So when I said you have power; I didn't mean it literally," voice dropping to a taunting mock, warm breath hitting reddening cheeks, "get that in your little head. *I would be in charge of you*. Don't you ever fucking dare to think otherwise."

Insides tickle hot pink, and he hates it—pretends it isn't there. The uttered words were so... humiliating in a way.

They have no reason to talk like this.

He isn't in charge of anyone.

They're friends at school, Dream just wanted to tell him about some stupid reaction he had. Reality settles slightly behind blown pupils, so George huffs up with downturned lips. *But he still doesn't change the fucking topic*. "Dom-doms can safeword too, not just me."

Dream lips part into this dangerous smile, hand on the brunet's jaw fall – light knuckles graze down a clammy alabaster throat, fingers hooking in the collar of George's hoodie; just holding on there. "You're right, George, good." It was mocking, the way he held the smaller by his jumper felt downgrading, like he was an animal getting held by a leash. "Are you done bra—are you done?"

Flashing wide eyes up at the taller, big because he almost got called a brat. It's out of place.

They're not doing anything inherently sexual, and George still feels like he's getting talked down to in a buzzing way. The brunet opens his mouth but Dream scoffs; "This isn't a topic to argue over."

And the blond is right, it really isn't.

Conversation like this should be taken earnestly. He supposed they aren't fucking—let alone in a relationship; there isn't a reason to discuss this in the first place, they're simply friends. But he can't contain himself, "I like being a sub to *not* have control, that's kinda the point."

"Can I get back to *my* point? The reason I wanted to talk to you?" And George's face sours as he didn't get the response he wanted.

Letting a hiccup fall over as he's tugged by the collar, to coax a response out of him. Cursing himself out for even feeling the need to answer the blond; faintly nodding with a hidden pout.

"Alright. Doms are usually looked at as the *powerful ones* in the relationship, which isn't true. But it's still my responsibility to look after you; you-your well-being, George." Dream still had that stern tone, somewhat it's cracking at places to sound more like himself – his normal self, his everyday self.

He doesn't know if it's reasonable to be heating up over Dream referring to it as *their relationship* when explaining his points. Even when they have none. He'll give him the benefit of the doubt though, that he's using their *film* as an example. He probably was, that's probably what he's trying to get at. "Yes."

Eyes lock once again, a finger pokes a milky sternum on accident, still holding the smaller by his collar. "Don't you think that responsibility takes a fucking toll on me?"

"Y-yes." He knows whatever bubble he's falling in with himself, is wrong, he's annoyed at Dream, and he doesn't know why. Absent-mindedly nodding along and listening.

"How do I explain this better," Dream mutters, bringing a tan hand to ruffle sandy hairs, "doms have dom space, I told you about that. But that also means there are dom *drops*."

George could have figured that one out alone.

Not thinking as he rests his palm over the wrist that's holding his hoodie. The taller didn't seem to notice either. "Mhm."

"Especially sadists." Heart drops at the singular word, lips going dry as he heightens himself on his toes to halfheartedly size-up Dream, and sink again with a deep breath realizing that's fucking stupid.

"They make their subs cry, right, leave all these pretty bruises. Because both parties want it," Dream leans closer when he spoke. Twisting his hand to bunch up the fabric of George's hoodie, making the cotton tighten around his neck slightly as he whispers, "Even you get *hard* from a meek slap, and I get hard giving one."

"Dream—" looking around the hall, squeezing at a broad wrist. Pale eyelids fall halfway down. "You can't—"

"You probably didn't even realize how you were fucking scratching at my chest till I almost bled—I still have marks, by the way," Dream's voice painfully bored as it always is when saying things he shouldn't.

Choking out; “I-”

“It doesn't matter, it's not my point,” the blond yawned, it must have been faux.

The taller clicks his tongue for a few seconds, eyes narrowing in on George as he gets stern again. “Our scene wasn't all too heavy, and you started crying on me. It normally turns me on, right? But I didn't know you; or I *do* know you, probably better than anyone else,” the brunet leans his head back; skull making a clank with the locker, “but I had never *fucked* you before, George. I didn't know if you were actually crying from discomfort or not.”

Black bubbles deep in his chest faintly, trying to reassure, “I wasn't-”

“George, you don't get the fucking *panic* thinking you made someone sob in distress *while* performing a-a sexual act on them. Do you know how much that can fuck with your head?”

He never wants to actually worry the other, even if they tease around. Gasping out, “I-no, I just-”

“And people—hard doms—get dirty looks from, I don't know, vanilla people if you wanna call them that? Every day,” Dream cuts him off, blond brows furrowed, he's confident in his words, rendering the smaller to just listen with a slight pout, “people who don't *get it* constantly say shit like; abusive, insane, *mentally ill*. Which sadism is none of that. *Oh, why would you wanna hurt people, freak.*”

Gaping at the change in tone. “But I want it—loads of-”

“It doesn't matter, people say that shit regardless,” the blond sighed, tilting his head making sure to look down at the other, “you know that—you've seen the comments under your own fucking videos.”

He has. “Mh.”

Dream continues, “So you get that intense power high—dom space—over someone submitting to you...and then that adrenaline shimmers down; those same ass thoughts start circling.”

George looks confused, pulse thumping uncomfortably fast in the side of his neck.

“*Oh wow, maybe I'm a fucking psycho, maybe I'm scum for hurting people,*” the taller mocks back at to the brunet's questing look, “and you start to doubt yourself and everything you did during the act. Shit just get fucking depressive, you get *guilty*,” losing the hold on his hoodie, “that's how dom drops can work.”

“Why feel guilty if both parts want it?” He realizes how stupid the words tasted as soon as they left his mouth.

Dream scoffs, splaying a hand on the locker to rest his weight – still looming over the smaller. “You can't exactly control that, George. It's just the same as subdrop, if not worse.”

Breathless at the close proximity, every word the other had said played over and over again like a broken record, bouncing inside his skull. “I-I didn't think.”

Jade stare dance around George's face. “Aftercare—reassurance is important y'know. It's good to hear you're not a freak, when you are rough to people to please them.”

“Yeah, of course,” he sounds timid.

“Imagine you were floating away during a scene,” Dream’s voice the softest he’s heard it yet, golden mouth biting down on its itself, eyes almost pleading with him to understand, “and it became too much, way too much to handle, and-and you try calling safewords; but he doesn’t listen, or don’t hear you—”

Resting any urge to touch, to comfort. He simply cuts him off, “I get it, Dream, breath.”

There's silence for a good while, hearts beating rapidly in tandem. “Just like, the pang I felt seeing you sob and-and you were out of it—and trust me, I love to make people cry, and I’m not a pussy about it—I was just shocked that you shoved me—”

He knows the other isn’t a *pussy about it*, from the little he’s seen of him and heard, the man was embarrassingly very capable. The brunet tries to formulate it into words, but fails, something along the lines of *you’re good at what you do* and *I’m sorry* comes spewing out in a mess.

Which only leads to more tense quiet. “...I was just really enjoying myself,” before George tries to joke, “apparently I just *really* wanted your cock and—” cutting himself off as Dream broke that stern persona with a sickening honey-sweet laugh, making the brunet grin himself, “—and I just, I dunno, was in my own headspace. My stomach dropped when you said to end the shoot or something, I didn’t really think; just got mad—”

“Nah, you’re just a *brat*, even in a *submissive* headspace.” Dream bit down on his lip to stop any smile from spreading. “Fucking shoving me cause you didn’t get fucked.”

Light-hearted annoyance lighting up. Sending a cold glare as he pushes Dream’s chest, just to be mean. The taller stumbles back, grin never faltering; he just moves like an energized dog.

“Idiot,” George scoffs.

The blond comes closer again and shoves the brunet in rebuttal, muttering an *idiot* as well; George’s back hitting the locker with a thud. Stomping a lithe foot boyishly at the dizziness, inhaling shallowly before sprinting to push at Dream, tongue poking between fangs as he smiles.

Dream captures one of his wrists and pulls him with ease; a huff falls out above him when the blond hits the opposite wall – George caging him. Lips spread wickedly, throwing slender forearms up to press over a tanned neck, keeping him pinned.

“Why you so feisty today,” the taller breaths.

“‘m not,” he mumbles back, he jumps up again, trying to get the other in a headlock.

Only for Dream to laugh in response.

Jerkily pushing up more to reach—he was a good jumper—feet half walking and sliding on the blond's legs; arms latching on his shoulder to pull on him and get him to the ground. *He’s done this a million times.*

Looking awfully like a cat trying to climb a tree or some shit.

“George! Get the fuck off,” Dream yelps, shoving at the brunet’s midsection. The smaller had lips pursed in concentration, half making himself straddle the side of his body—as a koala, trying to dead-weight and fall backward, to drag them down.

It was truly all a blur as his back got harshly slammed into a stranger's locker, air punched out of lungs. Clutching onto Dream, groaning at the slight maroon pain shooting down his spine; arms

grabbing sizable shoulders, legs locked around– “Mh,” he pants out, flinching when brown eyes open to see a freckled nose almost bumping his own.

Dream labored breaths fanning at his cupid’s bow, fuchsia goosebumps rising over his nape. Eye’s meet silently–alluringly. Not having half a mind to notice the tan hands under his thighs holding him up at all. “Dream–”

Grip on his thighs squeezed once, before languidly sliding up under his arse; bodies gliding over each other as George got slowly put down, never relenting heated gazes. “Idiot,” Dream rasped.

They were still flushed together, the brunet’s feet hit the ground quietly. Reminded painfully aware of his half-filled cock laying trapped between two bodies right now. Not over this stupid closeness, just the fucking talk they had.

Lite hands fall slack off Dream’s body, hanging by his sides. Dark side of his mind screaming at him to roll his hips out. “‘m not an idiot.”

Taller one leaned his head forward with a parted mouth, eyes dead set on the brunet’s lips. George’s heart jumps up his throat, pale lids flutter close with a small sound, tilting his chin up–

Only to be met by nothing.

Dream went on to whisper into his ear, “Just remember everything I told you today.”

How he ended up here, he doesn't know.

Smell of alcohol wafting throughout the house. Lazily leaning on the armrest of some leather couch, trying to ignore the ear-piercing melody vibrating cups. Foul beer running down his esophagus.

Well, he does know how he ended up here. But he’s not happy about it.

“Sapnap!” an unfamiliar voice had called over the cafeteria;

Sapnap glanced up, some tall brunet came jogging up to their table while calling the bearded man’s name. George must have seen him before, surely—in class or something. Their normal friend group—consisting of a groundbreaking four people—were all sitting where they usually sit.

Dream and he had joined the other two for lunch as soon as their little talk was done. Never mentioning it. Jumping as a figure sat down beside him, shoulders bumping makes him stop chewing, eyeing Dream and Karl sitting opposite him before looking at the new addition. “Hey?”

Strangers hair was almost black with how dark his shade of brown was, baby blues bright as he smiled at George. “Hi, wassup?”

Pale face twisting, furrowing his brows at the others in a silent question. “Who—”

“That’s Martin, and he can fuck off,” Dream itched at his own neck, trailing ugly green eyes down a body slightly shorter than his. “What are you doing here?”

The hostile response made lips seal shut, eyes a little wide looking at Karl—Karl who just sends equally as confused ones back with a shrug.

“Relax, Dream, Jesus,” the stranger—Martin apparently—started, “wanted to ask Sap to come and celebrate tonight,” ocean eyes drift down Karl’s clothed torso, gradually turning his head left to look at the smaller brunet, “you can come too.”

George coughs. He doesn’t really do parties, well, barely—not like he’s not invited, just feels mundane to go now, it’s no fun anymore.

Perhaps the urge to get shitfaced wore off with years. “I dunno, maybe.”

“It’s Monday—” Dream interrupts with a scoff.

Only to get cut off by Martin again, “So?”

Brown eyes roll, taking a large bite of his sandwich listening to the two boys brawl.

“So? It’s still Monday!”

“You can come too, Dream, even if you’re a dick!” Martin threw his hands up.

“Oh my god—no!”

“Bring your friends, and come.”

“No!”

He has no clue how Sapnap actually managed to convince them all. But here they are.

At least, here *George* is, he hasn’t seen the other for a solid fifteen minutes. Dream never told him about this supposed hatred he and the host had for one another. It all seemed childish anyway. Knee bouncing as umber eyes trail down the indents of wooden walls. Bored.

Speaking of which; he hadn’t seen Dream at all tonight, probably didn’t come out of spite. Ill-tasting liquid glide down his throat, glass rim chilled on pink lips.

“You came.”

He doesn't register the voice, but context clues are enough to figure who it was. Aloofly breathing out a *yeah* still looking at the wall. Somehow his response must have coaxed Martin to sit down beside him, and the smaller shows no remorse to be nice about it, throwing his head back with a groan.

“Bro, come on, you can at least pretend to be happy,” the other chuckled, swirling whatever beverage he had in his cup before chugging it.

“Uh,” George starts, scratching his knee, “why do you even host parties?”

A bigger leg knocks into his own. “What d’you mean?”

“It’s boring as shit.”

Heavy warmth gently lands on top of his thigh, the taller playing faux hurt with a gasp—it *almost* made George smile. “Our parties are fun, you’re just boring.”

Dark brows perk, flexing the muscles in his thigh as the hand stays unmoving. “*Our?*” then rushing out “Also, I have you know; I’m quite fun.”

Martin tensed his fingers—fabric on the smaller man’s pants bunching up—looking around the room with this *weird* face. “I-uh, yes, *our*, this house is a scuffed frat thingy.” Cobalt eyes checking around before sinking into the couch cushions, thumb awkwardly nervous trying to draw a circle into a slender inner thigh. Mumbling, “*Fun* you say?”

Is this guy seriously...he looked like a lost puppy. So George just has to stare at him in disbelief for a second. Holding back any laughter to not hurt the man’s ego. “You good?”

Embarrassment is obvious on the taller man’s face, hand sliding down to George’s knee—too scared to continue what he tried to do. “I-shit, yes, I’m good.”

Brown eyes curious as he grabs Martin’s wrist gently, leisurely guiding his hand up over his thigh. He can’t help the grin from spreading when he sees him sputter, almost scared when blue eyes look around the room once again. “You sure you good, Martin?” as he situates the hand in the bend of his thigh and hip.

He would pity him, but he couldn’t care less.

“Fuck, I, you-you into men?” It would have been cute if it wasn’t for how painful it was to watch.

George inhales softly. Not able to bite back the half-scoff half-laugh. “Why you wondering?” White fangs shine as he grins at the wall devilishly. “You wanna *fuck* me?”

The other chokes, sitting up—hastily looking around again; as if he’s worried anyone would see, which only made George grin wider with furrowed brows that said *jesus christ*. “You can’t—fuck, you can’t just say that so loud.”

Parting lips in contemplation, running a tongue to wet the corner of his mouth. *This was at least funnier than sitting here and doing nothing.*

Slowly George sits up straight as well, soft in his movements as he finally turns to look at the other. Not caring to study his face. The brunet rather drifts closer, deliberately tilting his neck to round out his stare, chocolate bangs elegant and curly on a pale forehead, flashing pretty doe-eyes;

the taller man eating it all up with a breath. “You don’t want to…” perking the tips of dark brows and delivering a tiny pout, “you don’t wanna feel me?”

It was hard to keep the mocking smile off his face, but he tried to keep the faux innocent. *Was he a dick for fucking with people?* No, surely not. Just fun to see people embarrassed, and this man was obviously scared people would see he has an attraction to guys.

Ok, maybe he was a dick.

“George—”

“Yes, Martin?” he sang back.

Cheeks were flushed, eyes roaming the area around every second or so. “Do you, uh, do you wanna go somewhere else?”

Gut cribbing with evil desire. It’s beautiful to watch people crumble. Leaning to whisper into his face, making sure his breath lands on the man’s cupid’s bow, “You scared to kiss me here?”

Fingers flex as broad fingers wrap around a pale wrist, maneuvering George’s hand to splay over his groin. The action made him falter, even more so as lips were suddenly on his, a way-too-eager tongue entering right away—tasting of vile beverage.

“Mhp—” as he shoves at Martin’s chest, the man retreats with wide, hungry, ocean eyes and a *sorry*.

Wiping his sleeve over a pale face. “Don’t say sorry, you were right; let’s go somewhere else instead.” This was going to be hell, but he hadn’t fucked around in a while—outside of filming, so.

“Oh my god, I-I—”

“Suck my dick as a sorry, and you be fine. Don’t worry.” It’d be worth it.

Well, maybe it wasn’t worth it.

The man undeniably didn’t have the best capacity to please a man. Go figure. Hands too rough trying to palm him, tongue too eager—almost down Goerge’s throat, squeezing *just too* hard trying to jerk him off.

Still, it wasn’t the worst he encountered.

So he’ll let it slide, at least he got a blow job and a quick fuck.

Wiping Martin’s cum off with some bedsheet. The boy himself, gone, said he needed the bathroom. George could guess he went to contemplate or some shit, devastated over engaging in *homoerotic* acts. The brunet scoffs with a grin; *he couldn’t care less right now*.

Getting too old to care about that shit, whiney people is not his problem.

What he cares about is a bottle of beer.

Brown eyes squinting walking back down the hall, hair messy—but it looked good despite this. Checking for his phone; fishing it up as he runs down the stairs with lithe steps. Almost walking into some wall shooting Sapnap a text.

bro where tf are u guys

Glancing up locating the kitchen, it looked deserted, *thank god*. Finding his way to a fridge, blindly reaching inside for a beverage, clicking on Karl's number.

can one of u like pick me up, did u just leav??

Tapping some more to finally find Dream's contact, swiping up to type a message— heart jumping as a rough honey-laced voice speaks up behind him; "I know that guy. He's a jerk."

Slender fingers dance around the oval neck of a beer bottle he was holding, cold glass chilled under the tips of his fingers as he sighs out, not turning to look at the other, "Ok, and?"

At least someone is still here.

Pocketing his phone with a huff, faintly hearing Dream move to lean on the counter. "You go to parties and *fuck* the host often, then?"

Maroon slowly boiling at the unnecessary questions. Sure, they're friends, bros, whatever they wanna call it; of course, they talk about sex – they always did. Especially them, after that little chat in the hallway. But, still. "Perhaps," George deadpans.

Right as he turns and catches Dream's eyes, the blond rasps out, "Was he good?" He was wearing that same white shirt he did in class, definitely fitted better with slacks now – *why was he wearing fucking slacks?* Pale nose wrinkles as he studies the cotton hem tucking into a neat waistband. It matured him in a way, the same way it did when he was lasciviously acting as a teacher.

"Why do you care if he was good?"

Unreadable intent laced far behind the speckles of jade in his iris. "I don't. Just can't stand him; so I doubt he's *talented* in bed."

It felt like the blond was trying to throw a jab at him—so he threw one back without really thinking, he could blame it on the alcohol swimming throughout his veins, flushing cheeks this pretty rose. "It was good because it wasn't getting *filmed*." Even if it was no jab at all, more so embarrassing to say than anything.

Sandy lashes twitch as Dream's lids hood, sending a foul glare. Leisurely parting from the countertop to stand up straight. "Yeah?"

Tenison festering disgustingly deep behind his chest, ignoring it; "Yeah."

Freckled face tilts—like a taunt. "You sure?" Bringing a tan hand to unbuckle his belt casually, leather strap sliding out of the metal hoop – brown eyes struggling to stay focused on Dream's. Derisive honey lips perk up watching the smaller stubbornly not look down, before he tightens his belt again. Aloofly readjusting his slacks as a jeer. "You like having drunk sex with dickbags?"

Room heating with flushed cheeks, thumping of music fuzzing out to rather hear his pulse beat faster in all shades of red; aggravating, intriguing, carmine. "I mean, yeah," he sang back at him.

"He surely just gave you a *shit* prep," Dream starts, tone masked with mock, "put his dick in and started hammering into you; annoyingly panting down your neck like a closeted frat guy," breath hitching because he wasn't wrong per se, "cummed on your stomach and *left*."

Glancing at the hardwood floor, hands fisting by his sides—nails dig into frail flesh, leaving angry indents. "No, he didn't." His own voice drops an octave, probably looking like a stubborn kid where he stands with balled-up hands.

Dream looked mean again; awfully familiar to their shoot, posture bored like he wasn't affected by anything. Like George didn't matter. "No?" he rhetorically asks, never moving closer, even if his goal was to rail the smaller up, either by rage or frustrations – he didn't move to touch, just standing with sun-kissed arms crossed.

The nonchalant attitude somehow made chills wash over. George, arguably a little annoyed, drags the pink flesh on his lower lip between canines to bite on, Dream talked before he got a chance to; "Maybe he knew some tricks, called you beautiful or some shit to get you going."

George stays quiet just biting harder and harder on his lip, feeling on the mix of emotions bubbling behind his sternum.

"Maybe he tried to choke you," Dream echoed with a coarse to his voice, snaking broad fingers to wrap around his own throat – never breaking eye contact, lightly squeezing the side of his neck to demonstrate, veins and tendons protruding when he does so, "probably pushed *down* on your throat instead of your arteries," opening his mouth to match how George's lips parted, just the same way he did when they...filmed.

Pale face heat with a concoction of alcohol and anger, sucking on his front teeth to stay silent.

Slowly Dream drags a sassy tongue over pearly, sharp, fangs, grinning wildly before he drops his own chokehold and leans his head back, acting self-assured. "Maybe he tried to act tough—to brag to his buddies; tried acting like some sort of *pornstar* and weakly hit your ass once."

Brown eyes darken, strangled sound rasping out from his throat as he stands up straight—waking up to the blond with heavy steps, and harshly shoves at his chest. "Shut up."

They had a thing for shoving in a means of communication apparently.

Neck tilting as he borderline pouts up at him. Dream studies the height difference deliberately, smirk never faltering, golden bangs falling in front of piercing eyes. "I feel bad for him though. It's a shame he can't see you from *my* angle," pushing at George's chest in rebuttal, sending the smaller against the other counter—edge digs into his lower back uncomfortably, "I mean, because I'm *bigger* than him, right? You can't blink your stupid eyes up at him."

Still not in each other's personal space, but irises laced with an underlying tension. "Dream—" viridian green snaps down at the use of his name, hairs rise on the brunet's nape at the scowling look, muted pink he's been ignoring blossoming secretly behind his navel, "why are you—why do you care?"

"Because that guy's a jerk."

"It shouldn't bother you if he is. I just wanted my dick sucked," George breaths back.

A moment. Dream dragged tinted skin behind teeth. "You're my best friend, of course it does."

Batting lashes at him, letting vile words slip from his lip; "He fucked me *good*, by the way." *He didn't.*

Bronzed jaw flex, hollows of his cheeks showing off at the action – highlighting his cheekbones. "Mhm, did he now?" Taking a daring step forward, fuzzing chests grazing. "His talk good too? What did he call you?" Resting arms on the counter on either side of George's body. Mumuring with ill intent, words basking with a hint of taunt–tease, "I bet he didn't have the balls to call you a *fucking whore*."

Choking on metaphoric pink spit, the essence of Dream–his musky perfume, slight smell of alcohol–filled flared nostrils, burning his insides. "I didn't want him to."

Another lie.

"Mh," the blond raises his brow once like he knows it is one too. Dropping his voice to a gravelly whisper, "He probably thought it was too *embarrassing* to call you a good boy, right? Boring-ass." Dream continued his subtle jabs about how he was more confident in bed, because he was—they both knew that.

Standing his ground. Resisting reaching out – discreetly hitching up on the tips of his toes to breathe into a tanned face, "Not everyone likes *talk*, Dream."

Tension around them deafening, golden lips parted with a sheen of spit glistening. Lower body rolling forward but never touching George. "You *do* though," umber eyes send a glare, tilting his head left with round eyes, before the taller starts again, "so tell me: what did *you* moan at him?"

"... nothing."

Dream's stare studies an unmarked neck, ivory skin fair with the remains of a stranger's drool. "Oh but I know you ain't shy. What was it; baby? handsome?" scoffing tauntingly before he whispers, "you can't exactly go calling a hookup *sir*."

Gut falls at the single word, cribbing with pastel butterflies grazing up his esophagus, faint want washing over him. "I didn't call him...sir, of course I didn't. That would be weird."

Both men's breathing became labored, softly moving forward so torsos flush. "Good–good cause he isn't a *sir*."

"You don't know that."

"I know he isn't *yours*." They're surely inhaling the same air right now, shoulders raised as they gently drift closer.

"You also don't know *that*," voice low, George's eyes shifting between both of Dream's to not

relent the heavy, stern, eye contact.

“Oh but I do, George,” the blond spat.

Even if he just got laid—arguably a shit lay—fuzz still shoots over lithe hips with neediness, want to touch—to feel. *Not wanting to touch Dream*, he tells himself, just wanting someone to make him feel *good* again.

“He’s a self-centered, twenty-something-year-old frat kid; no one calls him sir.” Dream looked on the verge of ticking over, annoyance seeping under freckled cheekbones. He had no reason to be so, but he supposed the blond really didn’t like the man.

George’s cock surprisingly stirs under the attention of a mean-looking face, not as he wanted it to, he’s still...angry, but talking back to him—seeing him get railed up was intriguing. “You’re also a self-centered, twenty-something-year-old kid; you’re no ones sir either, blonde.”

The taller was adamant to not touch the brunet, may be out of principle or respect – so he rather dance fingers around a slender neck, *never touching*, just a phantom feel of what he could do. “You know...when I said I didn’t like *liars* during our little shoot; that wasn’t me acting,” tone dangerously calm, not at all what he expected in response to his bitchy words.

Warm fingertips graze over the brunet’s jugular, holding back an embarrassing whimper. Neck tilting upward as Dream’s knuckles skim under his jaw – elongating an ivory throat dusted with a sheen of sweat, adam’s apple bobbing. “‘m not a liar.”

Dream’s face slowly split into this unholy smile. It’s something gut stirring in the way he holds himself so collected and nonchalant, how he acts bored. A singular tan finger presses up under a sharp chin—to keep George’s face tilted up—lightly forcing their eyes to stay locked. Golden lips part as he speaks, voice as if they’re talking about the weather, “You wanna know something *funny*?”

Umber eyes surely blackened—pupils surely wide. Heart beating against his ribcage as he gasps out before thinking, “Yes.”

Freckled lids hoods more, licking over his lip before he drags the flesh into his mouth to softly bite down. “I know you film as a cute, little, bratty, sub for cameras, but,” pressing the finger slowly—but hard—into the soft part under his jaw, making the smaller grunt, “but, have you ever heard of actual masters outside of porn?”

Amber lashes fluttering. “*Masters*?”

“Let me tell you a story,” Dream grins cruelly, “usually it is a long term thing,” dark viridian eyes studying how the brunet hangs on to his syrupy words, “but these *fun* little places exist; where you go and find people willing to—”

“What places?” George breathes.

Dream’s face contorted into this mocking one, like he’s teaching a kid how to count. “These clubs, George.”

Mind focusing in on the blond, gut bubbling pink for reasons he didn’t know – other than intrigue. “The ones you talked about in...”

Humid air hits on a pale chin as the blond exhales, green eyes dilated as well. “Back to my story. I was even more curious after the firm sent me to take dom classes and seminars,” gripping George’s

jaw harder, “did some research. Found out there's a whole community you could meet,” doe-eyes blinking up just listening with mouth agape in confusion, “these *clubs*, with horny, freaky, people—just as freaky as myself—wanting to find someone to *break-control* them for a day,” that sly smile plastered onto moist lips again, pulse thumping harder.

George croaks, cutting him off, “Y-you just telling me how you went to sex clubs?”

Broad hand travels from his jaw, up a flushed cheek, to grab a hold of chocolate hairs; tugging there to pull his head back more – leaning to whisper into the brunet’s ear, “Oh no, you got it wrong, pretty,” muffled sound escapes at the pet-name not fitting their friendship, “people looking for *a master—a sir* for the night, it’s not always sexual favors.”

George felt himself fuzz, a slight strain in his jeans – which is ridiculous because Dream hadn’t done anything to cause that. “Then what?”

“Many things, George; people want to obey, serve...submit,” voice dropping for every word uttered, “for example, this girl I met there *lied* to me once,” eyes widening as the story starts to connect back to George himself lying, “I simply made her *lick my fucking shoes clean*, walk on all four like a slut – humiliate her till she learned that *you don’t lie*,” tension building as every syllable got rougher, almost wanting Dream to do something drastic, but he stayed away, not touching the smaller in any sexual manner.

Nose wrinkles at the vile words, licking someone's shoes; you’d look like you’re worshipping the dirt someone stepped in.

Not arousing, he thinks, *just fucking humiliating as Dream said himself.*

Alluringly the blond drifts closer to graze sinful lips at the shell of George’s ear. Whispering, “And god, fucking hell, George, wanna know something else,” letting a heavy breath fall into his ear seductively, “her thin little panties were always *so. fucking. moist.* from simply kissing my shoes in front of the club, embarrassed.”

Letting the sentence linger in fuchsia heated air, before adding, “After a whole day of genuinely degrading shit...there would be these faint, wet, marks, at the very top of her inner thighs, right by her *pussy.*”

The brunet chokes, words absolutely lewd, no better way to describe it. He didn’t know what kinda image the blond tried painting, so he stutters out; “Dre—”

“Press her legs together when I would *spit* in her face from where she was laying on the floor with a fucking collar,” a hiccup escapes, “knowing no matter how much of a brat she was; I wouldn’t crack, I would simply discipline her. Because that’s what you do to *brats that lie*, George, you train them to *not lie.*”

He’s sure no confidence is left in his voice as he airily asks, but he has to ask, “Train them?”

Dream chuckled like he was about to say the funniest thing ever. “Masters, remember when I asked you about them?” The brunet weakly nods, clutching the edge of the counter like his life depended on it. “Well, masters train misbehaving ... *slaves*,” wincing at the terminology, “change their filthy attitude to whatever pleases *me*, because George, *my* command is the only thing that matters.”

Coughing to cover a sound. “Isn’t that—that just dom and sub—”

“Oh baby, no. I mean: it could be, yes. But having a master means you obey them every second of

the day *outside* of the scene—”

Gasping, “Why would anyone want that—”

Dream tsks, “I don’t. That’s why I go to these clubs—we all know each other now by now—make a week-long contract or something with someone.” He can smell the musk on Dream with how his face is almost in his neck.

“I-I meant why would you want to fucking do that for a week like an idiot.” Disgust painted over pale features.

The blond leans back, nerves flare up as they lock eyes again, it made him want to shrink in on himself talking about *whatever this is* while having to look him in the face.

But Dream just grins for a second, noses almost bumping as he mockingly pouts. “I don’t know, why would someone want that?” he breaths, skimming two fingers up the side of a pale neck, shooting pink goosebumps over George’s scalp. “Maybe you could ask the girl that did it to me, seeing as her panties got as wet as... *your cock right now*... just kissing my shoes,” slim thighs press together, stuttering an exhale, painfully aware of the erection pressing uncomfortably against cotton, “so answer me yourself, George; why would you want to submit to someone like that?”

Everything stills, *he didn’t want that*, he argues with himself like a child. He’s simply aroused over dirty words, it’s the alcohol, whatever; there’s some other reason for his strain.

Just not *that*.

He wouldn’t want to humiliate himself, freely. Ignoring the mysterious pink flame lighting behind his belly, anyone could get intrigued. Of course they could. Didn’t mean he wants to lick someone’s shoes...or get overpowered— “Mh,” he grunts to stop his train of thoughts, “No, I d’t.”

Dream’s hand gingerly retracts, leaning back to stare at each other—hearts racing with the speed of the music. Freckled cheeks softly flushed as he smiles. “Alright, George.”

Holding back a sound as the blond backed away. Umber eyes shoot down to look at his own bulge, then glancing at Dream’s. *Fuck*. Pulling the cotton hem on his hoodie, hating how the other actually listened.

The taller back at leaning on the countertop opposite him, arms crossed almost tauntingly, shirt still neatly tucked in slacks, not doing anything to hide the faint outline. Acting his usual composed self, almost flaunting how much he can contain himself, by simply standing there with a faux yawn.

George in contrast has his chest heaving, adrenalin shooting throughout his veins, eyes switching between Dream’s face and groin, biting on his lower lip to not palm himself. “Dream—”

“George.”

“I...”

“Tell me though if you wanna hear more stories,” Dream clasped his hands, “I have so many *fun* ones.”

Going to answer before his phone buzzed.

Then Dream’s.

Chapter End Notes

do yall see how im shaping this to slowly become master slave, HELP

[MY TWITTER](#)

i just wanna say sum ab the teacher at the start of the chap

there is something planned very far ahead so his 'hmmm' will make sense later on, it was a little build up, nothing happens to either boy :) so dont stress about that, stuff might get angsty for other reasons, but i would never write or make my story into something fully angst. This is mainly smut and kink exploration.

pls dont jump to the worst outcomes. He's a good guy, but i cant spoil it soAHH

SO DONT STRESS<3

take me to one

Chapter Summary

George was, still, mostly blind to it all, not bdsm in general, just what it's like to practice it without the purpose of a film getting out to the public. He's not contemplating it per se— he tells himself at least; just fascinating to imagine a world in which all power was ripped away from the tips of slender fingers, outside of a scripted act, to submit to another voluntarily, get disciplined, if someone out there actually manages to tame h—

“George? You listening?”

God. “Mhm.”

Chapter Notes

YO GUYSSSS im back! uhhh so this happened, loads of georges internal brat shine tru if u just look for it! and dream is hot,, they r in a meeting and end up just talking for ages about slaves/masters and then they have BORING sex! you'll see, it has to be boring

BUT SO MUCH TALK, ab submitting and power exchange and such, butts thats a given we r talking ab master/slaves, mostly learn a little about those relationships here in their dialogue, but they r horny and make it ab themself

[my twitter come say hi its a threat](#)

ENJOY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was inevitable that they would cross paths.

They both saw the email. They both *knew* their destination.

Easily could have traveled together. Easily could have gotten on the same tube, perhaps they did, but didn't notice each other's presence. At the very least, he could have given him fucking ride if he so decided to drive.

Alas, he supposed they're still pretending none of this is truly happening.

Blinking up sparsely as a certain tall blondie stumbles into office, a pretty rose hue flushed under sun touched freckles. Black jumper with even darker pants, somehow, somber colors made him

look tanner and the golden sheen to him more prominent.

He must admit; Dream had remained at the forefront of his mind since that party, or rather, profane words had. Solid five days later and it still echoes around his skull like some annoying child refusing to shut up.

There was simply something intriguing about it.

He knew his friend acted dominant for cameras, but for him to attend fetish clubs—he had somewhat done *research* when his head felt like exploding—and for him to genuinely partake in the community, *outside of porn*, was.. interesting.

Not unheard of, but, it's *Dream*. Obviously he'd get whiplashed by such information.

George was, still, mostly blind to it all, not bdsm in general, just what it's like to practice it *without* the purpose of a film getting out to the public. *He's not contemplating it per se*—he tells himself at least; just *fascinating* to imagine a world in which power was ripped away from the tips of slender fingers, *outside of a scripted act*, to submit to another voluntarily, get disciplined, if someone out there could *actually* manage to tame h—

“George? You listening?”

God. “Mhm.”

“Alright, so,” dehydrated hands clasp, bringing focus towards him. “We’ve discussed; *toyed* with ideas of you guys,” long finger points, “*you guys* filming some exclusives. Since the growth...”

He remembers the spike of nerves as their phones buzzed, eerie how close their notifications came after one another. Dream had been wearing that nonchalant persona, as always, but eyes snapped up and burnt the brunet with questions as he read through it.

It wasn't *just* a shoot or *just* casting.

It was a plain meeting, to discuss, negotiate.

“...create some shoots revolving around you two as actors, instead of casting you for existing scripts.”

Jake was here as well, of course, he was. Seeing as he's both the boy's agent. “What do you mean? Like, no script at all, just the two of them messing around, or?”

Aged hair lay thin on top of a man's scalp—a producer, or, he doesn't really know what he is, some sort of management perhaps. Equally grayed beard dangle talking with wrinkled lips and enthusiastic hands: “No, uh, there will be scripts, yes. We just wanna get more of that *dynamic* between the talents,” brown and greens mix from across the table briefly, “simply here to discuss; what *that* would entail, limits and such.”

In all honesty, he expected a recording today. Came prepped and cleaned, the whole package. Silicone tip of some old plug grazes uncomfortably as he shifts down, slender leg resting under himself to not sit *directly* on it. He read somewhere about a film, he's sure of it, maybe he misunderstood between the haze of cheap alcohol and the *haze* of crossing lines with someone he shouldn't. “You- we're not filming today? If so, can I leave to take the p—”

A rough chuckle cuts him off, and that welcoming smile washes off George's face. “As I mentioned: your collab is growing awfully fast. You think you'd be up to do more—”

“Okay, but do you mean *right now*?” Dream *cuts in* pressing a singular finger down into the tabletop—as if he had some sort of authority. First time since arriving that honey-laced tone had flown throughout the office. Agitated like words were sour, irked at unanswered questions.

The man itches the root of his beard, small scratching noise emitting around. “I’m thinking a short one after, yeah?” Earning a huff—earning lithe hips adjusting.

“Where do we want to start?”

Meeting was routine. Going through basics of consent and boundaries; mostly normal criteria they would list off before any sort of *heavy* shoot, so he had answers ready.

He knew himself. His hard *no*’s.

Responding on autopilot to undemanding questions.

Tired eyes can’t help but drift towards freckles and bronzed skin every now and again. At points, finding the boy looking back.

It’s weird how he isn’t freaked out about it anymore. Maybe it’s years of knowing; but it felt ordinary in a way, casual having him sit there. If not a little relieving, limbs slacking at the idea of familiarity, outside of whatever this was, being here.

Their relationship had taken a massive fucking u-turn, though. From friends to friends who fucked.

Then to friends who eagerly wanted to discuss fucking.

Even if their so-called discussions were far *more* than just simple sex, more than a kiss and tell; darker stories shared than a mellow *I fucked her in doggy last night*. Rather, *I like making pretty boys obey* and a *yes sir*. Umber stare trails after a broad hand where it hitches up black polyester on Dream’s forearm; exposing light creamy hairs, barely any. Trying to pinpoint any scars—scars that might tell, as if he could look into the past and discover smutty secrets.

What those hands have done.

Not because of selfish lust, he argues again. He already decided it was, matter-of-factly, just fascinating. His best friend apparently some sort of *dom*, or, *master* as he put it, at least dabbled into it.

Anyone would be curious.

Eyes still follow as Dream places his hand on top of the flat wooden surface alluringly, mockingly almost, laying there in plain view.

How many times those same fingers have tangled into willing hairs. How he would probably tug before making them.. *kiss his shoes?*

Pallid chest weirdly flips at the remembrance of words. It’s a wonder Dream has the confidence to make someone do such a thing, *enticing almost*, but he would never admit that. It’s degrading. It’s *extreme* even if it sounds silly, because of the stupid declaration of superiority —*power*, whatever, behind it.

Scoffing for that exact reason. Almost wanting to test the man’s abilities, test his dominance just to annoy him. Because he’s *still Dream*, his Dream, the same Dream. He’d be a moron to think of him

as superior, he knows the blondie in and out, or, he thought he did.

No.

He still does. Even if the man likes shit a little kinkier than he originally thought.

Dream had always been the cocky type, some would say. But that he sees the need—pleasure in someone worshipping at his *foot* to confirm it, makes the brunet airily huff, stubbornly.

Broad pointer provokingly draws an invisible circle into the tabletop, before languidly splaying his hand flat; spreading fingers wide and keeping the spread for a moment, blunt nails scrape against polished wood when slowly fisting his hand up into a ball, lightly knocking knuckles down but making sure there's no sound, as if he's showing off.

Swallowing down cotton filling and drying his throat, peering meanly on a faint vein running between Dream's two first knuckles up to his wrist. How those fingers most likely been slothed behind various lips, gagging wanting mouths while muttering about their fucking worth—

Heart thumps harder and skips a beat as he decides to glance up with parted lips—away from that god-forsaken hand—finding viridian eyes squinted, confusion and amusement clearly laced behind the green in his iris. Like the cookie monster catching someone stealing cookies.

“Okay. So, George,” a man asks, thankfully buying him a one-way ticket out of—

“Yeah?” George rushes, ignoring the stern stare from the other.

The man—he really should have been paying attention to names—readjust a neat silken tie, fabric already hanging loose off his neck, but he slackens it even more nonetheless. Flipping over a piece of paper. “You engage in a lot of *SM*, right?”

Exhausted eyes widen humorously at the two letters alone, *SM*. Multiple descriptions of slaves and masters— from when he stumbled across forums on dim nights where dignity was lacking—instantly resurfaced . All thanks to a certain blondie and his ability to burn intrigue into the brunet's skull. Mouth agape completely astounded until it gets clarified: “You engage in *sadomasochism*, right?”

Oh he breathes. Thin fingers wrapping around themselves. “I-yeah.”

He hums distantly to George's reply because they knew that, one could find that out with a click of a button. Roaming his notes before continuing, “Do you genuinely enjoy it; or do you do it for show?”

It makes sense they'd be wanting to elaborate on the subject, if the end goal was to find a fitting dynamic between Dream and him. Fitting roles.

Alabaster cheeks tint ever-so-gently, leaving a delicate cherry tinge. “*I do*. I do like it.” He knows there's no reason to feel ashamed in an environment like this, regardless, his eyes burn blisters into his own tumbling hands, hairs rising along with the silence and fear of getting judged. Coughing out, “I'm not like— I don't get hard stubbing my toe or some shit. It's just when- it's just when you're in that headspace, scene, then i-it's yeah—”

His agent chuckles, calm. “Don't worry, George, we get it. Don't need to explain yourself.”

It's a fair reassurance, awkwardness easily picked up. He'd been answering with certainty— professionally all meeting; shrinking in on himself and stumbling syllables, now, doesn't match. So he can't help but airily chuckle back, clammy palm dragging down his face to wipe away

metaphoric yellow. “Jesus, yeah- I don’t know why I stressed it. Yes, I *genuinely* like it, not just *show*.”

Getting squeamish he scowls over, even if he knows—and everyone here definitely knows—that to bash himself over it is childish, it is a natural reaction to flush. Sure, but, gut still screams to not look undesirable for these men and whomever they might know: he wants them to give him more jobs.

That’s also an irrational mindset; they would give him it anyways, he knows they would. But mindsets stick, even if they’re not relevant anymore.

“Mhm. What about you, Dream?” Because his inner tug-a-war was just that, *an inner tug-a-war*.

The room’s attention shifts to the latter boy. Thankfully.

“Well,” Dream starts, scraping down his throat to itch—leaving this carmine line by his jugular notch. Sounding nonchalant, sure in his sentiment, “Yeah, I like it. I like it both ways.. mostly the *sado* part of that though,” grinning til sharp fangs peek behind lavish lips, “you see: I’m more of a pleaser that way,” he ends with banter, earning a couple of dry laughs.

George would have faked a laugh with if he wasn’t so caught up at the sudden implication of Dream fucking enjoying pain, *the sadism part was no surprise*, but *that*. “What— you like getting hurt?” the brunet blurts without a second thought.

It goes quiet again.

Dream snaps towards dazed words, stopping to just look at the boy. “I.. yeah. I think it’s called, I don’t rem— it’s something,” this is the least confident he’s seen the bigger all day, which was surprisingly—or unsurprisingly—still very self-assured, “I wouldn’t say I’m *that*, though. Or, dunno. I say I’m a sadist at least, *cause that’s what I am*. I just also, sometimes.. like it a little the other way?”

All of a sudden, it seemed like they were the only two voices significant as he asked, “So you would let someone, uh—” brain flooding with different types of pains one could enjoy, *sharp, stingy, deep, mental*, “—would you, like, let someone whip you? Use a flogger—” the green glare sent in his direction makes a derisive mouth clamp shut.

A tongue dances under Dream’s top lip. “I don’t know what kinda *ideas* you’re getting, George, but no,” tilting his head all laced with mock, “under which circumstances do you believe *I submit* in?”

Pale lids lower to somewhat try to look mocking back.

Assertiveness is obvious in the way Dream’s voice drops, scoffing, “You’re really *brave* thinking that I would let myself get fucking—” hand rises “—*fucking spanked*.”

He’s sure the conversation is way off what the producers here need, although, they just chew on their pens letting the boys brawl. The muted thrill of getting to aggravate Dream stops him from caring as well. Biting back a grin, wanting to call the bigger a *painslut* or something just to see what would happen, but this wasn’t the place, nor time. “How do you *enjoy pain*, then, Dream—”

“I like the pain,” the blond sits up straighter, “when *you*, for example, were enjoying yourself enough to scratch up my chest. It fucking *burns*, but it burns good,” letting words float through tight air, the brunet’s face drops that teasing edge slightly at how quickly the other talked back, “*so I let it happen, George*,” widening eyes tauntingly, “threw my head back and *relished* in the sharp

little stings you made, as I said earlier; borderline making me bleed,” a quiet breath at the description, “I always let it happen for a while before I do the *same thing back at you*, or whomever I’m with, but ten times more severely. Which is way more fun, but both feel so, so *pornographic*.” Use of adjectives clearly intentional accompanied by a pointed smile.

Oxygen hitch within lungs at his monologue, soft brown eyes shift down to a clothed chest as if he could see through his jumper—as if he could see past marks. “Do.. does the *actual pain* feel good for you, though, or?” He knew how he himself liked it, Dream’s case was just—

“It does, yes,” clearly entertained that the smaller was questioning it.

A blond is all he could focus on, despite sitting a full table away. “How—”

Bronzed hand rise to leisurely skim up his own torso. “I think getting hurt turns me on.. when you’re *just so out of it* so you *accidentally* hurt me...like, the idea of you hurting me because of the way *I’m fucking you* feels too good and *you don’t know where to hold on*; makes it more so erotic,” tugging the collar on his sweater, exposing a slither sun-touched neck.

He really wishes he could see through his—

Just to see if there are lasting marks, of course, nothing else. Pulse picking up with pink undertones. “*Fu- uh*, do you—”

“Boys. Can we move on?”

The rest of the meeting happened just the same: *How do you feel about this specific little thing? Hard limit? Ah, you like this? What safety precautions have you used? Oh, what about this fetish? Fluffers?*

And they would respond accordingly.

Tried to, at least. Had to keep it somewhat professional.

Neither man took the matter too far and drifted off-topic as they once had, some glances sent to one another, though, of course. Which, spiked nerves and *weirdly* warmed hips at the same time.

George sent one when asked about restraints, mostly due to bashfulness. And Dream when the topic of degradation came into play.

Both times embarrassingly—accidentally catching each other's eyes.

More than once a mind ran rampant with visions of pretty rope laced over alabastrine skin; losing that sheen privilege of movement. It’s relaxing, in a way, to think about, he *can’t do* anything

bound—physically at least—so no one expects him to either.

He has always liked simple bondage; or, any form of restraint keeping him locked really, that much he knew. Not that he's experienced it fully outside of what he's filmed, which was still enough— he got to taste it enough to dampen that thirst. Pulse increased for each time it got elaborated, yet he answered honestly: *fuck- I mean, yes.*

Alright. What about you, then, Dream?

Maybe that little desire to be bound came from that burning want of getting overpowered. Perhaps it was the adrenalin, the thrill of danger—even if there's no true danger involved. Rewarding giving himself up to someone with trust; he had learned to trust them, trust the couple of men always tying him for a video.

A crew watching over might have helped him with that trust, like some sort of safety blanket. However, it was irritating too: not as intimate, didn't feel like a genuine scene, anticlimactic. Filming such with Dream must be easy, easier to forget the other beings watching them; ready to giggle at it instead, knowing the other wouldn't harm him no ma—

Stop.

It's all, of course, in a practical sense. The blonde felt safe, that's obvious, it'd be weird if he didn't. So it's just a smart move, *a business move*, to have him around, to be able to produce the best end product. *Dream isn't sexually appealing, it's just work*, brows knitting together as those same thoughts repeat themselves.

Dynamics, even for a porno, between the two participating in it; made eyes round with fascinate, but that's normal, right?

One craving complete control.

Other craving to be completely powerless.

It just.. fits. It all fit disgustingly well.

How a jute rope sounds when rubbing over itself. *How it smells*— how *he* smells when the rough texture slides over frail skin one too many times. *God.* To be used, but to fight for control regardless of whether he's in no position to do such or not. He imagines in a real scene there would be discipline for *bratting* and not some prearranged punishment—

“Fuck,” George grumbles, blinking up from where pupils zoned out into an ad on his screen, unblurring his vision. Crossing toned legs by the knees while looking up and around the room.

He liked this particular set— some sort of fake hotel room. Simply existing to film in, well, existing to have sex in. There's nothing *exceptional* about it. A decent-sized bed, some random furniture dotted around, more so on the smaller side, very modest; barely any space for a crew to set up whatever equipment they need.

He's filmed here once, ages ago, some solo performance. He guessed this room didn't get utilized anymore, seeing as there's nothing belonging to staff left behind.

They're not filming, not yet.

Dream and he was rather lounging around, scrolling boring media on their respective phones. Claiming a set to lay down in—like it was lunchtime at school—waiting for someone to call them to

film. Something George didn't exactly *anticipate*, truth be told.

Not deathly against it, or his co-star; just tired.

Blondie beside him cleared his throat, rasp vibrating up his windpipe, sliding down the bed so he could spread himself out. Foot shaking rapidly at the ankle—likely subconsciously—making the entire bedding move.

Umbre focus on the white-clothed foot bouncing. Hairs rise as “Dream?” gets blurred.

He doesn't know why he said it.

The other just hums, eyes stuck on heated glass. “Mh?”

Might as well bite his pride, now that he first got the man here. Now that they're finally alone, *together* again. Because he lied, he *did* know why he called his name. “Can you, uh, *tell me more?*” In George's defense; it's been plaguing his mind, the internet can only teach so much, and hearing it from someone firsthand was just.. additional research.

Dream stops the tapping on his screen almost comically, feet stilling as well. A sun-bleached brow quirks in his direction with a glance. “*What now?*”

Delicate fingers skimmed up the edge of his phone to lock it, metal hot, uncomfortably so, sighing while letting the device fall in between cotton sheets. Mumbling, “The things- the things you said at the,” face growing hot as words escape him, “at the.. *y'know.*”

Peeking to the side he finds the other gnawing a protruding lower lip, pink flesh contrasting behind white. Their calves nearly graze as Dream sits up, familiar musky perfume wafts towards him by the action, dizzying. “Sorry,” the blond starts, rubbing the back of his nape. “I was tipsy and—”

“Don't worry—”

“No, legit. I shouldn't have told you all.. *that.*”

And he did look sorry.

Which was annoying because—in George's opinion—they didn't do anything other than talk, people talk. They have been friends for, what, a decade almost, why on earth should he ap— “God fu- you know I was lying to get a reaction, *make* you talk,” the brunet slurred hurriedly.

Confession clearly not audible as Dream lets out a *what?*

“*Nothing.* I said don't worry,” he tries—lies, sinking down into the mattress with a huff; spine softly cracking getting stretched out, “you did nothing w—”

“Yeah I know I didn't do anything wrong; that's not what I mean,” the bigger rolls to his side, jade green, and curious, eyes taking in George's profile, “it-it's just,” Dream tenses, almost snorting to himself but still keeping his tone serious, “have you.. have you heard of the saying *chocolate and peanut butter?*”

What. “No?”

Dream slides closer and neither acknowledges it, hitching up on the point of his elbow; looking down at the brunet—a brunet refusing to meet his eyes. “It's like,” a moment to think, to roll the syllables over his tongue before spitting it, “like if you think in a bdsm sense; and-and then think

about *sex and power exchange*. Jesus, it sounds dumb, but—”

“*Mhm?*” George breathes, air tickling at his cupid’s bow with the exhale.

He can’t believe they’re actually talking about this again, how fast a conversation took place. “Listen to me: now replace the meaning of *chocolate* and *peanut butter* with those *two* things, alright?” He would have laughed at the ridiculousness in that statement if he wasn’t so invested in whatever *ridiculous* thing Dream might spew.

So, a little confused, he nods. It isn’t *too* ridiculous, after all, this is the exact thing eating away at his sanity every humid night, when a tired mind flashes with images of pretty leather and a want to know more. Admittedly he did search up *films* related to the subject but that was no one’s business; simply curiosity, not to jerk o—

Bloodless cheeks painted with warm claret— a little shake to his head to get memories out, coffee-colored bangs swaying over equally dark eyes, a sheen of sunlight seeps through velvet curtains and hits his iris perfectly, rendering it this light whisky shade.

Stealing a weak glimpse at Dream and away from sun-ray as blondie continued his double entendres: “Someone could love chocolate,” *sex*, “but not everyone who likes chocolate; *has* to like peanut butter,” *power exchange*. Thin finger taps at his own breastbone listening. “Some people love the taste of *peanut butter*, but *hate* the taste of chocolate, or vice versa.”

They had just been in a meeting discussing *pornography* revolving around them, still, his pulse rises and dries his throat out over some stupid terminology about sweets. “I, I think I get it.”

“Good. Cause, chocolate and peanut is not the same, like, *at all*. But some love the flavor of *both*, you know.”

Lashes batt elegantly. “Yeah.” Because he doesn’t know what else to respond.

Contemplation swirls in the quiet around them, neat toes curl and uncurl into the duvet while waiting. “Some like the taste of them *mixed together*, they like it *more* than how they taste separately; *others don’t*, some think they’re *meant* to be separated.” Dream moves again without thinking, invested. A tanned forearm bumps a paler bicep, looking down at George with a tilt to his head, making wavy strands dangle. “And-and there’s a fuckload of various chocolate and peanut types—”

He’s actually understanding the point loud and clear. Scoffing, “I get it, Dream.”

“Ok, but let me explain still,” he didn’t have that stern tone, voice lit with want to talk—to tell, “some people *never even want to taste* chocolate *or* peanut butter.”

Finally, George turns towards him, neck straining as he pushes down into the softness of a pillow. “Yeah obviously- some don’t.” *I do though*.

Eyes lock suddenly, warmth radiating off Dream’s body hitting the slope of his shoulder. “And, even if I really love *peanut butter*.. it’s still *shitty* if I try to get someone else to taste it; just because it’s my favorite.”

He doesn’t think, words barely registering before he pukes out; “You aren’t making me taste peanut butter though, like at all.” Somehow, George is the one drifting nearer, shifting to halfheartedly lay on his side, being met with a clothed torso if he doesn’t look upward.

Voices subdued, they had been during the whole conversation. “*I know*. I wouldn’t do that. But *I*

told you about peanut butter cause you were acting like a—”

Earthy colored eyes trail the pattern of Dream’s jumper. “There’s nothing wrong with talking. ‘nd I liked it,” he mumbles, heart doing some pink and yellow churn saying it out loud—he’s sure he didn’t *mean* to say it—admitting just came easy now that they’re first talking. “I mean like—”

“It’s ok,” Dream breathes. “Good.”

Just as airy he responds, “I just don’t...don’t get the difference between *that* and me filming professionally as a sub; I’m still giving u-up *power*.” Maybe it’s the boyish side to him, and Dream being a friend: but it all taunted him like this competition of who knows more, and it’s no secret that George would lose, so he rather asks.

Lips stamped with a lone freckle part. “*That* is real life, George. That’s the difference.”

He knows. “I meant the dynamics.” Because he knows damn well that him submitting over the past years meant *something*. He knows *something* about it.

Dream sends a look. *You really asking me, out of everyone, about this?*

Big eyes just flicker dumbly at the sudden quiet.

A sigh. Broad hand absentmindedly dances over an even broader thigh. “Fuck, *ok*. A *slave*,” he says bluntly; no modesty, and then pausing as if to check if that’s where the smaller man wanted him to take it, *it was*. “A slave is essentially an s-type. They’re the submissive one in a power exchange—”

“I do *fetish* porn, Dream,” George deadpans, arguably a little crudely. “I’m not a kid; I know the basics.”

Dream grunts, a half-scoff if you like. “*Oh my g- Jesus*. Master-slave relationships are a type of dom-sub, yeah? But, it’s *more* in a way,” blonde stares at a dim wall, most likely racking through his head for descriptions to use, “one *serves* the other. Uh- the slave *obeys* every instruction *master* gives, like, they don’t have enough power to *not obey*—” he already knows this, yet he let Dream speak, trying not to shy—honestly trying not to cringe—at explicit words “—but it’s all consented, of course. They *desire* not having that authority. The slave,” eyes squint slowly, “*values* master’s words, values their own loss of control. *Values* not disagreeing and rather.. *worshipping* orders,” a quick glance shared, “if they’re *behaved*, that is. But they should be, or, they will be.”

It sounded like any typical dominant and submissive kinda deal, just slightly *more* as he had stated. Ignoring the heat growing and spreading over pearly flesh. “I.. kinda figured that already.”

The simple knowledge he gathered online—and by basic general sense—was that one person, the master, owns the other, the slave, simple. That was a no-brainer, what he wanted to know is what *that* means.

What the fuck they do during the day.

“I bet you did,” is heaved. Bed bouncing as the taller drops down from his elbow to lay, both boy’s shoulders pressed flushed together, and both sets of eyes locked on a boring popcorn ceiling. Muscles slack—relaxed, despite the tension-loaded conversation.

Mostly due to Dream’s presence, he’s sure.

Some reserved thoughts and breaths pass by, phones long forgotten somewhere between sleek

sheets and curious words. Unsurprisingly Dream breaks rather quickly with a heavy tone: “Loads of people are like.. disgusted or freaked out by it; not in the community, just, the *general* public I guess.”

A twinkle appears on moist lips. George dragging his palm up and down his own chest. “A lot of people hate a lot of things.”

Dream scoffs lightly. “Yeah, no shit.”

Not hiding the small smile as he peeked at the bigger one. Pretending the embarrassment thumping in veins isn't there. “*Tell me more,*” is barely above a whisper, somehow still laced with eager undertones. *What tasks, what do you do, how do you—*

Because he wants to know more. Not for any particular reason. *Just pique, like being interested in a subject at school,* he highlights for the tenth time internally.

The blond, however, didn't keep his tone just as hushed, he rather sounded confident in his statements, letting a murky laugh fall over dauntless lips at the request. “Personally, the lifelong—every second of the day commitment, isn't for me,” Dream raised his legs to not be entirely stretched out—heels pressed into the mattress with spread thighs, “I like the short term ones, casual ones. Just being a dom.. *or a master* I suppose, for a bit, a night, a week,” tone drops with the sentiment being shared, “someone submitting fully.”

Lids fall heavy over brown. Feeling his own heart thump increasingly faster against his palm from where a slender hand is resting on top of his ribcage. “How do they submit... *fully?*”

Dream drapes an arm over his chest as well; both men just holding themselves beside one another, deep breath shooting out of nostrils. Voice unintentionally coarse, “Loads of ways,” hip shifting, “contracts, for example, you become someone's property, colla—”

Hyper aware of Dream's shoulder pressing into the curve of his own and the twist behind his navel. “*Property?*”

George can detect—even from behind shut eyes—that a stare study at his face. Golden hairs in his peripheral when he blinks up just once to confirm the suspicion.

“*You wanna know what I mean about property?*”

He felt like sneezing for reasons unknown, but, nothing ever came, perhaps it was nerves flaring up, sensitive tissue in his nose coursing and pulsing with blood over the impure exchange of words taking place. It's a simple question, a nice one too, but the normal rasps to Deam's vocal cords make it sound provoking. “I— 'm, yeah- tell me,” he puffs nonetheless.

Tan gentle fingers poke the side of his jaw, tensing at the touch momentarily. Glancing up when the blond slants his face so they would have look at each other; both mildly leaning to the side, face to face. Dream looked casual, resting his head on his other hand, freckled cheek lightly wrinkled by the action.

“If uh,” the taller starts, gaze stuck on a pale nose—like he's counting beauty marks, “if *you*, just as an example, were my so-called *slave* for the day,” it's insane to him that Dream was nonchalant enough to make them have *eye contact* before uttering such things. Breaking the stare without meaning to, but the other does nothing to force it back.

Fighting shyness, chewing his bottom lip to pretend the fuchsia pink goosebumps slowly rising aren't there.

“And, if we went to a club,” the other continued, voice murky but sure, bronzed finger leisurely trail patterns up the white bedspread between them, “no one could touch *my belongings*, without asking *me* first.”

Warm air leaves and reenters lungs shallowly, following the movement of Dream’s pointer meekly, response comes out as a pitched hum to coax him to keep talking.

“It’s an official rule, you know, at most places: don’t *touch, use, or borrow private property*.” Viridian watches him once more, mockingly observing how the brunet doesn’t have the gut to look him in the eye, alabastrine cheeks surely dusted with more carmine this time around. Silently gasping to himself when hips ever-so-slightly fuzz at the implications.

Private proper—

“They won’t be allowed to address you,” Dream presses his finger into the mattress like he’s making a point, similar to what he did during the meeting, “they talk to me, and *just me; I decide*,” pointer elevated to poke George’s chest once, and it’s laughable how his insides flipped hot at the notion, “because, you would just be *my property*.”

Elegantly slim fingers grab the duvet from where his hand lay between the two, bunching ashen fabric. “I-I think- no, I do get it,” daring to look up he finds half narrowed eyes already on him.

“You do as I say; because *what I say* is the only thing that should matter. No room to disagree. *No control*.” In contrast to Dream’s hooded lids, George’s ones widened delicately, it all sounded like a list of things the blue-print submissive would search for, but he supposed that made sense. “If someone is nice and asked to *borrow* my things,” sharp teeth flash, “I could say yeah.. you would just have to *take it*.”

Dream seemingly heard the stutter of breath immediately, softly reassuring while drawing circles, “It’s all agreed on, of course; all in the contract, most likely a consent form. Everything negotiated and signed,” picking on a thread, “lack of control—the *power* exchange is heavy, for some, in these relationships, but it varies; that’s like the whole point. Also depending on if they’re monogamous or not.”

Oh, that he’s already read about, the power exchange in these. Forums flaunting about being owned, how freeing it was, blah blah blah, how they’re not allowed to—

He had assumed it was all in whatever contract—form, the same as any other bdsm related shoot he’s participated in; well, it’s probably a lot more strict than what he’s touched in past doings, that much wasn’t hard to figure. Skull floating with questions, not just about *masters*, but about these clubs as well; the general community, alas, no words slip out. George’s hand not gripping the bedspread comes up to his mouth, biting gently at the tip of his thumb. Nodding as to say *go on*.

The taller boy eyes the action with a click of teeth. “Getting in a relationship like that is... interesting,” voice drops lower, deeper, but he guessed it’s the nature of what they’re talking about, so he doesn’t spare it any thought, “you need *a lot* of communication, it sounds basic, but—”

“Yeah,” George hums around the light intrusion, unintentionally cutting the other off and getting ahead of himself. Thumb removes itself from his lip when feeling spit pool under his tongue, a small string of saliva follows and snaps apart while doing so, and because he doesn’t have care: he wipes his finger into the bedding with a faint pout.

A stupid smile spread on a tan face watching it happen. “Uh, you both need to understand what you want from it.”

Shining confusion and a *hm?* Shame of what they're talking about had seemingly evaporated into thin air. For now, at least.

Blondie's eyes trail over sharp bone structure, corners of his mouth perked—a half smirk if you will. “What kinda *fantasies* you have,” single sentence renders lips parted with million different *late-night* scenarios, “you both need to understand what you want out of it—out of the relationship,” Dream toys with some blanket, everything hoarse, “how the master can, for example, fulfill the other's wants of being overpowered.”

Slim thighs press together nimbly. “I.. like normal kink negotiations?” He did not account for the rasp in his own voice. And it's probably stupid to ask about seeing as a full-blown contract was just mentioned.

Dream shifts—sinking into the mattress, an *mhh* in conformation. They're still awfully close, a bend to his elbow and he would hit his chest. “Just fantasies about everyday life as well; not just sex,” assertive tongue drifts over his lower lip sluggishly, stare roaming George's figure, speaking annoyingly self-assured, “like *how* you would want me to take control away from you,” that same tongue clicks against the roof of his mouth, “how we would want you to *obey* me.” Dream glances up to catch bay eyes. “You can't take a bite of your food before I do,” he smiles dirtier for every theoretical he notes off, “you can't interrupt your master. Actually, thinking about it, *you can't speak at all without my permission.*”

George's face twists, dark butterflies blast up his abdomen like an electric shock. “That's stupid.”

“*That's a privilege,*” Dream grins again. “You won't even be allowed to.. to *look me in the eyes* unless I gave you permission.”

Brown eyes shift down instinctively—because it was said—before looking up in a glare and a wrinkled nose. Dream just huffs, “Maybe walk around naked, kneel—”

“That's—”

“That's heavy. A lot,” the blond cuts in, dropping that taunting smile, but traces of it were still there. “That's just some *etiquettes* a master can train their slaves to follow,” wiping the corner of his mouth, “not everyone is like that; all relationships are different.”

He wants to ask what *Dream's relationships* had been like, but it felt too taboo...too personal in a way. Which it probably wasn't, regardless, he bites his tongue, lithe chest heaving. “Yea- *I guess.*”

Dream gripped sheets as well. “Why it's important to pick someone you trust.”

Their eyes meet once before shooting away. “Mhm.”

Throat rumbled while he spoke, “There's pressure on me too, or, on the master,” last part coming out as a whisper, “I, I need to communicate what I want from you—”

“Want from me?” George echoes.

He peeks at the brunet, head tilting with derisive undertones, but it seemed like he was fighting it—fighting the tease to rather talk. “Teach you how I *like things done* when I give you an order,” shorter man sink a row of teeth into the subtle flesh of his lower lip at how settled Dream was using this blunt terminology, no shyness regarding words such as *master*, *obey*, *slave*— “what I expect from you when I say, uh, *get on your knees and clean the floor* .. you should know what position to get in when I wanna fuck you. How *I like things* should be burnt in the back of your head, and it's my duty to teach you it, to *train* you; make you remember *my* wants. *How to serve*

your master.”

Clearly hears the swelling of his heart, pressure in his ears as he swallows. “Position before you fuck—”

Dream laughs, it's dark—not a genuine one. “Of course, you would question that out of everything,” the blond rolls on his back still looking at the other, clearly holding in a smile, “sex isn’t even relevant for some people when it comes to kink, you know. Remember the chocolate and peanut butter thing?”

Pale lids and amber lashes flutter. Running thin fingers on top of the mattress between heating bodies, just as Dream had done prior, never touching. Ignoring the slight embarrassed tremble to his pointer. “In this stupid thing, though,” George starts, looking up to catch freckled cheeks, “it *would* be sex,” taller one’s brows perk, shifting back to his original position to face him better, “cause- cause I like sex; and so do you. Why wouldn’t there be sex involved?”

He doesn't really consider of the value behind it, and it awfully sounds like asking his friend to have sex, *but he was just talking about.. hypotheticals*. Blurting out, “I mean, like, in these made-up scenarios we would fuck. Not- not us, that'd be—”

Broad fingers dance up to draw shapes again, both men playing with the cotton between one another. “Mhm,” Dream starts now, a whisper. Sparing the other a tease about his splutter. “I’m just saying: I dominate people *without* fucking them too.”

Taking a moment to let words linger, reddened lips parted and shut continuously whilst contemplating his next ones. “Some just want to experiment, but they don’t want the sex part.” A warm breath falls out and fans the side of the brunet’s cheek that’s permanently flushed with roseate hues, a reminder of closeness. “Some just want me to *overpower* them, *control* them, get disciplined. Want to get put in place for a week.. *worship* me.. *serve* me,” jade-colored eyes flicked up slowly.

He knows if he looks down to meet the gaze: it’d be laced with choking tension and pink goosebumps that he’s denying being real, so he doesn't. “I—yes I get that, then *what*,” George meekly gets out instead. Sucking the inside of his cheek. Deep down he should have been screaming at himself for even asking for *more* lewd answers, but it’s Dream, he’s seen the man covered in his own vomit drunk out of his mind; there’s no point in feeling any shame with him.

Especially considering Dream is the one sitting with all this information.

He shouldn’t be shy: Dream should, if anything.

Clearing his throat. “I would- or, a master would have to reward you as well.” Dream’s finger runs beside his own within the duvet, but still never touching. “Award you. Praise you. Show you you’re doing a good job; being all pretty, *obedient*, pliant..”

Dark hairs rise on his forearm where the blond skims past. Opening his mouth with a silent whimper at the ticklish sensation. Before Dream talks again; “*I would punish you too*, y’know, when needed,” both ignoring how he didn’t correct it to *a master would* for the hundredth time today, “punishments aren’t for sexual pleasure, either, like you’re used to when filming; it’s to *crack* you and *break* your bratty behaviors *down*. Shape you into this little toy I like,” a soft chuckle escapes the blond as the brunet holds back a sound, “but knowing you...you’d probably get off to that shit anyway, even if it’s not it’s purpose.”

Breath catches quietly, letting eyelids fall completely shut as Dream slides a little closer.

“Is it, is it—”

“Although,” the other started slowly, a phantom touch of way-too-sinful fingers skimming across George’s jaw, “I shouldn’t make assumptions about you, right?”

With eyes closed—when all being seen is darkness: Dream’s words somehow sounded weightier. Thighs spreading subconsciously. “No- no, of course not.”

He can’t tell if the faint graze of nails down his throat is imagined or not, leaving him with a hoarse whine. “No one should,” is low.

Dark curls splay out in white cotton when leaning back. George truly doesn’t think as “It’s hot, though.”

A scoff makes him blink up, stares locking immediately after. George adds on to his previous statement weakly, “I-I mean like, someone knowing yo—”

“Mh,” Dream rolls his tongue, “I’m saying your dom shouldn’t make assumptions about your wants, they shouldn’t think they know your needs better than yourself,” the taller squeeze on his own knee, fingertips press down into denim, “you should tell them that,” Dream shines a small smile, way too composed for the air around them.

“I know but—”

Voice low, musky aura intertwining each syllable. “That doesn’t mean they won’t know how to spin your little head,” laced with that taunt that already drives him up the wall, “doesn’t mean they won’t know what *words to use*.”

Like he’s admitting to saying such things to get a rise out of him.

“Doesn’t mean they won’t play you—tease you with knowing your buttons.”

Bedding ruffled as he leaned in to echo close to George’s ear, as if it needed to be kept secret despite them being the only two souls in the room. Skin frizzles as hot air fans under his earlobe. “But I can’t make you completely fear me,” and the words make the frizz double, grin audible in the way he holds himself, “it’s important to have the guts to talk back if needed. That’s why trust is important once again.”

Seemed like they had dropped the words *master and slave* completely, to rather say *you and I*. Again, it’s just easier to explain this way. That’s all.

George’s fists ball up. Flesh buzzing with tension, almost flinching in surprise when he hits Dream’s leg with his own; not realizing how much closer they’d gotten. He keeps his tone low as well, “I wouldn’t *fear* you.” *He never would.*

Oxygen he seemed to be holding puffs out when Dream pressed two knuckles under his chin, leisurely tilting his face up. Being met with a bright freckled face biting back that grin he sensed, his own pale one a little strained; just big-eyed and sweaty.

“Good. You know one isn’t scary even if they’re a little mean, right?” The way he’s talking with tease should say otherwise. But he knows this, in a dom-sub sense anyway. Regardless, head shimmers in dark fuchsia listening to the man, mind getting stuck on different types of punishments— “Your dom shouldn’t punish you while *actually* angry. No dom should ever do that.”

It's embarrassing how it sounds like a whine, "*Fu- yeah*. I know." The brunet presses his jaw down to put resistance against the fingers holding it up, and the taller parts his lips almost mocking, rubbing the softness under his chin before the hand retracts.

Dream rests on his elbows instead, he could guess it was so he would loom over the smaller. "But you do understand slaves have no power?" Gliding a wet tongue in the roof of his mouth to not shy away from piercing green, it's still a mystery the other was able to talk without shame. If it had been talk about normal plain sex, George wouldn't be so coy when it came to it either; these words and terminologies just sounded more vulgar.

"No power." George mumbles, it was a futile attempt to say *yes I know*, but he goes with it. "Then wha—"

Brown brows perks at the very tip as Dream comes nearer, if he tried, he could probably feel his exhales as he speaks in. Making sure to not look away; gaze almost exhausting with how heavy it is. "Mhm, no power. You have to *worship* master, in every way possible," much like before, when George's eyes round; Dream's own hood with a grin, "you always have to *please* him."

Every time a tabu word was whispered, goosebumps grew, but somehow, they felt more normal with every passing second. "*Your body simply exists for masters pleasure, to get used.*"

George quietly sank a little closer to the other while watching him speak. A cheeky expression like he's teaching a dog to sit. "Slaves have to kneel, open doors for me, too. Kiss my and other master's cheeks as a welcome."

Tongue darts out to moist over his lower lip.

Toothy smirk tugs Dream's mouth in response, stare shifting between both of the brunet's eyes *intensely*. George stares just as intensely back to hold it; eyebrows furrowed unintentionally, a concentrated tilt to his head.

Almost entranced, noses nearly bump. "The hardest thing to remember, George," a blond browbone rises, viridian eyes luring him to keep looking, "is that it's forbidden to look into a master's eyes, it's *very* punishable."

Chest flips unrecognizable colors, he doesn't know why it flips at all: it shouldn't, it's dumb. He glances away regardless all with a breath, landing on parted lips and a tan cupid's bow, stuttering out some words at the embarrassing placement—hastily looking down into the mattress panicked to not stare at lips.

Blood rushes up to heat and tint a pale nose this pretty flush— "George—"

Grunting he looked back in a rush. "I didn't—*fuck*, I didn't look away because of what you said," heaving, "*you're just stupid.*"

Dream leans back slightly, eyeing the smaller in front of him while clearing his throat. "I—"

Chest rises and falls. "I didn't...Idiot."

"You're the idiot, I didn't think you did," thankfully it seemed like Dream wanted to move on, gloss over it just as much as he wanted to: "Shit, uh, so- it's all just a fancy version of dom-sub," eyes trail over an alabaster neck dusted with metaphoric pink, "I like to think of it as you being my sub during the day.. outside of me just fucking you hard and choking you in bed," thighs press together again on reflex, temples boiling over what just— tensing remembering the plug still very much inside, "like, let's say we go to a cafe or something, and you act like a fucking brat, we could

have these little codes—”

“What do you mean codes—” speaking over each other.

“Like, a code for,” shifting, half towering over George who lays, muttering, “a code saying *you’re in shit for doing that*, you’re one hundred percent getting punished when we’re not in public.”

He can’t deny the fuzz buzzing up his sides anymore, he can’t deny how his cock has been laying half-filled in attention for minutes now. Exhales heavy as he slicks up his lip with saliva, face unintentionally pleading when glimpsing at the blond. Dream could easily throw a leg over his midsection right now and just cage him to the— *stop*, that’s weird, weird because that’s his friend— way too cocky and too much energy for his own g—

“I just like the dynamics better. Not the *full* deal.” Dream’s eyes flicked down George’s body sparingly as if to not be seen.

He can’t be the only one feeling the fuzz floating around.

Sizable hand comes up between them again, trying not to stare at dried knuckles and faint veins. “Dom being a master can be loads of things,” Dream pulls the duvet, tendons protruding, “not just someone who owns slaves.. master of a dungeon.. someone skilled like a— like a rigger, rope master.”

Umber eyes trail up to a tan wrist, then back down to the tips of his fingers, studying how it, probably subconsciously, caresses the cotton. “Mhm,” just to show that he’s listening.

“Some doms just title themselves that,” he slides his hand closer to George’s body, making the smaller suck in his stomach as it grazed by his tummy, “like me: I’m just a hard dom, not in a relationship, who likes it outside of sex,” the hand retracts, “slave might be a strong word to use for my own personal taste...but it’s *technically* correct.”

Their gaze locks alluringly, but both refuse to admit it was alluring—both laying down like their talking about afternoon news. Pallid face shining faux innocence, sounding way too timid for what he really was, “So, do you like being called sir or master mor—”

Dream’s lips part soundlessly before clearing his rasp loud enough to cut the brunet off, hoisting himself up to sit straight with a cough. George just chews down on his cheek.

“Uh, master-slave is just a, just a form of dom-sub basically—” the blond switched the topic, repeating what’s already been said just to do so.

He’s starting to see the appeal— he means, he’s starting to understand, it’s all purely research still. Legs press together subtly as he sits up a little more, resting their backs against the headboard— shoulders *almost* flushed together.

Gut churning as he croaks out; “If you were *my* master,” Dream borderline snaps his head to the side to look at him, and it makes him sputter instantly, losing track of where he was going, “and I.. uh, and I *disrespected* you while we’re out with Sap or Karl,” the small narrow in green eyes sends fire burning over ivory flesh, biting back any pride wanting to ask his hypotheticals, “like just joking around, would you puni—”

“No, not if you’re just joking around,” getting cut off was relieving for some reason, letting out a moist breath he didn’t know he was holding. “Or, well,” amber lashes batt, “if you were slaving, as they call it, if we had an actual long-termed contract; then maybe,” slender fingers wrap around themselves and rest in his lap, feeling on his pulse coarse through pale tips. “But,” Dream pipes up,

"I said I didn't like that. I wouldn't be *too* strict if we're just hanging out."

Neck clammy, "...what if I did something *really* bad?" Looking down at his legs, not at Dream. He's a confident man, sure, just talking about this, was all new. Admittedly, it was also strange for two *dudes* to be talking about what their make-believe *master-slave* relationship would be like.

He was simply asking to find out more.

It shouldn't make him flush like this.

"Yes, I would," Dream easily states. "If we were in a bdsm space I would make you publicly *regret it*."

Nails dig into frail skin on his palm, mouth rounds out just a smidge. "*How?*"

Blondie's voice drops a slither, chuckling to himself he glances toward the brunet. "*Humiliation*." Puffy lips part and a lithe stomach twist dark at the singular word, this warm darkness. "But you oh-so-graciously called people *freaks* for that at that party," a sly smile audible, "that still so, or did you *lie* to me, George?"

Head spinning. "I—"

"Be honest." *Be good* goes unsaid. It is beyond him as to why that phrase just popped into his skull.

"*I've been thinking about that girl*," George gasps hastily, eyes screwing shut as eager words leave a dry mouth, accompanied by a chilled intake of air.

Silence follows.. all being heard is the thumping of his own heart echoing beside attentive eardrums. Nails dig harder into pallid skin when Dream doesn't respond, vision staying obscured by closed lids. So he cracks, "How would you humiliate me- would you do the same as you did to—"

He's sure Dream grins. "Now why would I tell *you*, of all people, that?" Their conversation was already inappropriate, beginning to stray too far into personal territory.

Blinking up and being met with his own thighs, flexing them. "Because I-I'm curious."

A pent-up exhale. "Curiosity *does* actually kill cats, you know."

Frown smearing over chocolate sweet lips, brown brows knitting together. "No- just tell me how would you *humilia*—" gently Dream captures a sharp jaw between skilled fingers; forcing their faces to meet, lungs fail him, and hitches at the touch, trailing off his sentence.

Green narrow sternly: *stop it*.

"*Your dom..* would simply have to tame you," the blond mutters to stop them from crossing that line between platonic—educational and lust. "Cause' god, you *really* need taming," gets gritted in afterthought, which honestly erases that attempt.

A curse as he's yanked closer.

Turning George's face to the side again, manhandling it really, and holding it in place; making him look straight ahead, taking in the brunet's side profile, tan thumb and pointer lightly pressing in the hallows of fair cheeks. "I almost feel bad for the guy if you ever get yourself a dom- a master."

That pout came back at record speed. Jaw involuntarily slacking from the grip on him.

“Oh, don’t pout,” tone tethering the line to a stern one—a stern one he had heard one too many times for what’s acceptable, “taming misbehaving boys is *fun*,” goosebumps rise over his fucking scalp as Dream leans into his side, pushing down on flushed alabaster cheeks to open his mouth, “I guarantee you your dom would *love* to put you in place: would love to make you realize *you belong alongside the dirt under his boots*.”

Slim shoulders shoot up to his ears, courtesy of the fuchsia shivers wracking down his spine. A small sound escapes, unintentionally leaning his head back—only to be held in place by his jaw.

“*Brats are the best type of subs, in my opinion at least*,” all an echo, “so don’t worry about that.”

Dainty hands ball up again. “I’m not a—”

“He’d probably struggle though,” Dream hums before the brunet could respond, broad thumb grazes the side of his face delicately, “he wouldn’t *know you* well enough to do it right; he wouldn’t *tame you* effectively,” unholy air fans subtle skin with every syllable whispered, “he doesn’t know that your *stubborn behaviors* have been the exact same since we were fucking *sixteen*. We’re twenty-two now; I know them like the back of my hand. Trust me, you’re a pain if you want to be.”

Lids heavy, swallowing down a whine masked as a cough. “That’s not—”

Borderline husky, tone definitely *low* as the blond continued; “How *snide* you can be,” blunt nails scrape languidly over the sharpness of his jaw, nerves twist with fuzz when honey-smooth lips ghost the helix of his ear, “how *subtle* your lashing out is,” wetness of Dream’s lips oh-so-clear when he keeps whispering, “how *passive-aggressive* you get,” chocolate bangs curly where they’re sticking to the clamminess of his forehead, “but, also,” he chuckles, “also how you get *soft* and become so fucking pliant *the second* you get what you want.”

It’s ridiculous that his chest is heaving while they’re sitting still. “I—”

“Mh, you tried being *a bitch* a minute ago—” hand on his jaw drops to rather hold at the very top of his throat—neck tilting up with a light noise falling out. Tactfully pressing down on his jugular, raspy words travel directly from a taunting mouth into the flesh of George’s ear “—but you’re so *timid* right now.. you forgot your little bratting as soon as I grabbed your chin,” slowly squeezing, “you forgot as soon as I dropped my voice a little and whispered *bullshit*. I’m sure you must have forgotten what your original plan here was,” a grin lacing in a provoking voice, “*did you not?*”

Wings of foreign butterflies graze far behind his stomach. Eyes sting—stinging as they could water, *why did he need to cry?* Fluttering lashes repeatedly but no tear fell out, *he didn’t need to cry;* everything just felt intense, lit aflame. “I-I didn’t.”

Maybe he did.

Too much information and too many words melting. Anyone would have had a hard time keeping track.

Limbs screamed at him to just reach out; both men probably wanted to do something ludicrous. But he stayed still with hands gripping the fabric of a used duvet, relishing in the light chokehold under his ears.

“*How would you humiliate me,*” the taller mocked with a tsk.

"Fuck you." Eyes lock as the sentiment gets uttered—eyes mapping all over each other's faces, Dream's arguably painted with this mean sheen.

Ignoring how blood trickled down south, not much; but growing in slight attention to the conversation. It was human instinct, Dream couldn't judge him for that, Dream probably couldn't see it either.

"You're easy *for me*," blondie echoed, never giving any scolding at the previous curse, rather ignoring it to stop the tension behind it, squeezing hard once making the smaller gasps, "not in a sexual way either; you're just easy to read," tan hand falls down heavily, skimming past George's chest as it does so, "you're easy to me because I know you- you wouldn't be easy to a stranger, you'd be difficult," Dream huffs like he was holding his breath, moving back—away from their shared bubble.

Felt like he could breathe again himself, they were still close, of course, definitely within one another's personal space. Cheekbones alike were dusted with freckles and blush, but neither mentioned it. "I could somehow explain it as," Dream spoke, not letting them have a moment of silence, *"I like the tension,"* but those words he let linger, almost like a mock to the one around them, chest prickles with coral colors by his breastbone, "I like the punishment, rewards. The idea of someone fully submitting to me is.. erotic, in a way."

Erotic. Scoffing. Never once before has he heard the other use that word.

Today, however, he's heard it twice. *Two times too many* seemed to be a common practice when it came to their friendship.

George glances to the side quietly, exhaling out of an open mouth and smooth lips. Other easily caught his eyes back.

Blondie mutters, "But I wouldn't want to change you as a person still," he looks genuine, "I don't like the extremely strict side to it all. More fun to play around; having to obey even doing mundane tasks." A lone freckle by the crease of his mouth moves while talking. "Well, me calling it *playing around* sounds too plain; serving a master, some might say, is a bit *naughtier* than so." It's obviously a tease, a shit one to be exact.

Pale features couldn't bear to look at the man fully, skin burning when catching a dark smile. How his cock is already heating is wrong; blood warming down south over *Dream's words* is wrong.

Morally wrong anyway.

There must be some sort of bro-code for that, right? "No—yeah," George clears his throat, rasp vibrating in his trachea. "I- I suppose it is."

"Not change you as a person, *just your filthy behaviors*," Dream continued from where he let off, "and slaves want that, they want to, uh, serve, be controlled; I've said this a million times now. But, to follow a command cause it makes them.. *content*, that's why they submit in the first place: to have power ripped away."

It feels like Dream is talking in circles, at the same time he's not: telling the same thing over and over just in different fonts. Lithe thighs press together with a puff. "I...I would assume someone doing that would like it." Sending a peek at the blond before swiftly looking away.

"Trust me," Dream sighed, "I like it too." Gut twists again at the knowledge. "Tell them what to do.. when to fuck.. where to sit," small smirk growing, "it's fun when they talk back just to lose."

Tips of brown bangs tickle between eyebrows. Face surely contoured to this pent-up one without meaning too. "I bet." It's on the cusp of an awkward response, at the same time loaded with emotions no matter the simplicity of it.

Cursing himself for only being able to respond with hums.

"And cause *I'm* not ready for the more extreme shit; I go to clubs, talk with people online," there was a pause, green boring holes in the side of a milky neck, "...and find someone who wants the same. Someone with the same—"

"Wh-what do you do after finding someone," comes out airy.

"Get to know each other obviously, a form, some have a ceremony," Dream answers just as airy but assertive like he knows what he's talking about. A gruff swallow, "Normally, there are weeks worth of taming—training in genuine long-termed ones, to drill into their skull I'm in control; *I own you, my wants*," teeth skim his bottom lip, "and when we're done, we end it."

Finally looking towards the bigger again, the confidence building up seemingly shimmers down as he meets Dream's eyes. "Do you- do you not see them anymore?"

Golden lips spitting equally golden words split into this smile. "Oh, yeah, of course, I do. I still meet some of them," bring a tan hand up to untangle wavy strands, "just for scenes, sex; it's easier to keep the same partners around, y'know." A inhale, both talking like their impatient. "Some wanna go to these fetish events, ask me to join; be their dom—master—partner, whatever you wanna call it, for a nig—"

Not a single thought present as he blurts out: "*Fuck me. Right now.*"

Dream jolts his head down, anything cocky he had going on for him vanished. "Wh- *what?* George—"

"We're gonna film soon anyway," he speaks faster than intended, apples of cheeks tinting impossibly more in all types of blushing hues, "and- and I'm tired."

Apprehension in the blond's features softens slightly at the last two words. But still there, mostly pure shock. "Why...the fuck would you want me to *fuck you* if you're tired—"

George sucks the flesh of his lower lip in, chewing on it twice before grumbling, "Let's just—" patting the bedding around them; dainty hands finding what they're searching for rather quick, picking up his discarded phone, metal significantly cooler this time around. Studying a glass screen dotted with greasy fingerprints while he jumps out, socked feet gliding against hardwood as he makes his way to the end of the bed.

Slender thumb hovers over a screen, contemplating before lids fall shut as the finger falls down to click record, huffing. Not caring for the angle he sets the device up on some mahogany dresser. Turning around with the tips of brows perked up. Just staring. "*Fuck me*," he breaths once again.

"*George.*" Heavy gaze trails over the slender figure coyly standing by the foot of the bed. "We-your my fri—"

"I know I am—"

"Yeah?"

"*Yeah.*"

“Fuck.”

Quiet is quick to follow, both sets of eyes wide, lips parted to match it. “We’re gonna have to fuck in front of staff soon anyways,” taking a daring step closer, stabilizing a pointed knee on the edge of the mattress, blondie watching it as he drags the back of his hand over a tempered neck. “And this is better,” George continues, half crawling on top and towards something that should be off-limits.

Is off-limits. If it wasn’t for the (in his opinion) reasonable excuses getting spewed out.

At least catching Dream of guard cracks him. “God–”

“I-I mostly jerk off to amateur porn too,” wincing as he said it out loud. The two of them more guarded when the brunet makes it up by the other’s ear, making sure to whisper to not let it get picked up by the shit quality of his phone; “*Two pornstars fucking behind the scenes*,” he sees Dream’s chest rise and fall from the corner of his eye, “*real footage* in the title,” pausing as a sizable hand latches on to a smaller waist, shyly—in deep contrast to his previous behaviors—it dances up his side, grabbing, “people—consumers would love to see just.. *fucking*.”

Dark lashes flutter when Dream nudges under his chin using the tip of a freckled nose, slowly—hesitantly dragging his bottom lip against subtle skin, saliva trails over the sharpness of George’s jaw resulting in unwanted goosebumps washing down lithe shoulders. “Or, just say you wanna fuck me,” is teased into the smaller man’s ear, a light-hearted one, a basic one that any man would mutter as a shot at dirty talk.

He doesn't scoff at it now, maybe because he knows it was intended tauntingly rather than a serious shot at getting in someone's pants. Perhaps that’s another privilege of knowing.

Fingers jitter getting placed on top of Dream’s chest, the man under his palm tense at the touch as well. Languidly feeling up on a clothed breast, perk of a nipple barely visible through thin onyx cotton; so slender pointer drags cautiously over it once, earning him a quiet grunt. “I don’t w’anna fuck you,” George echoes back, *a lie*, if the state of his cock laying trapped behind denim was any confirmation.

It’s natural, he excuses, *it didn’t have to mean anything*.

The idea of sex is arousing.. that’s all. Dream just so happened to be here once again.

Knees ache from the weight of sitting on them, quickly forgotten about when a gentle kiss is delivered on the alabaster under his ear; lips brushing against the side of a flushed neck where pulsations coursed faster through arteries. “*I don’t wanna fuck you either*,” blondie mumbles as they share a gasp, hands tightening on one another. “I assume it’s all purely professionally then, right?”

A sharp intake of air that could be mistaken for yet another gasp: “It’s just smart,” *shit*, “an- an exclusive behind the scenes, instead of doing a full session,” thighs try to press together again subconsciously when a tongue flicks at his earlobe followed by a deep breath fanning the wetness afterward. “I-I don’t care if the producers get mad; it still earns them money.”

“Mhm,” Dream rasps, borderline gulping before he continues, “I-fuck,” squeezing more on a slim waist, like an anchor, “just for work, yeah, we gonna have to fuck anyway.”

In all honestly, they had no concrete way of knowing if it would get approved.

Pulse swirling around his head with colors he couldn’t place—thumping in temples. “Mh,” panting

fills the room. "Get me hard."

The taller paused his caress at the demand, not necessarily an uncommon thing to ask- Scoffing was his response either way, two hefty fingers skim down George's torso; tugging the hem of his hoodie. Before Dream even has a chance to ask, he croaks out a yes, and the jumper was ripped up and off, cold hiccup forming within his chest.

Being flipped on his back and caged should have been expected, but it still leaves him with a jaw slack and pupils dilated. Legs spreading to fit the other man's own lower body between.

Tense silence.

Dream drops his sweater as well, amber eyes determent to stay locked on his face, to not wander, and they widened as the blond came back to loom shirtless this time around.

Few golden strands of hair tickle at a pale cheek—cheeks that are prickling, lightly burning, *flushed*? Humid words in his ear from Dream's whispers, keeping that same soothing aura; like it's all a secret, "*Make me hard*," as a mock.

And he knows it is one, so without thinking, he says: "Yeah, do it."

Naked chests graze--skin emitting the tiniest of sound where it brushed, with both men leaning slightly into feeling, he would have called it seductive how bodies softly rolled into one another, if it wasn't for the other body belonging to his friend. "What," blondie tsks, observing the doe stare coming from the boy under him. Dream looks mean again, he hates how the man could switch his attitude within a blink of an eye. "Are you saying I don't make you hard, George?"

Ignoring how his cock already lays half-filled in aftermath of their talk. Hips press down into the mattress so he wouldn't touch Dream to give it away. Taunting green and tan elbows caging his head, and muted pink shimmers up inside his bloodstream. "Why would you?" he daringly asks, breast buzzing with what he could only assume was excitement or nervousness at giving backtalk.

The other plainly tilts his head in response, eyes narrowing. So George continues, "Why would you? We're only fucking cause-" but trailing off, foreheads knocking together and noses bumping, words landing on Dream's cupid's bow, "truly *unfortunate* that we have to fuck," slender arms rise to gently lay around shoulders broader than his own, rough hands softly—*slowly* run up his sides back, "you—mh, you're still some annoying friend. We're just being professionals."

He might have repeated that exact line internally about more time than he's taken a breath. Realizing how it sounds forswearing.

Mirth laced behind the cobalt speckle in Dream's iris, fingers trail a pallid neck with an arrogant *hum*; nails ghost over his jaw making him lift his chin, other taking the opportunity to fan hot air up George's throat, bewitchingly. Tan pointer and middle finger skim a puffy lower lip—pulling it back, pressing in while he whispers: "Bullshit, George. I can make your cock *perk* by simply talking," and scoffing as if t's the most obvious thing ever, weight land comfortably on top of his tongue, saliva pooling the underside immediately.

"You d'n't," is mumbled from around the intrusion. Heart rate picking up as well.

Fingertips press to forcefully part his mouth wider. "*We don't like liars*, remember?"

Gut flips at a clear memory from an otherwise forgetful party, gingerly hips roll down aware of the plug again—sharp teeth sink into the knuckles buried behind glistening lips without meaning to, practically biting back a sound, blood thump harder throughout—

A tiny drop of spit seeps out the crease of his mouth when fingers abruptly pull out, tongue darting to lick the small smear. Chest heaving. Dream removed himself with no words whatsoever, that same infuriating—and it must be faux he decides—nonchalant painted over a previously sly face as he unbuckled his belt and shoved his jeans off effortlessly, practiced.

No stigma about being exposed.

Leaning up with a pout, pale fingers grip around the duvet studying how the bigger of the two's length slip free; how it's *alive*, that's for sure. Embarrassingly fast so, too. Mouth open to mock it—stopping seeing Dream move towards him again: ending up emitting a strangled grunt instead.

Much to his surprise tan thighs straddle a paler waist, a foreign yet familiar cock almost poking him in the breast fucking lewdly. He never expected to see Dream in this scenario, especially not a scenario where *he* is straddling *him*. Head buzz as the man on top of him slowly drags his thumb from base to tip, pressing it down to poke out horizontally— *sizing it up right in George's face* before letting it slap back to its natural position when erect.

Blinking up the brunet must have looked helpless. A minute ago Dream was stuttering over a simple *fuck me*. Now, he was doing whatever this is. A breathless, “*Dream—*”

“You know,” the latter boy cuts him off, shifting downwards; hips slanting to deliberately glide his seemingly *proud* erection at the very bottom of George's sternum. Audible exhale shoots out awkwardly at the warmth and clamminess of his cock trailing down towards a leaned tummy.

“You know.. we're friends.. and it's weird..” Dream starts again, tongue swirling behind a lopsided smirk, broad thighs locked around the top of a pair of slimmer ones, this soft-nude colored head slides right by the brunet's belly button, “but, whatever you are, you still manage to make my *cock hard*,” gently slapping it down, he's sure the man peers at his face for any reaction, but blown eyes do not pay any attention back, rather focused on the movements happening in his own lap, “the *themes* you so badly wanted me to talk about; helps, of course.”

“I—” but stopping as Dream tactfully grind forward, stomach heating and mouth agape watching *it* drag over his lower abdomen. It's obvious that a gradually fuzzing mind jumps to ideas of fitting it inside, how far it reaches up to his navel in this position, how it then would look sinking— a moment of clarity the muttered words come washing back over him, the other admitted to— “What do you- are you saying- *fuck*. I turn you on?”

Dream scoffs, smiles a little, more so a smile to himself than to the man under him. Placing himself between clothed legs again, cock thrust once into the bend of George's thigh and junk, and *George* grew wide-eyed at the filthy spectacle.

“No, after all, you're just my friend,” blondie sighs, “I'm saying,” practiced hand get placed on the smaller man's knee, provokingly sliding down his inner thigh, “that I'm not dumb; of course, I get worked up when talking about *things*,” shining a bright toothy grin he grips George's leg and throws it over his shoulder, kissing covered thighs dryly, tan hands ghosting up an even paler tummy; fingers dance along his waistline, “and,” voice muffles from behind denim, “your little *shocked* sounds and big dumb eyes helps—”

“I don't make shocked—” ending with a small gasp as honey-smooth lips attached to his waistband, brushing wetness by the edge of his jeans—right under a clean navel. On reflex daintier hands than Dream's come down to grab ahold of golden hairs, weakly trying to guide him closer.

A singular button snaps free. “Now, you gonna keep lying?”

Second button snaps up. “Since I’m being *oh-so-honest* with you here, George.”

Head press back into the pillow letting eyes clamp shut, jaw unhinged. “I’m- I’m not lying. You don’t turn me on-”

Sharply sucking in air as a hand palms over the very obvious stiffness. “*Now* you’re just playing dumb.”

To be fair, he didn’t even register it. “I’m not, I didn’t-”

“Can I take these o-”

“*Yes-*”

Undergarments and jeans get taken off fluidly, cock hitting his lower abdomen as its weight falls down—creating this delicate sound, slit ever-so-slightly damp. Despite both obviously pent-up in the way they act, Dream refused to do anything about it, taking his time. “Should I ask again then? Are you saying I can’t make your *stupid cock* hard by talking?”

Spoiled frown lingers on lips because they both knew that; or, it’s been proven twice at least in their past rendezvous, *two times too much for what's accep-* “You don’t,” he grits.

Hands latch onto George’s, now, exposed knees, dangerously gliding down—squeezing while he spoke: “I won’t play this little.. little *bratting* game with you, cause we haven’t talked- I can’t really do anything to make you behav-” Dream mumbles but trail off. Palms heavy on smooth skin, leaving exciting tingles wherever they roamed. Spreading slim legs wider as he moved down the bed, situating himself between them, everything the brunet had to offer in perfect display for hungry green.

He should feel awkward about the position, but George just pushes his hips down towards him—towards his face. “Fuck- because we haven’t what?” Even if he already knows.

“We’re just filming a boring behind the scenes,” licking a moist stripe over a pale shaven pubic bone, millimeters away from where George’s cock lay pretty, it drags across a freckled face when wet lips tease the area around it, pink curl in veins with a breathy—and admittedly frustrated—noise, “so we-”

“No-yeah, we don’t have to be kinky.” A single pulse shoots through his size when a breath fans under the corona of his cock.

“Mhm,” Dream sounds pent up too now, he sounds like his everyday self; that eager little puppy with too much energy for his own good self. Maybe he was masking it, focusing on dropping the dominant side in agreement with their talk.

“Just two collage— *ah, shit,*” taking a breath, a tongue that could have been dripping finally running up his entire length, finger poking at the plug he must have spied earlier, not that there were anything attractive about it, just a plain one to keep the stretch, “just two college kids having mediocre sex,” he finishes.

It dawns on him suddenly; how quickly they agreed to do this—film this, how quickly they got naked. It was all for a purpose, of course, it had an excuse.

The moment Dream jump out of bed and searched for lube went by in a flash. Lazily stroking himself in the middle of the room, absentminded. George’s equally lazy eyes observe him. Brown brow quirks as the other bend down to the phone, muttering words not audible to curious ears.

Turning around he was wearing this grin, so, the brunet can't help but ask: "What'd you say?" Hidden arousal lingers in his throat still, fitting perfectly with the warmth heating his groin.

Growing as the other looms over him once again.

"*Nothing*," Dream keeps his amused expression. Toying with the silicon inside him, diligently pulling it out while the smaller clenches and sends a glare.

"I could just look back at the recording, idiot."

Devilish tongue dances along Dream's bottom lip, lubing two fingers up with a small glance. George was prepped already but that didn't seem to matter to him as he circles them over a relaxed rim. "You'll forget it," blondie rasps, parting lips mockingly to mimic the brunet's gape-gape growing larger because of the pink prickles melting over his body, and the further two fingers went—

"*Fuck*- I don't really need prep." Gut tickling with fuchsia, nerves buzzing at the image of *Dream's* fingers actually roaming where they truly shouldn't, how utterly out of place it really is, but how good it feels regardless.

He's just a man and all that.

"You.. you don't want me to finger you?" The sentence alone sounded so vulgar, but genuine, pressing fingertips up as a test, which, obviously, send dizzy shock waves shivering down his spine.

Why was it annoying him that Dream had dropped his *controlling* facade?

Maybe the man wanted to follow that *we don't need to be kinky* rule, or, he wants to give the camera something plain. George wants to see that hard dom- *master* side he talks so freely about, though, he's seen glints of it—he's filmed with the man but that was scripted—and a boring behind-the-scenes is no excuse to see it again, sadly—

Of course, only for the whole research side to it all, that why he wants to—

"*Just fuck me—*" he chokes right away as blunt words leave him, not because of embarrassment, simply because of assumptions. From what he's seen of Dream, such demands don't even work.

He doesn't know if it's relief or disappointment when all he gets in return is a squeeze on his hip and fingers removing themselves. Not even a sneer at the attitude. With building stubbornness, a dainty hand comes down to touch himself when the blond rises to get the phone, and of course, the other doesn't care, he rather mutters words into the recording, for a second time, that George can't pick up on.

Device held in Dream's hand, moving towards a confused someone.

"What you doing?" George asks as soft knees get pushed apart, and he lets them, with no thoughts.

Don't get him wrong: he's used to this, having a lens where nothing should be. But, a spike of nerves appears nonetheless to being exposed, it normally did. The tan hand not occupied with filming grips the fat on his thigh, spreading him. "You look good," Dream mutters distracted, too focused on angling the phone, "you know you look good," lungs hitches as a singular thumb slips inside, "gotta at least show it off before I rui- before I fuck you."

Thumb circles inside the muscle, choking, "*Shit*."

“Sorry,” he has no clue what the man say it for, too entranced by the hand retracting to rather hold at his hip.

Probably about not taking it too far, to keep it mediocre. Sorry, he grumbles, *stupid*.

A curse as he’s flipped over, somehow softly yet fast, face landing into the feathery of a pillow. Sizable fingers skimmed down the dent curved in the middle of his spine, over his tailbone, and down his crack. Mouth loose–open absorbing the feeling, the intimacy of where the touch wanders; arching into that same touch when it embraces and squeezes gently. “Jesus. I meant what I said in our last recording, by the way.”

Chocolate-colored hairs tickle slightly where they brush against his face. Speaking into the duvet. “What th’ng?”

Alabastrine flesh on his arse surely glowing with rosy tinges after an eager hand explored. Device gets thrown into the blanket, and the figure behind slowly came down to cage him; Dream’s front pressed flushed into the slope of his back, arms holding his weight up beside a brunet head. It made him feel smaller in a way, *like prey*. If that was the intention or not, he didn’t know. “*What thing?*” Get asked clearer.

“That you.. got a good ass,” the blond full-on snorted like he heard it himself how utterly *un-sexy* the statement was; how it sounded like some horny eighteen-year-old. Languidly grinding down on said area, but cracking with a laugh disguised as a cough.

George shies away from the sound *he himself* emitted; “Shut up. *Fuck-* you’re dumb–” the taller did in fact sound way too casual for what they’re doing. In contrast to how his own pulse thumped ridiculously fast within slender fingers, how his stomach flared up with colors and emotions he doesn’t want to decipher just yet.

...holding back his own laugh as well.

But he would never give the pleasure of admitting that.

Palms run up naked bodies. Teeth nibble flesh. “I mean it, how didn’t I–”

“Maybe cause looking at my ass isn’t–”

“I’ve always noticed you’re pretty, *though*. Anyone could see that–”

A hand stilled at his hip again, tan face buried in a pale nape. “That’s just an observation,” George breathes. Smiles replaced with parted lips.

Nails scrap up a thin bicep, over the curve of his shoulder; up a clammy throat. All while Dream whispered, “Did you ever *observe* me?”

It was a mock.

Sardonic words echoed close to his ear sending waves of– “No–or, yes. I mean, like,” wet tongue drags up his jugular–jugular thumping faster and faster with every passing moment, “like, I noticed you were.. *blond*, and how you kept getting taller every y–”

“Oh?” Grin is very much audible. “*Tall and blond?*”

Choked whine fell out when he ground down once fiercely, his own cock rubbing over cotton sheets. “Shi- it was annoying.” *I was petty*.

“Do you find it annoying *right now?*” It was *all* a taunt, this whole conversation was, he figured. Dream purposefully smirking and spitting thick words to get a rise.

“Just- just fuck me before my phone dies,” he mutters back tenaciously. Coming up for air when the weight behind him removed itself with no complaints; *really* following that no kinky rule.

Engulfing each other—while the camera was pointed into the mattress—might have been too much for what they needed. Not that any of them would mention that.

Idly turning to lay on his back again, glancing at the other whose filming at his cock; looking like a jack-ass gloating about his size.

But, phone was quick to be stabilized somewhere off the bed, the boy even quicker to lube up and place himself between expectant legs. Pallid lean tummy boiling over with fuzz as blackened pupils met one another in silence—tensely, the very tip of Dream’s length gliding and catching on the brunet’s rim, softly pressing up against it, *teasingly*. Blond and brown eyebrows alike knitted, and pale thighs pinned to the mattress as he gently pushes in; loud gasp fell out of both parties instantly, muscle burning maroon.

“*God,*” George grunts, toes curling harder the further the other sinks. “*God,* can’t believe I’m *fucking you* again.” Head leaned back with a foul mouth wide, thin fingers clutching on a tan forearm, the other gripping the ashen sheets.

The man above drifts down, pleasantly kissing up on a heating throat. “*Oh- shit,*” get poured right into George’s ear—borderline moaned, warm gooey erupt deep within and he’ll never admit to how beautiful it was, even making him slip free his own noise.

It just felt good knowing he could make *someone else feel good*.

Grunt from the bigger, squeezing where he’s pinning a smaller body down; clammy tan forehead resting on the slope of paler shoulders. “You shouldn’t feel this good,” blondie mutters with another rough gasp, lifting his chin to make his mock hit directly in George’s ear again, “that *smart-mouthed* brit transferring all those years ago.. *shouldn’t feel this good.*”

Fingers come to tangle light golden hairs and press their bodies closer, slender arms locking behind his neck—like hugging a life-sized teddy bear—Deam’s pelvic hits his scrotum flushed. Lids clamped shut with a pitched sound, a whimper if he’s being honest with himself.

He’s getting filled with *something*, of course, he’s gonna make a sound. “*Shu- holy shit,* shut up.”

Pace builds moderately from there, vision staying obscured by each other's faces and sweaty bangs, more so relishing in the repeated pink washing with every small thirst. Numbing fuzz shoots over veins, grow behind his navel—behind his bladder every time Dream’s hips dare to go a smidge harder.

Airy noises are all that’s let out, small clasping of sun-bathed skin hitting skin that’s way too milky to believe have ever met sun-ray. Shortened nails dug into wherever he’s holding on to the taller, blindly trying to cox him for more movement, and his first moan would stammer free when he receives it. There was no provocative talk either, just pent-up breaths over the increasing speed their bodies moved at, stomach filling with electricity, rolling hips down to meet Dream’s faster, skin hitting skin starting to deafen the aura around and painting walls with sin, his own cock laying elegantly—bouncing slightly and pulsating with warmth—

Until the blond gruffs.

Fangs sank into the alabaster of George's neck almost like an anchor to contain himself; slowing everything they had building up. A genuine whine hits the crown of Dream's head at the loss, neat toes and fingers uncurling from where they had been clenched. "I-I lied," the brunet heaves, "we can be rough."

Dream laughs— full-on laughs. Broad hands teasing over sharp hip bones making him twitch, pressing smaller legs to the mattress, bending him in a way so he could push all the way in, and languidly drag all the way out. "What kinda *rough*, George?"

Choking on spit feeling his cock glide across a surely swollen rim. No time to answer as Dream leans down to whisper, moist lips grazing his helix. "Rough as in *deeper*?" A single wet kiss to his neck, and he slams in, *hard*, slow but with a purpose of hitting where he otherwise wouldn't.

Brown eyes roll with a curse whined. Slim hands splayed over his own tummy, as if he could somehow feel the rosate fuzz dancing around at each heavy thrust. He did, however, feel a lithe stomach suck in slightly when the other pulled. All so fucking slow but *deep* as he had said, embarrassing moan at each singular one.

Would he be able to comprehend anything an *I can feel you in my-* would have been muttered, he rather latched onto Dream's shoulders as the man rasps: "Rough as in *harder*?"

Coffee-colored bangs sway, tan hands hold *still* a pliable waist til skin turned even more white than it already was. Both of the boys grunts get deafened by the sound of a vile hip slamming in with mustered strength, arousing spikes forming deep within his gut and sparking out to the tip of a flushed cock, leaking the tiniest of clear liquid as a sign of their friendship being way too out of bounds once again, dirtying a fair belly.

Only getting worse as it suddenly got purely focused on speed, the man above hoisting up on adept knees for better leverage. Squeezing the smaller and sounding breathless, "Rough as in- *fuck*, rough as in *faster*, George?"

Subconsciously scratching—clawing down freckled arms. "*Oh my god—mh*," George grits teeth. Fingers wrapped around a slimmer throat, eyes flew up as they pressed down on his pulse points tactfully, instantly light-headed and gaping being met by sweaty—glistening bronzed skin, blond bangs jumping with every ruthless slam.

"*Choke you?*" Dream grins, airily, all while squeezing. Leaning to bite the sharpness of the brunet's jaw, small tingle of pain dabbing off to fuchsia lust. Thrusts slowing, becoming more manageable. "Want me to *talk to you* maybe?" the taller coos, words landing on pale glowing cheeks, chuckling with an extra hard jerk to his hip. "If so," a breath, "should I call you a *good boy* or a *bad one*?"

Heavy gasp as the chokehold removes itself. "*Dream—*"

Green eyes narrowed boldly—not a single drop of shyness as he stares the shorter man down, feeling no coyness by holding eye contact, a distinct change from being playful. "Come on, George, you can't just tell me *to be rough*."

Dream was enjoying this, *loving this*, like a game. If the dumb smirk he was wearing was confirmation enough. Choking up a moan as he slammed in with more poise, completely forgetting to respond, big umber fighting to blink up at him, swollen lips—

"Oh my *fuck -*" the brunet exhales as the blond pulls out unexpectedly, slender thighs quiver and close—press together on instinct with a grunt that even surprised himself, pink warmth suffocating

every molecule roaming his body.

Dream simply smacks down gently—not too hurt but to send a message—to open them, slipping in again with a *tsk*; pressing George's left knee to the bed using a heavy hand, and his right thigh pinned by placing his *own* knee on top of the brunet's, pushing down and keeping neat legs locked in place, all smoothly, fast. Just as fast as his wrists got caught in Dream's free hand and pulled above his head. Two men sharing a breathless grunt and wearing equally mean eyes, as if he had any leverage to fight for dominance, he knew he didn't; that's the fun. Thrusting into the boy under him making them both let loose sounds. "Rougher as in *pinning you down*?"

God, he loved this. He supposed he could be speaking for both here.

Pitched moan as his stomach boiled with want, thin fingers flexing where they're bound by considerably larger ones. Quickly becoming a hiss when nails scrape down over his sternum. "Rough as in *hurting you*?"

Probably only a smidge of white visible behind hooded lids. Huffing and biting back a scowl; Dream didn't keep him restrained for more than a *mere minute*, rather sitting up on his knees, spine straight and holding pallid legs down to fuck into him with—unfortunately—experienced hips, he would never admit that they were. "You- you wouldn't be able to fuck me how I," gasping and suddenly wide-eyed as the others cock slams up perfectly to where he wants it, fuzz exploding behind his bladder, "how I- I want it, *holy shit*," he ends the taunt with arguably the loudest squeak so far.

"Right there, huh?" It must have been a mock, ignoring the backtalk. Freckled face tilted and golden lips parted just studying a certain brunet, gripping his body harder to hit that sweet spot better.

"Yes- there—"

"Yeah?"

It's awful how fast he forgot the backtalk himself. "*Mhm.*"

A large grin plastered, cupid's bow shining with liquid sin, or better said; disgusting sweat. "Mhm?"

"*Mhm!*" George cracks—heaves, head spinning with how the man kept asking rhetorical. Skull hitting the pillow as thighs flex, face not-so-elegantly contouring into this more desperate one.

"There you go," barely audible over skin slapping, it should be admirable, the bigger man's focus on moving his body, that is.

One arm limp reaching up to grab the blonde. Gulping a loud "*Fu—*"

"Oh I know, pretty- *god—*"

Oxygen hitched at the pet name, they hadn't even shared a simple kiss yet dawned upon him at that precise moment, too busy with borderline blizz to care. Too entranced by the way Dream pulls on his strings like a puppet, plays with him in every way possible even if he doesn't realize he's being toyed with.

Perhaps a kiss would be too far, that sounds fucking ridiculous.

Apparently not noticing the phone filming at his face, not until two fingers pry swollen lips apart

and land on top of his tongue, dirty salt gliding over taste buds. “Anything you w’anna say to them?”

Moan swirls the intrusion, barely blinking up into the lens, none of his words comes out as the blond fucks into him harder with a growing smile, purposefully. Fingers push in to ghost the back of his throat. “*What?* Can’t hear you, come on.”

Lashline moist over a gag, fingertips dancing by his uvula not helping. Idly pouting around fingers as Dream chuckles at the scene beneath him. So, naturally, sharp canines *bite* down into tan knuckles in rebuttal— groan hissed out—

Suddenly, the phone was nowhere to be found, and an iron hold on his jaw was there at record speed.

Yanking him.

Movement never relents but softens to rather *lecture*, the brunet’s frown replaced with faux doe-eyes *he knows* looks appealing. With pointed eyes, Dream didn’t seem to crack at the puppy look in the slightest, or even care for that matter. Foreheads knocked as blondie spat, “I won’t, and I *can’t* punish you,” to which the other grunted, “I’m just *fucking* you today, remember?” Both glossing over what implication he just muttered in haze— “Just two boring college kids having *boring* sex.”

Gasping at a specifically hard thrust. “*Fuck,*” he would have fought back more, but he knew the two didn’t have a relationship. Still, through the pink fogging a mind he can’t help but envision what it would be like to put in—

“Mh, you alright?” Broad thumb wiped over his cheekbone, smearing out a lone tear that must have fallen over, wetness somehow chilled getting rubbed over tempered skin.

Dream pressing up on that right spot—with hips that don’t seem to tire—made ivory flesh numb with pure hunger to eventually come, like his cock was getting edged from the inside with every hit. “Just feels good,” the brunet scoffs, a soundable choke as everything picked up speed just a tad, but not too much to ruin the good pace they already had. Flashes of when they first did something like *this*, and Dream asked— how he sobbed— the conversation at school— the— “*I’m sorry,*” he inhales, backtracking on the attitude, “didn’t mean to say it like tha- ‘*m ok*, just feels good—”

“Mhm,” Dream hummed calmly, vocal cords vibrating. Tan hand tangle in between brown curls on the back of his nape; keeping their foreheads pressed. “Good- Good job,” glancing big-eyed into green at the surprise.. praise? “Don’t be sorry,” way too softly honey-smooth lips drag over a clenched jaw. “Don’t have to; just be *pretty* today, ok?” Saliva builds over a limp tongue, butterflies *stupidly* graze up his esophagus, all with a whisper in his ear: “*Don’t you agree?*”

Completely forgetting anything about pride and previous conversations as bodies rolled fluidly. “*Yes-*”

A coy stammer would have accompanied his answer if it wasn’t for the blond instantly shooting back; “Being *such* a pretty boy right now.”

“*Mhm,*” a hitch, head jolting slightly. Eyes screwed shut, just listening, *feeling*.

“Your chest all pretty like this too,” gingerly two fingers flick at his nipple and pull, “*all sweaty*, your waist too- god.”

“*Dream-*” over a huff he faintly remembers how the man would treat him roughly last time when using his *name* and not an honorific—

It *must* irk him a little this time around too, no matter how he's playing it all down.

Touch trail faint lines on his tummy. Echoing, "*Tell me what you are,*" similarly to when they filmed.

"I can't say tha- *ah* my god," weight tugged firmly at his scalp—the closest thing to any sort of.. *kink* he's gotten yet—goosebumps rise by the very base of each little strand of hair getting pulled, "holy sh- ok- *I'm pretty!*"

"Fuck yes, so gorgeous." Highlighted with a vicious thrust, slacking his grip. "*Go on.*"

The fuchsia haze swallowing him was way too potent to even care— "m your," but a second to cringe at words uttered, before a harsh jerk rendered his mind blank, "*m your pretty boy.*"

Lingering on what it would be like to obey-

"*Shit—*" Dream moans, *actually moans*, not those exhausted grunts, and it sounded beautiful once again. "*My pretty boy, huh?*"

Mouth open in a gasp, inhaling while speaking— cock pulsating— "*Yes, sir.*"

"George—" caught off guard with hips stuttering.

"Fuck—"

"You say no kinky shit and I'm really trying not t—"

"*Can I touch myself?*" The brunet blinks up, umber irises coated with slat, moist. "Please, *sir,*" because why not add a plea, veins already curling with need.

Viridian eyes hood and narrow grimly, regardless, he slams in with more force. "You're on.. *thin* fucking ice."

"m sorry," grit out right away. Slender fingers balled up—small crimson indents left behind from shortened nails, groin heated and itching to be touched. Blood boiling for *more* in every sense possible.

Maybe asking for such was another dip into a power play that he wasn't allowed to wander into right now. But blondie huffs, "Touch yourself. *Cum,*" licking over his lower lip before dragging it in, "cum for me."

So he does. A dainty hand easily wraps around an otherwise neglected cock, thighs squeeze around the bigger man's midsection, almost eagerly touching himself whilst never breaking from each other's eyes, still laced with mean glints of wanting more.

But can't.

"Yes," George breathes at the instant buzzing behind his navel sprouting pink, half forgetting Dream's erratic movements with only one goal in mind, "yes—" loud pulse coursing around eardrums, all in an exhale: "yes, yes, yes- *fuck—*" head tilt backward— "*oh my fucking god—*"

A raspy cough when he feels warmth seep from where Dream is fucking into him, everything tacky as the blond very much surprisingly came before him, coaxing him to only stroke faster—

"*Jesus fuck,*" came as a hoarse groan above as he pulled out, no time to pout about it as fingers quickly replaces his cock; fucking into him ferociously, seemingly wanting to hit as *deep* as he

could—as *hard* as he could manage. Dream obviously not through with his own climax as cum falls from above and lands lewdly on a straining tummy, bigger length twitches into cool air not getting touched, rather focused on the man under.

“*Mh-*” most high pitched noise he’s *ever* heard from the blond, freckled face fighting to not twist pleadingly while ruining his own orgasm, and it was driving George up the wall, *how he sounds, looks, breaths*— how, for once, a stern face broke—

Lithe spine arch off the mattress, timid sound when—what he could only explain as pure lustful electricity—shoot up his sides, his gut, *everywhere*. “Holy fuck—” whimpered as Dream sinks down the bedding and *spits* on his cock before taking it in his mouth, wafting away George’s hands— hands that quickly tangle sandy hairs *and tug*.

Heels press into the bed wrinkling cotton, alternating between chasing the warmth of someone’s mouth or the thrusting of one’s fingers. Jaw clenched shut, painful almost how teeth ground together and moans muffle whilst flexing every pathetic muscle he owned, concentrated on that release. “*Shit-ha-*” swollen bottom lip trembled.

Quivering thighs close around Dream’s skull and blond locks tickle delicate flesh, slim fingers rip with desperation at them too, holding his breath— the man sucking down around him with *just the right* force and— “*I’m gonna- Dream- si-*”

It’s a blur, truly, when he cums.

Chest heaving briskly, every centimeter of pallid skin whirl with warm pink like molten lava, paleness dusting with a tinge of rose and wet crystals. Neck benumb, heavy like he could sleep— sleep for hours to come, eyes staying clamped shut whilst slowly thrusting hips, cock pulsing when the other swallows down whatever came out.

Lewd.

Clammy hands *pry* George’s legs off his head, coughing—heaving himself when he’s freed, and the length slips out from his throat. “Bro— you—”

“Don’t- d’n’t call me *bro* right now.” Ignoring the fuzzy tremor engulfing the brunet’s body in the aftermath.

“*Fuck,*” Dream inhales simply, hitting his chest once as if would give more oxygen. Sluggishly crawling up and falling down beside the other. Both hearts pumping—beating against ribcages.

He fucked Dream again.

They didn’t even have a scene; aftercare and praise weren’t a given right now, what he was supposed to do, he can’t just lay here awkwardly and—

Carefully a broad hand rises to run up George’s arm, comforting. “Do you- *mh*, do you need anything?” blondie breathes, an open invitation.

Glancing to the side, dirtying sheets and wiping cooling cum off his belly. Movement pausing seeing crimson lines run from a tan bicep, down to an even more tan forearm. *I like the pain when you, for example, were enjo—*

Blindly reaching for his phone with a cough, surprised jittering fingers find hot metal right away. Hissing at the burn, hastily stopping the recording. Abstemmately dragging the, now, filthy white duvet over his groin to cover up, sparing Dream a look before throwing him the other end.

“No,” he tried acting nonchalant. “I-I don’t need anything.”

“You sure?” Dream actually managing to act nonchalant. Shifting so their shoulders would flush. “If you- if you wanna cuddle or let me hold you, it won’t be weird, it’s normal to wan—”

“Mhm.” One hundred percent he’s never admitting to the cribble flaring up in the dead middle of his abdomen. “I’m- I’m fine.” Sinking into the mattress, regardless, a thin hand shyly moves splay over Dream’s chest—feeling thumping that matches his own heart, drawing a single circle while looking back at the recording; green eyes observe the hand, then softly enclosing it with his—

Thumbs glide together and air bubbles up his trachea.

Fuck.

A quiet moment before he clicked play where Dream first mumbled something he couldn’t hear. Still very much breathless, “I, uh, I told you I wouldn’t forget.”

Man beside him shifts his gaze up to the device. Blondie’s voice flowing out of shitty speakers: “*Oh I bet you're sitting there- wishing you were fucking him right now, huh, and now you gotta watch me do it instead.*”

Sharp jaw fell into a gape, wide-eyed he snaps towards a laughing Dream. “Drea—”

“I’m not *wrong*, though,” he continued his exhausted laugh, wrinkles creasing by swollen reddish lips.

“Oh my fucking god- we gonna get—”

Sighing. “No, no it’s fine.”

Fighting a scowl and a grin at the same time proved to be difficult. George mumbles while skipping forward in the video again, “Most people watching want to get fucked by *you*, probably,” pausing at the scoff, “actually; I highly doubt there are many tops- doms- whatever, watching this.”

“Bullshit,” Dream tugs the slender hand on top of his chest, exhaling as their faces came closer. “*It’s probably split.*”

“*Or, they just wanna watch people fuck so they cum,*” he mutters, counting beauty marks on the other man and clicking play on the second part, looking away and towards the screen again.

“*He’s tight, pretty too; let me show you—*” immediately sending another glance, cheeks prickling and lips sneering. Watching back a video of tan fingers sinking into himself, he has to admit: it looks good, obviously. Drained cock twitch at the simple video alone. Dream on tape whispering while setting the phone up again, “*--now watch me ruin it for anyone out ther—*” and he locked his phone with a choke, throwing it somewhere in front of him on the bedding.

Eyes smiling but mouth forced into a faux frown. Gently retracting his hand, “Oh my g- we can’t—”

“I don’t care,” Dream snorts, placing his arm behind his head; splayed out like he owned the place, George would have punched him for the cocky mannerisms if he wasn’t so tired himself. “They can cut it out if they need.”

Eyes never relenting, scoffing, and yawning with a shake to his head. Both let silence surround them, just forgetting about it, body heat radiating from one another within ashen sheets, but not

touching, *bearly*. Lids fall heavy and come easy with the thumping of hearts slowing.

Troubles of sleeping with his best friends could come tomorrow, troubles of how he wanted *more* can also wait, they're professionals and all tha—

“You look good topping, ‘y the way.”

George shot his head up from where it had sunken comfortably into feathery softness. “*What?*”

Dream lips part humorously, a crumple of contemplation on his forehead. “I- fuck—”

“Did you watch my—”

“Well, shit- I mean, of course, I had to, like.. search you up,” wearing a *very* strained smile.

To be fair, he had said to do it, and admittedly, he had searched for the other as well, not that he clicked; head screaming at him to close the tabs when his cock perked at pretty leather on some random man. Pure confusion pained over his face, confusion over what, he doesn't know. “I—”

Dream sucks down on his lower lip, rambling, visually talking with hands. “And, and, I meant like, your ass looked good when, ok, *not like that*, that sounded weird. I meant, like, you fit the- you look fucking good as a bottom obviously, I-I just mean you also- the way your—”

“*Alright ok*, you can shut up,” the brunet half laughs, half pants. Wide eyes staring at one another, their mouths opening and closing simultaneously and fingers gripping the duvet firmly. “What- what video you talking about?”

Blond lashes flutter. “Uh-” scratching up his throat. “Fem- femboy, uhm, breeds his femboy *boyfriend* or something. You were both wearing, like, these stockings, black little bow by the edge of yours—”

“Dream! *I get it.*” He does indeed remember it *clearly*.

The man looked like a human embodiment of a puppy with his head slanted. “You didn’t have your face in it, though. But, like, *it’s you*. I see that it’s you.”

“Mhm, I didn’t.”

“It looked homemade; not like the ones we- *you* film. Is it actually your- is he—”

Breaking out in a small laugh at the statements. Realizing that for any plain passer-by it would have sounded absurd. “It’s like, it’s like side gigs, I don’t know. They want amateur twink videos.”

Studying how Dream’s adam’s apple bobbed, visibly relaxing down into the mattress. Wiping over his face so words get caught in his palm. “You looked good but the others didn’t—”

“What the fuck?” Because it was very insulting to whomever Dream’s talking about. Faintly knowing they’re friends, they talk shit, always had, but still.

“I mean, like—”

A single dark brow rises disgustingly.

That seemed to make that stutter Dream was wearing disappear. “You look good in every video. They should put you with—”

“With *who* exactly?” An exhale.

If looks could kill; George would be a dead man. “With *me*, for example.”

Breath catches at the blunt statement. Blinking when a bang echoes outside their door—something falling, seemingly breaking them out of whatever stupid preposterous bed-talk they were having.

The taller cleared his windpipe rather quickly. “I- shit, I meant that in a friendly way,” tan nostrils flaring with a sigh, “like, just don’t wanna see you fucked by idiots I know and *don’t* like, cause they’re dicks, that’s all, cocky little—”

Pale skin dusting with maroon gradually. Wanting to spare the other by switching focus. “So you saying I could top you?”

“*What— what no.*” That amazingly worked, seeing as the blond’s face dropped and green narrowed in on the smaller man again.

“Why not?” George sings, sitting up to loom over Dream; much like Dream had done previously. White sheets drift down an equally colorless tummy, skin folding at that area from sitting bent.

“I- ok, so cause I trust you, and *know* you and shit; you could.. be a power bottom and ride me *for a video, maybe*, but not like—”

“Why can’t I put my dick in you?” Lower lip protruding teasingly.

Dream’s eyes roam the lithe figure over him. “You- I mean, you have an ok dick, it isn’t that; just don’t think our *personas* and our like.. size difference matches. It’d be weird.”

Actually gasping to that, glare roaming the bigger figure *right back*. “No- idiot. It wouldn’t. You’re just, you’re just a little taller than me.”

“George,” deadpanned.

“What!” Falling backward to lay flat with a bounce. “There are loads of small guy fucks big guy pornos—”

“Yeah, and you won’t find me under one of those.”

Scoffing, sarcasm wrapping every word: “Can’t believe you’d let me top you, oh my god—”

“*Not on camera,*” Dream rasps, and the brunet stills.

“What?”

Never looking at one another, presumably, they both just gaze up into the ceiling. “I don’t think I’d be comfy getting fucked on cam, at least not fully dommed. Maybe- I’d maybe do power bottom stuff, like, fuck myself on you while you can’t control anything.”

Nails tightly sink down in his palm, and thighs press to the image. George’s tone dropped that taunt, “No- yeah,” swallowing, “of course yeah. I- I get it; not everything is for public *consumption.*”

Not everything is meant for a camera.

“Wow,” Dream softly snorts, “you’re *so wise,*”

Disregarding him. Not everything *is* meant for a camera, and if anyone was walking proof of that, it would be Dream himself– “Can I ask one more thing?”

“Mhm?”

It’s dumb how his breath–timidly almost–stuttered. “*Do you still go to those clubs?*”

He hears the wetness of Dream’s mouth as he gapes, if he closes his eyes hard enough he could envision the strings of saliva breaking apart. “I, yeah?”

Pure silence. “*Take me to one.*”

Chapter End Notes

[my twitter come say hi its a threat](#)

IM SO EXCITED AB NEXT CHAPTER, I HAVE SO MUCH PLANNED FOR THAT FKN SEX DONGUON ICB, u dont understand the amount of notes i have for it. this was supposed to be a 6k long chap and short so i could start next one faster, i have no fucking clue how it ended up close to 20k, my bad

speaking of which, i purposefully left things out because it becomes a topic in later chapters, like the "become someones property, colla-" like i made grg cut off that dream saying collars cus i they talking ab that next chap, ok thats it

sorry this took some time to get out compared to the rest, life happened! and admittedly the second half of this was rushed, so might re-write one day!

chapter 4 part 1

Chapter Summary

they go to a sex club

Chapter Notes

hey guys..... well i disappeard for a while... my bad fr

ok so this chapter was fucking 33k words long, and i think that demotivated me a lot, so i split it up, im posting this first part thats like 7k of it where they enter the club now and the rest troughout the week, HOPEFULLY TMR

as u can see i also orphaned all my works, and now i regret it, so they r in my bookmarks, im trying to find them all again

ill just call this chapter 4 part 1/4 or seomthing, i think if i didnt split it up i would naver have posted it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wow.

That's all; *wow*.

Rubber soles scrape against the sidewalk below them, tandem steps echoing between brick builds, natural dust and lithe rocks roll over the asphalt when kicked.

Cause- ok, wow, he's actually on his way towards a fucking— "Dream," George gasps. "Is this weird? I mean- we—"

"Relax," Dream chuckles, sparing a brief glance at the brunet, leading them down some alleyway, sky above painted in murky navy; dimming the whole city. "Trust me, I get you're.. *nervous*. But- everyone's there for the *same* reasons, you know, nothing to be ashamed of—"

Onyx hoodie sleeves slide over pale fists, creating a sweater-paw. "I- I'm not ashamed, it's just.."

"It's just *new*, I get it." Dream faces forward after shooting him a reassuring smile, looking away from the brunet. "I'm here, too, *with you*. I'm just showing you around, don't have to do anything sexual—"

"It's a *sex* club, Dream," he takes an—unintentionally—hard step sending icy sparks up his achilles.

Being *sexual* wasn't the problem, either, at all. There was no problem, really.

Why was he even stressing out?

Eagerness?

“Well,” plush, wet tongue drags over Dream’s lower lip before biting down. “It’s a *play part* - actually *no*, not fully that, just a dungeon. A club; loads are there to just-” he pauses to sigh, “fuck-alright, I’m not really allowed to talk *about it* outside of the venue-”

“What the fuck- *why*?”

“*Consent*,” Dream throws his left arm up. “Like, *policy*: these things are *private* events, they don’t want the public gloating about a *private, safe* bdsm space,” green eyes glimpse at him before scanning the area around them. “Wouldn’t exactly be a *safe space* if it got leaked, would it?”

Alright, to be fair, he could understand *that* part.

Imagine it would either, one, get vandalized, or two, hoarded with unknowing eyes wanting to be kinky ‘cause of a spicy book, ending up doing more harm than good. “*Fine*,” George mutters, kicking a lone rock.

He had seen articles about these.. *these clubs* when researching, one particular story about a group of boys dressed up in masks; managing to snake themselves in, *demanding sex, and in the end, wound up attacking some poor worker-*

Blue laces deep within an otherwise excited bloodstream.

Of course, the fear of getting judged has always been present within him, which became apparent early on when he started manically checking comments under *videos*.

Worried the man lacing rope over his chest would judge him for liking it.

And it’s so fucking stupid.

It’s such an irrelevant fear; why would the man *tying him down* judge him for *being tied*.

It always comes and goes, though.

Usually, easily shaking those tawny thoughts away after some contemplation, *we are all the same- we all partake in the same things*. No need for coyness; and he’s good at brushing it off.

Hiding it.

Regardless, he subtly peeks over his shoulder before pulling his hood up, dragging the fabric tight to cover the side of his face.

A stranger’s opinion doesn’t matter, of course, but he rather not be spotted while making his way towards.. not exactly *holy* grounds.

Rather not be picked apart by some scumbag calling him a freak, or arguably worse, rather not be roamed by vanilla eyes expecting him to be some sort of easy fuck for attending such a place, demanding their cock sucked.

But they could all go fuck themselves.

“You uh- you don’t have to *play*, it’s fine to just watch,” Dream snapped his mind out of the gutter, a teasing smile forming: “but, like, don’t gawk and jerk off to people fucking-”

“Wha-” George shoves the blond's shoulder, making him stumble with a dry laugh. “What- I know *that*, I have *manners* you fuck-”

Rough hand wraps around a slimmer wrist, tugging him in and halting them. Misty breaths mingle and swirl up. “Yeah?” Dream leans down to speak in his face. “*You sure about that?*”

A tease, obviously, as his previous smile had shown.

And, because it's a tease, it's ridiculous how cold cheeks warmed with blood. Tilting his chin up, blinking up. “I- yeah,” George pouts. “I know how- how to fucking behave, idiot.”

“Oh I'm sure you do,” said with a grin.

“What's that suppos-”

“Come on,” Dream squeezed the smaller man's wrist before rising to his full length and walking backward to a corner; revealing another narrow pathway.

The brunet mumbles some quip as he moves towards him—

Rounding the corner and being met with faint lights illuminating the end of the path—flickering. Moist, dark walls on either side of them, liquid crystals dripping—trailing cracks in aged brick.

If he tried, he could probably hear his own breath bounce off the surface.

It was narrow... moist.

Dream walked in front of him, showing the way even if their destination becomes awfully clear when spotting a glossy, crimson door—

Brown stare fell on his friend's backside, without meaning to, truly. Fabric creasing around his hip with every step; he was wearing black slacks again, *admittedly neater ones now*.

Dream and his fucking slacks.

This time, however, they're a little more form-sitting, a little more clean looking; sharp almost—almost *professional* in a way—

“Oh-” clearing his throat and looking up as they come to a gentle halt, sand crunching between Dream's boots and the asphalt when stilling. A door painted with deep red and intrigue stands oh-so-inviting off to their left, heart skips a beat when the softest of music seeps from under the gap.

British eyes lock onto the blond as he drags his hoodie off in a hasty motion— air hitches at the suddenly exposed bronze skin— “*Dream- what are you—*” same eyes drift down to the thick leather strap that ran horizontally at the very top of his breast, wrapping around his chest; held in place by two thinner straps lacing smoothly over defined shoulders on either side.

Some type of harness.

He's seen these harnesses before, of course he has, hard to miss when he searched for—

“*Fuck,*” George swallows, aloofly taking a step while twirling his own fingers together, probably looking awkward as he tries to move closer. Eyes shamefully trained on the ground like he's not allowed to look, before peeking up when he's met by Dream's boots a few centimeters in front of his own sneakers.

Looking at *it* more; it had a strap connected to the ones on his shoulders, trailing up to the bottom of his neck—like some kind of choker.

Brown eyes drop to the ground again with an airy sound, *not out of embarrassment or anything*, he tells himself that at least as the inside of his palms gets clammy.

The blond stays quiet with a perked brow as George meekly glances up *again.. then down with a huff.. before back up at his chest*, face scrunched tightly and cheeks lightly dusted; spotting a sizable metal ring in the dead middle of the harness, metal resting chilled against tanned skin.

“What?” Dream laughs, pulling some dark, see-through mesh from his pocket, and elegantly sliding it over his eyes—viridian eyes still piercing through it.

Viridian very much still piercing through it regardless of the fabric covering them; he assumes the blond couldn’t *dare to go a second without burning a poor soul with his stupid, self-assured fucking stare—*

“*Dream,*” he breathes simply and breaks eye contact.

No reason to call his name.

The left side of Dream’s mouth lifts and forms into this smirk. “It’s dress code, I told you about that.” Tan fingers trail down his own abdomen, and George can’t help but watch it. “Show me what you got under.”

Indeed, he did in fact tell about *dress codes*; one of the only things he would share at that too.

Something about not arriving in *fetishy* clothes, so the wrong crowd wouldn’t see, for the places privacy, safety. That there would be changing rooms, or something, provided.

Not that Dream seemed to give a single fuck about using it, rather freezing out here.

But, also warning— *they won’t let you in unless you’re dressed for the event—*

George yanks his hoodie up and off; instantly cool air wafts against exposed—smooth—skin, and just as his palms: clamminess forms in the dimples on his lower back along with bodily temperatures rising, a stark contrast to the frostiness around them.

An almost completely see-through t-shirt, much like the fabric of the blond’s eye mesh. Perhaps, it would be more appropriate to call it a crop top of sorts; hem cutting off at the small of his waist.

It’s the most.. *slutty* thing he could find in somber shades, as Dream had so *finely* described it. *Black and a little slutty would work, you’re new.. and hot, they would let you in anyway—*

Shirt slashed open down the middle; revealing a single perked nipple.

He might as well have been wearing nothing at this point.

Dream studies it, tongue rolling under his top lip. “You should have worn more leather.”

George is already wide-eyed, but that rendered them wider. He’s honestly surprised he hasn’t winced—or cringed—at the visual of himself and his friend stripping down to expose outrageous pieces.

Hips rather fuzz and nose rather burn, *but he would never fucking admit to that.*

Opening his mouth to talk back for whatever reason, taking offense to it— *more leather*—

Sending a—faux—disgusted glare into green; greens who narrow ten folds more disgustingly back and challenging him—

Dream mockingly squinted, *just briefly*, when George choked a singular word followed by lips clamping shut. A *barely* noticeable smirk tugs on a freckled face over the sound of teeth knocking together, as the brunet clenches his jaw instead.

Deciding not to talk shit *anyway*.

Not because of—

Just—

Dream was still himself, but there's an obvious shift in mannerisms, not offering an apologetic look as he did the day he first had asked to be taken to a club.

And it makes him want to glare back just as meanly; *fuck off for even trying to look stern, he could look stern too if he wanted*—

Or, maybe, he's thinking *way* too much into a ten-second-long staring contest—

Wordlessly, George pulls his sweats off with a huff, staring at the asphalt, stubbornly to not meet the other's eyes.

From the front, it looked like regular slacks. So, he steps in a slow circle to present the—synthetic—leather backside, fabric cut holes to under the curve of his arse, showing slithers of fair skin, he assumes the rip accentuates the swell of his ass, letting fat peek through the gap alongside some upper thigh.

“Is.. *is it enough?*” Spinning around to face him again—

Oxygen catches from the unexpected proximity, all with a light gasp. Scarred knuckles run up the edge of George's throat before landing under his chin, gently lifting his face up closer to his, holding his breath as Dream's stare shifts between two brown eyes; critiquing the smudged eyeliner he wore.

Absentmindedly, to focus on something other than their closeness, he reaches for the metal hoop on the blond's harness, tugging on it like some sort of toy—

Tan fingers grip around his jaw. “*George-*”

“Did you mean I should have worn something like *this?*” Blinking up with genuine confusion.

Dream blinks subtly as well, and he looks less cold; like he's juggling different personas, switching between them with a simple flutter to sandy lashes. *He looked tender*, even if it was a perfect opportunity to take the piss out of the smaller. “Uh, no- *you* wouldn't wear *this* exactly, or you could, but-”

A lone, pale thumb skims under the strap tightly wrapped around his friend's chest; faintly feeling a heartbeat against the pad of his thumb, leather sweaty against warm skin.

He has no idea why Dream lets him play with the harness, squeezing once at the brunet's chin before dropping his hand, observing him with a tilt to his head.

“What w’ld I have th’n,” George mumbles, inaudibly.

“What?” Dream breaths back.

“*What would I have then?*” Glancing up to lock eyes.

“Oh,” the blond wets his lower lip, leaving a delicate coat of saliva over pink flesh before parting them; raising his hand to let tan fingertips dance along pale collar bones. “The prettiest way to describe it would be..” wrapping broad fingers around a slimmer neck, “would be.. a pretty necklace.. just black and *heavy*,” *clutching* his throat at the word heavy—

He grunts as the chokehold is gone before he even registered it was there; tugging the man’s harness as some sort of rebuttal. “Like-” a cough, “one of those collars?”

“Mhm.”

“Can I get one?”

Dream’s jaw falls slack. “No, *no*, George. Not *now*, you-”

“*Why?*” he interrupts, like a spoiled—

Sun-kissed fingers *almost* grab a hold of the shorter at getting interrupted, before his hand freezes; fist clenching, to not touch. Glint behind jade irises shining a *watch it—stop it—behave* with a deep exhale, but both knew he wouldn’t do anything, *here, now, with his friend*.

So the brunet breezily smirks as a taunt—a victory, perching up on his toes to drift closer and whisper into his face, even George himself could hear the brattiness of his tone; “I asked *why*.”

He assumes one’s train of thoughts would be.. *domineering* when preparing to walk into a place like *this*.

Which makes it extra fun to rail him up, make him mad. *He knows Dream, and people who don’t would be too much of a pussy to talk back—*

“More often than not,” Dream starts, *squinting*, and George’s internal monologue quickly flatters, “wearing a collar *symbolizes things* more than just a collar, *especially here*. So *no*, you can’t just *get one*. I’m not letting you walk around with- with *that*.”

Coffee-shaded eyebrows furrow.

Why was he even getting worked up over this?

Pale face ever-so-slowly souring with a frown. “But-”

“Oh my god,” the blond mockingly watches him sour with a smile, tapping a pointer against his forearm. “*But*,” he tests the low words before spewing them, taking a step closer— “there *are* harnesses out there for you,” as he softly grabs the brunet’s hips, smoothly.

So smooth in fact neither of them bat an eye at it.

“Oh?” George perks up. *He doesn’t even want it*, he repeats to himself, *it’s cringe if anything, it just.. looks good on some people, and—*

A choked noise slips out as he’s spun around by the grip on his hip; warm chest presses flushed into his backside, bearily clothed torsos sticking together with damp salt and crossing platonic lines,

that god-forsaken metal hoop pressing teasingly between pallid shoulder blades.

“*Mh- I-*” standing on the balls of his feet to press harder into the other, testing if he could feel the metal better against his back.. nothing else. “*Which ones?*” is muttered during an inhale as a larger arm wraps around a smaller chest.

Shrinking in on himself getting caged from behind, *it's pleasant almost*, warm—safe in dumb ways—

The hand *slowly* drags up his sternum, at points, he lets nails scrape at fair skin as well. Dream whispers into the back of his ear; sending shivers, “There are ones *I* think are fun at least.. and you’re definitely the perfect fit for them.” While George himself holds back a breath at the stupid fucking pink burning over his flesh wherever his fingers skimmed.

Blinking dark lashes up, clenching his jaw as he peeks down, studying the size of Dream’s hand compared to— ignoring how his pulse beat faster on the side of his neck. “H.. how?”

“Instead of worrying about a collar, George..” honey-smooth lips muttering equally smooth words *brush* his earlobe, warm palm inching over the flatness of George’s breast; fuzzy goosebumps rise on paleness alongside the touch. With his other hand, Dream grips the back of his nape, fingers toying with chocolate curls before *squeezing*; immediately making the shorter perch to the tips of soft toes—letting out an even softer sound. “Instead, imagine a pretty choker wrapped around your throat, yeah?”

An airy *mhm* is all he gives in response.

Slender fingers flex as fingers thicker than his provokingly trail over the sensitive skin on his back, tracing down the curve of his spine, brushing the dimples on his lower back. “And on the back of that choker.. there's this leather strap running *all the way down your little spine*—” Dream suddenly catches two thin wrists in one hand, while the one previously resting on his chest comes up in a chokehold—

Gasping— “*Dream—*”

“That strap connects your choker to some cuffs,” pausing as the shorter of the two let out a grunt, “cuffing your wrists, *locking* them on your lower back,” letting quiet words linger and pulling on his wrists to demonstrate. “*Try pulling your hands free, George,*” is echoed.

So he does just that without a second thought— thrashing his arms down with faux strength, away from where the other had them pinned—Dream firmly *squeezes* on his neck at that *exact* time—and George gasps once more; upper body faltering backward and falling against his friend’s torso, all with a whine and a stupid pulse down his groin. “*Mh-*”

“Mhm,” Dream chuckles, darkly, calmly. “So when you try to get loose .. you’ll just end up *choking yourself*,” the blond’s whispers land as a *warm breath* on the helix of his ear, slowly tracing his jaw while adding on the lowest possible, “*like a fuck doll doing all the work for me.*”

“*Fuck-*” he half squeals.

“No.. “ the blond whispers, squeezing down a tad harder. “A *fuck doll.*..”

And the chokehold slackened, *gasping for a third time* as blood flow renters his head.

“*Oh my g-*” slim thighs press together instinctively. “*Yea- shit, I-*”

All of a sudden, Dream fully backed off. Chest heaving even if there’s barely any reason for it to do

so.

Cheeks tinged with what he could only assume were roseate hues. Whirling around to face the taller, not caring for the *twitch* happening *somewhere* in his body as their eyes lock. “You-”

“It’s amusing, truly, watching them accidentally fight the choker while getting *fucked*.. ending up just *fucking themselves more*.” Dream smiled nonchalantly, a bright, cocky expression like he had won some sort of boyish competition. “They love it, it’s like an extra *thing* instead of just being tied down.”

You forget your bratting as soon as I grab your chin, as soon as I whisper bullshit into your ea-

“Wh’tever- fuck you,” George rasps out and lightly rubs down his face, so the other smirks to himself; turning around and walking toward the entrance as if nothing happened.

“Sometimes harnesses are.. *funnier* than rope,” the blond calls over his shoulder as a tan fist knocks against shiny red.

A slightly gaping—a slightly flushed brunet is left standing, heart rate spiked as the doorknob twists from inside, not giving him a second to process anything.

Flinching as the heavy door pushes out and a lady in a *very* form-fitting latex—he assumes it’s latex, its waxy at least—dress invites them in.

She was beautiful, because of course she would be.

She checks them out and their identification, assessing their clothing he supposed, making sure they fit their *protocol*. Before, “Follow me.”

And they did.

And: wow.

He’s allowed to say wow again, cause what the fuck.

Cursing under his breath at the tingles shamefully rushing up his groin.

He honestly didn’t know *what* he expected.

He assumed some sketchy place, some borderline tame thing filled with people that would give him second-hand embarrassment.

Why he at all had these harsh judgments, he didn’t know.

But, Dream being Dream, a man seemingly *entranced* by the whole *community*, *fixated* on the different *lifestyles*. Dream being who he is, he should have expected the places he went to be *up there* as well.

Fit his standard.

Pupils adjust and dilate to the dimness as the door clicks shut behind them, taking all light from outside with it.

Perhaps, he’s desensitized to the vulgar outfit Dream wore simply because of their field of work; but, standing in an alien place—walking up to some sort of receptionist—with dark walls, nearly jet-black walls, surrounding them, wine-colored and velvet decorations, and sensual strobes of

different shaded led lights in various corners, left his mouth dry.

He didn't expect the place to look fucking *exquisite* of all things.

Trailing behind the blond like a lost cat.

A man, a redhead man to be exact, toying with a shiny pen behind the counter, the leather pants he wore barely visible from how the desk stands in its way. Foreign green eyes—a murkier shade of green than his friend's pair—excitedly round out. “Well, hello there, *Dream*,” the man greets.

Dream's lips rip into this sharp grin, sinful almost, sinful like the aura painted on the velour around them. The taller hardly had a chance to say hi back before the receptionist spotted George. “Hi to you too,” is nodded, and too much in his own head to respond, the stranger continued; “You here with Dream? Uh, *here with sir?*”

George stutters instantly, “No- yes-I mean, yes- but *no*.”

Dream snorts and leans against the desk, edge digging into tan skin. “He's here with me, but not *with me*.”

The two start simple conversations right in front of George's face, clearly having a past together; not in that sense, just an association of sorts.

Umber eyes wander, tuning the other two out; a black curtain flowing over a double-sized entrance down the hall to their right, once again, the fabric looked like velour.

This place had no reason to be this pristine.

He's glad, though. *He had no reason to complain about it.*

He also assumes that's where they had to enter to.. *discover further.*

“George,” a familiar, golden-dusted voice rang through his ears, hitting his gut like an electric zap, coyly remembering *why* he's here and *who* he's with.

Round eyes glance up with a hum.

“Listen,” blondie points his chin forward.

Huffing, moving up to the desk to join in on whatever conversation they could be holding at a *sex club*. Spying a name tag on the redhead now that they're gotten closer, *Marius*.

“Marius?” The name slips over eager lips—two sets of viridian eyes snap towards him—lungs seemed to fail him as four piercing eyes trail down his body—“I- I just, uhm, not a very *English* name, 's all,” trying to listen for an accent.

“Oh,” *Marius* giggles, “I don't- I don't really share *too* much personal information, but it's, uh, Scandinavian.”

Fuck.

Is he already breaking boundaries, is he asking too—

“Now, Dream said you're new here,” strawberry curls bounce as he clasps his hands together. “So, I could start off with the basics. We have a color system: colored bracelets signifying your relationship, if you're here to be sexual, consent, kinks, yada yada.”

He can hear Dream chuckle once, sparing it no mind.

His bottom lip twitch as he peeks down, *he's really doing this*, a multitude of different glass bowls, contents sorted by color, neatly standing on top of the desk.

Marius doesn't receive a verbal response, so he just points towards *white*. "White is a *virgin*, somewhat *vanilla*, *new* to bdsm, or want to take things *slow*."

Stare lingers there with a heavy exhale before nodding. He's not a virgin, he's not new—may be new here—but not with kinks.

"It can also mean they're looking for a serious relationship," the receptionist utters.

Finger drifts towards *blue*. "Blue is a safe person; usually someone who works in the dungeon, you can talk with them. Educated and trained, blue help, mentor, and watch over negotiations and scenes if needed.. they can third-party safe word and stop *any scene* going on in here even if they're not involved, but deem it unsafe or think it's breaking rules," a moment to think and then adding, "they also *partake in play themselves*.. if the situation arises or they feel *frisky*, they don't bite," Marius glanced up at the brunet with a lithe smirk, "*unless you want them to, of course*."

"I-*fuck*, "yeah." Eagerly nodding this time without meaning to.

The hand moves and skims up glass containing *green*. "Green, red, and yellow is what you'd expected it to be; Green *wants* to play, they *are here to be* sexual, or at least they're *open* to it, they're also *non-monogamous* unless stated otherwise."

"Yeah—" George breathes.

Right beside the green bowl sat *red*. "Red is cautious, usually *don't* want to play, *a no*," the man laughs to himself, "in some other places red also means they're an *aggressive partner*, but in here," he points up, "green-red just means yes-no, alright?"

Before a response was given Marius went on to *yellow*. "Yellow is, uh, middle ground, mostly here to watch, may not play, may do, but will socialize."

Brown eyes shift between red, green, and yellow bracelets as he mutters another *yeah*.

Dream pipes up, "Yellow doesn't mean completely *yes*, by the way. It's more of a *I'm not inherently interested but I'm not red, I want some action- talk, tease, watch*."

"Mhm," the redhead hums, dragging some bowls closer. "It's like.. they're here to talk and observe; I mean, they aren't off limits, flirt and feel each other up, go ahead it's a *club*, but, like, don't find someone yellow and ask them to join a full-ass *scene*; they *probably* don't want to part take, they can seek you out and ask, though," Marius glances up with a soft smirk again, "yellow *loves* to watch *green*, invite them to watch your scene instead of joining it."

Blondie rasps from beside him, "Like- as Marius said, anyone not green can still, like, initiate a reaction and mess around, take the first step, and *then* green can act back to that, you get what I mean?"

Not a moment to breathe before Marius adds— "Most greens just go for other greens, though, cause they want to be sexual *right away*. But some are chill; sit back, mess around and socialize instead of going into scenes. Basically, everyone is different, just read the room, their color is just an indicator."

His head felt like exploding, but it all made sense.

George sucks on his bottom lip, looking between the two men—two men staring hooded back at him. “Mhm,” it’s embarrassing how eager a simple mhm could sound.

It was just interesting to learn a whole new system he’s apparently been blind to all his life.

To be honest, normal fucking clubs should have had this bracelet system; would have spared millions of drunk, horny teens the humiliation of hitting on someone and instantly getting rejected.

“Ok, so, the other colors are not about *that*.” The man picked up a *orange* band. “Orange means you *are* monogamous, you can wear orange with every other bracelet, you can wear it even if you’re single,” he toys with the fabric, “it’s just to signify you’re not ok with multiple people, threesomes, or not ok joining someone’s existing relationship, so if you see it on someone; don’t ask, simple.”

“No- yeah, of course.” Slim fingers tap into the wooden surface like a tick.

Marius picks up two bracelets this time. “*Brown* means in a relationship, but they’re *non-monogamous and here to play*, looking for a third, or have an open relationship,” a breath, “*black* means they’re completely off limits to everything, rarely you see people with this, but if you do, don’t even approach them for a simple hi, they don’t want to talk, or, not *allowed* to. It’s a harder no than red.”

He felt Dream move closer—probably wearing a grin—as Marius picks up a *gray bracelet*. “Gray likes *bondage*, chains—” the brunet’s lips parted instantly “—wearing gray is only for tops, riggers, doms, someone well-versed with rope. Basically, any *top* with a kink for restraints.”

A shaky exhale fanned out, fighting the urge to peek at the blond. “Mhm—I, *yup*.”

Pointing to *purple*. “Purple likes *impact* play, spanking, general *sadomasochism*. Wearing purple is for *bottoms* with a kink for any sort of *pain*.. but the basic is a sub who wants to be spanked, *true masochists*.”

Eyes still locked onto purple with a gape and million thoughts as the man picks up *pink*. “Pink is *strictly* looking for femmes, females, or anything feminine really.”

There’s a quiet, awful quiet after Marius went over the other colors; *roleplay, military? pet play, orgy*—fascinated gaze jumping between every fucking bracelet, red strobe lights illuminating some of the glass bowls.

Ignoring the jitter to his hand as reaches towards.. *fuck*.

Two thin fingers hover over green, yellow, and red.

Weakly picking up a crimson band, letting it glide against his palm where his pulse is thumping hard, and then dropping it down into its bowl again, switching to yellow with a swallow.

He’s definitely not red; he wants to fuck around, but he’s new here, yellow seems fitting.

Dream stays silent, a faint smirk playing on his lips watching the shorter battle with what color to pick—smile flipping into an arrogant grin as he picks green easily and laces it over sun-kissed flesh.

Sending a huff in his direction to the wordless taunt. Bright, lemon-colored cotton rubs over pale skin when clicking it in place, slightly loose around his wrist—

Dark eyebrows furrow, arguably souring, as the blond reaches for *gray* as well.

George knows there's absolutely no reason for the furrow to his brow, heart twists against his ribs regardless. *It was just- everyone looking for a dom wou- it's stupid- not jelou- but Dream is wearing green, with fucking gray- he doesn't wanna be left alon- anyone that sees him would know that he- Dream disappearing to fuck some little cunt-*

"Dream, should I tell him more about the place, or are you showing him around?" Marius utters, plopping a mint in his mouth.

And the brunet swallows roughly, eying purple; just to see if it would get a reaction.

Jumping as a tan—and naked, of course, fucking topless—shoulder bumped with his own. "I will," Dream rasps. "But you can tell him a little more too, tho—"

Dream's sentence comes to a halt as a slim hand picks up purple on impulse, just to somehow be a bitch. George stands perfectly still, toying with the yellowish band on his arm before clicking in place the second bracelet. "Yeah- tell me," nerves shimmering, settling.

Green eyes trail down a lithe body and scoffs, so brown ones glare back—

"*Alright,*" essence of mint dances up around them when the receptionist talks. "Number one is basic, but, just ask for consent, simple—"

"Yeah, obviously—" the brunet frowns. "That's a given."

Marius licks the corner of his mouth—corner of his mouth tugging upwards. "Don't *randomly* feel someone up if you don't know them, you never know who you'll meet, some people in there are old married couples that came here to feel.. *naughty*, have some *exhibitionist fun*."

It's stupid how he smiled at that, it *really* shouldn't be endearing in any way shape or form, but it somehow was.

The redhead smiles sweetly back, chuckling. "Uh, not everyone *wants* to be touched just because it's a *club*, look at their bracelets, first of all, and read the room; I'm assuming you don't wanna be randomly slapped on the ass, so don't randomly do it to someone either."

Dream cracks, *laughs*. "Jesus, Marius; he picked- he won't fucking spank some stranger walking by."

The mint dissolving in the receptionist's mouth gets crushed between his front teeth as he laughs. "I know- I know, I'm just messing, maybe he's a feisty one," inhaling, "but.. but it's still true, though, read the room and ask if you *don't* know them or you're unsure. And, like, for *actual scenes*, not just horny messing around out there, we have rooms for negotiation, I'll show you- or, Dream will show you I assume."

Glancing left at the man in question, subconsciously eyes trail down the blond's torso; *leather looks good against bare tan ski*— "Yeah," he puffs, staring down at himself instead, tugging the hem of his top. "Of course."

Marius stretches. "You can watch, but don't gape at everything like it's a zoo, alright? Even if it's your first time here."

Blondie jumps in, “Don’t go up to anyone in the middle of a scene, to ask to join or whatever. Wait till they’re done and ask if they’re open.”

George deadpans, turning to face the taller. “I’m probably not gonna ask a *stranger* to fuck me anywa-”

“I know, just telling you manners.”

They barely had time to lock eyes before the third man started again; “The house safe word is watermelon.”

Watermelon.

“And if you see red partaking in a scene, or see pink making out with someone masculine, that’s ok, you’re not *breaking rules* for branching out from your original color.” The redhead suddenly stands straight, gliding neat fingers over the counter as he steps around.

Fuck.

He’s tall, not taller than Dream, but taller than himself. And like he spied when first arriving, he was indeed wearing some sort of leather pants; however, he has no idea how the crop top he was fitting went unnoticed.

Slender fists clench as brown eyes drift down the man’s body, trying not to linger at waxy leather wrapping tightly around the curve of some stranger’s thighs, form-fitting over his groin– up to a pale navel with a dangling jewel– “I, uhm-” hastily blinking up into unfamiliar greens and strawberry locks. “Hi,” George breathes.

Hi?

What the fuck.

Marius smiles, plush tongue peeking out from behind sharp ivory. Clutching the brunet’s shoulder, and squeezing. “Just relax; it’s stressful at first, but,” patting him once before letting go, walking toward *that* curtain, “but, we’re all here for the same reasons, are we not? Have fun, mess around, be horny; find people with similar *interests*,” glancing behind to shoot George a grin, “instead of going to some shitty pub to have drunk, vanilla sex.”

A broad palm gently lands on his lower back, making him let loose a surprised gasp; an extreme reaction, to be honest, he’s just tense, he supposed.

Dream leans down, hard chest grazing a softer shoulder as he whispers, “*Getting cold feet?*” Immediately shooting a shiver down his spine.

He can’t decipher if the question was laced with taunt or sincerity.

But he wasn’t getting cold feet, at all; just a mind spinning from seeing people–or *two* people so far–dressed in outfits he thought was only doable in kinky pornography, or seen in one of those compilations online.

A very harsh contrast to those compilations was them actually looking good in it now.

Appealing in smooth leather and sculpted skin.

Mysterious in a way.

Like a danger, a thrill.

Wearing a stupid harness and eye mesh made him look put together and domineering in erotic ways—

“No,” George clears his throat, shaking Dream’s hand off him, and walking up to Marius. “Just.. just a lot to.. *process*.”

Should he be ashamed of it?

Should he be ashamed of attending something like this?

And liking it.

Being attracted to this community.

He knew he was into *this* sorta thing, bdsm that is, that’s painfully obvious. But, a place where everyone seemed to enjoy it *together*, he thought he would wince at.

To be fair, he did eagerly beg his friend to take him here, and to tell him about masters and—

So deep down he knows that’s bullshit, *he really wanted to come here*.

And now he’s actually here.

The butterflies when Dream contacted the place and bought him an entrance with a mean eye had passed. Or, they’re still there, tickling down in his tummy, but now, they’re turning tawny with irrational fears.

Is his outfit ok— would people clearly see he’s new— would they think he’s some sort of boring— would they think he’s not kinky enough—

Everything washed away as Marius suddenly pulled the velour curtains up with a string; pale chest gets punched with fuzzy spark of nerves and amazement. “Wow, I—” *he actually said wow out loud this time around.*

First, eyes fall on the, rather large, open area.

Dark, *so dark*, must have been no *actual light* in here other than the warm red, purple, and some pink? led lights softly strobing in every crack and sharp corner, *they could still see*; just dim, like any other nightclub.

But more.. *fancy*, more.. *clean*.

Glossy, black, marbled floor, matching the oxbide leather couches wrapping on each wall and placed out everywhere, each fitted with glass tables and furry carpets underneath. Pulse picked up as his stare drifted over golden decorations, even some golden poles in various corners—

And—

And tall cages of sorts sparsely placed out.

Some large, murky wooden crosses and.. wooden *things*, *black wooden things* in all shapes with cuffs on them, there are fewer of these, though, but he could still see them peeking around.

May not know the names of these *things*, but he isn’t stupid, it’s obviously something to be bound

to or bent over. He may or may not have seen them in porn and used them while recording himself–

Like all air had been sucked out of him when he finally spotted the *people*.

Quickly looking away with gradually flushing cheeks as he spotted a girl bound to one of those crosses with another girl trailing a crop down her side–

Lips parted, subconsciously taking a step closer to the entrance as his vision gets filled with a plethora of textures. He expected skin and latex, sure, and there are loads of that, but also..

Leather, lace, sparkles, metal, hard plastic–

Neat toes curl inside his sneakers as his stare lands on a masked face staring right back at him; white cast molded into the top half of a bunny face, covering the man's nose and eyes, but his smirk and defined jaw were still very much visible, sitting spread out on one of the couches–of course, fucking shirtless too, observing the three of them.

“*George,*” snaps him out of it.

Swiftly looking away from the random stranger across the room. Gut boils as he’s met by even more masks, like half the event decided to act like a masquerade ball instead of a fetish club.

Not that he truly knew what a fetish club was. Apparently, it’s.. *this*.

And *this* seemed to be some sort of dystopian fantasy place filled with defined bodies, anonymous, cocky smiles hidden behind lace, and pretty leather- latex. The dark cherry strobe lights and black cages, couches, marble, metal– *fuck*, and carpets only made that ambiance stronger.

Tan forearm wraps around his torso and pulls him back against a solid chest; almost comforting, even if Dream’s goal was probably just to whisper into his ear: “When I first came here, any nerves or insecurities I had started to slowly fade away.. you’ll get used to it, *get sucked into the place,*” a hand comes up to softly hold his chin–holding his breath at the touch, “it’s.. *freeing*, liberating being here,” Dream slowly manhandled George’s face around, making him gaze out into the room, “all kinds of body types.. all bodies *aroused*, some hornier than others.. others more naked than some..”

Sensually–only sensual because of the air around them he insists–fingers scrape down the expanse of his throat, leaning his head back with an airy sound, chocolate curls brushing the blond’s breast.

First now realizing the music beating oh-so-lushfully, soundwaves delicately washing over a dark floor and velvet.

Music plainly erotic, no lyrics, just prurient beats, stirring the already boiling lust within everyone. “I-” George swallows, figuring he should probably respond. “I, yeah-”

He’s fucked.

He hasn’t gotten fully inside yet and it’s already hitting him like a slap across pale cheeks; making them tingle with a carmine flush.

Somehow falling back down to earth when Dream moves away, heaving once. Blinking at red hairs as Marius starts walking in with no care; the blond follows with a small glance back at the brunet.

Glance telling him to follow as well.

“We have loads of rooms,” Marius has a sway to his hip when walking. “As you can see down there—” he points down a *long* hallway; fuck-ton of white doors contrasting jet-black walls, the only lights were *right above each door*, lighting up golden or silver plates with names on them.

The tactical positioning of colors and lights made it all seem so.. *mysterious* once again.

“—down there are where rooms are, we have another hallway like this on the other side behind us,” Marius spins around to face a wide-eyed brunet, “the rooms are filled with, uh, different types of equipment; boards, cages, beds, crosses, chains, whips, you get it—”

He tried, he really does, tries not to gape at blunt words that are nonchalantly thrown in his direction. “Yes,” he mumbles with unrecognizable fire.

“They will be marked occupied, do not enter, or if you’re allowed to enter and watch. We have negotiation rooms, where you discuss before going into a *full* scene, a DM would prob’ join you. Uhm, the bar is.. Dream will show you, and then we have different common areas, as you can see—”

All three of them look around. Muttering a ‘yeah mhm’ as he spots provoking people walking around, chatting, getting *close* with each other.

“—*some of the playrooms are occupied with house doms or bottoms that work for us if you can’t find a partner and want to play—*”

Is one of the last things he remembers before he’s left standing, with Dream, gazing down into a hallway filled with foreign doors, each door lit up, almost inviting them in.

In silence.

“What you thinking about?” a sly voice emits behind him after a minute.

Hairs on the back of his nape rise alongside gentle goosebumps.

With a heavy breath and a lingering stare at one of the doors, he turns around. “*Nothing*,” George whispers, facing him, deep wine-colored lights grace Dream’s body, sizzling every line.

“Nothing,” he repeats louder.

The dark lace the blond wore over his eyes, in dim lighting appears as solid fabric rather than see-through mesh—like the blond was standing in complete blindness, but he could very much still see; the brunet just couldn’t see where green eyes wandered, and it stirs his gut even more.

“You thinking about *nothing*, George?”

Heart skips a beat.

With a swallow, George glances behind the man towering him, spotting a girl nearly naked, instantly sputtering and switching the topic, “Are- are people *fully* naked?” he blinks back to the blond and away from exposed breasts. “Like, do they just.. *fuck* out in the open?”

Dream crosses his arms mindlessly, flexing his biceps. “Oh, no,” he slowly smiles, running his tongue over the sharpness on his left fang. Somehow loaded with tension, as his voice drops. “There are laws for that, you can’t be *fully fucking* all over the place, fucking around yes, but

cmon, *full-on penetration* isn't allowed *everywhere*," the blond starts to move back towards the common area with a grin. "There are *specific* areas for that."

"But-"

"I'm sure you're already thinking about them," Dream calls as he turns a corner.

Ok, so, yes, there is an obvious shift in mannerisms.

Chapter End Notes

OK SO IM BACK WOOO

do not take this as fact of how all bdsm clubs works, i took inspo from alot of different clubs, theyre all diffrent!

TRUST ME THE SEXUAL TENSION IN THE NEXT CHAPTER HAS ME KILLING MYSELF i have it all written down, and though i could be nice and post a part of it now, see you hopefully maybe tomorrow?? w the next part??

AHHH I WANT U ALL TO SEE THEM IN THE CLUB ITS SUCHA CLIFF HANGER IM SORRY

chapter 4 part 2/5

Chapter Summary

they just talk and gain some tension before going into one of the rooms

Chapter Notes

suprise, im not on twt so sorry if u miss this update

they just chat about things and stuff, and its hard balancing it between educational and just wanting to fuck eachother basically, next chap they go to one of the rooms and
BRRRR

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’m sure you’re already thinking about them,” Dream calls as he turns a corner.

Ok, so, yes, there is an obvious shit in mannerisms.

With a nose delicately flushed; George runs after.

Not caring for exposed skin or intriguing masks as he rather tunnel visions on a tan back.
“*Dream-*” he whisper-shouts.

The taller combs through his hair with both hands; a few long, wavy strands fall back down to frame his face elegantly. Halting for a second to let the brunet catch up. “You can still *mess* around, yeah,” he mutters with a laugh, eyeing him once before starting his walk again. “Get to know people, feel each other up *if you so wish-*”

Brown brows perk. “That’s- that’s not what I meant-” pausing with a hitch at the sight a few feet in front.

This girl with one of those.. *collars* wrapped around her throat. Her entire body adorned with pretty lace, fitting a shiny black mask.

That wasn’t the issue, though.

This boy; *much like Dream*, wearing a matching mask to the girl. But he had a.. harness; *bigger than Dreams*.

And..

And from the little hoop on his harness runs a thin chain, up to her *collar*.

Connecting them?

Like a leash?

He doesn't know if he should cringe and leave this place, or, if the white-hot flames licking his skin is aroua—

“*Georgie*,” now that he fully cringes at, it's been a while since he's heard that nickname; *it's a tease*.

Obviously a tease.

Looking like a deer caught in headlights with blackened pupils and parted lips. Frozen in place.

Tension skims across his temples as Dream walks up, biting back a grin, throwing an arm around slim shoulders—dragging him into a whisper, “*Remember what I said?*”

He watches as the man slides his palm down the curve of her spine, tightly clutching the lace just above her arse, tugging her in the same way himself is getting tugged by the blond right now. “Uhm- when?”

The leather Dream wore glid over George's bicep; if he didn't know any better, he would assume it was a fucking taunt from the universe. “Outside.. collars symbolize things—”

“Mhm—”

“*Ownership*,” a boyish grin pressed against the side of his head as they keep their voices low. “..it symbolizes ownership.”

“I.. ye—”

“*You're staring*,” is echoed.

“*I'm not*,” as he kept staring at the couple.

“Hm,” Dream just sighs, gravely. “*Remember property?*” An warm, electric zap shoot over his veins at the singular word, remembrance of the discussion that ended him up in this club. “He owns her, George.”

George swallows, studying the thin metal chain—clean—shiny, dangling between their bodies. “I can tell—”

“She *loves* being owned by him, just as much as he loves owning her.”

Gut spins with every hue possible, too many niche little things weirdly arousing him when they really shouldn't. The sensuality of crimson lights and sultry bass isn't exactly helping: blaming it on that.

's just the aura this place held.

The brunet ghosts a hand up his throat whilst his stare lingered on the girl's collar, completely forgetting to respond, rather in his own world, slowly peeking to the side to look at Dream's harness; *suspiciously, like it committed a crime*, clutching his own neck lightly and blinking up with a quizzical brow. “So..” he trails off.

“So..” Dream repeats, eyeing where the smaller is touching his neck, readjusting his harness before

starting to aloofly walk away, sparing him a last glance—

Eyes lock—

“Collars can be very *symbolic, Georgie.*” He might be insane, but he’s sure the blond threw him a mocking wink.

To which he scoffs at, *because it’s a fucking stupid wink.*

And the stupid fucking nickname.

For a second time; he’s left awkwardly jogging up to him.

“Let me show you the bar.”

George pants. “And- and, like, *drink?*”

Despite the fact that he cannot see where the other's eyes are focused—‘cause of the eye mesh—he still notices his walk halting when spotting *someone* by *some* couch. “I, uh,” Dream trails off this time, rubbing his chin. “No.. or-”

Brown eyes coldly snap in the direction he’s looking. “*What?*” *What caught your attention?*

“You, uhm-”

Impulsively, he captures the blond’s wrists and softly tugs it in the direction they were headed. It snaps the taller back at conversation—a conversation he didn’t leave for longer than a mere second—and away from whomever it was by whatever couch; eyebrows raised like he’s taken aback by the action.

George slightly gapes himself—also taken aback by the action—face contorted into something falsely doe-like. “You, uh, you were talking to me,” he mumbles and lets go of his wrist.

With Dream directly facing him, up close; the green eyes sitting behind onyx mesh become clearer. Viridian irises gaze down his figure, blond brows still perked. “You-” shaking his head with a small smile, “uh, never mind,” clapping the smaller man’s back to start moving.

The brunet exhales—chokes a stutter before asking again; “To the bar.. *and drink?*”

Why is that idea even appealing to him?

“Get drunk..” blondie scoffs. “Liquid courage is probably *amazing* when you’re new here-”

That’s why it’s appealing then.

“So I can-”

“*But,*” Dream’s tone drops. Halting, and to George's surprise, they’re halted in front of a dark wooden bar top; black—and of course leather—bar stools placed out, each with a strobe light of blood-red hue underneath.

A plethora of, rather expensive-looking, bottles fill the shelves behind the counter, equally red light

shines down and illuminates the glass, contrasting the blackened walls.

Catching the eyes of a worker cleaning the tap, wearing nothing but a silken corset and a pearly thong. Some other worker in a suit, full-on slacks, and a white dress shirt that's unbuttoned; exposing a toned torso.

Airly George looks away from the man's chest and back at his friend. "*But?*"

"*But,*" Dream repeats, dragging out a chair and sitting down, the brunet following.

Their knees brush as they rotate the stools to face each other.

"*But..*" brown eyes trail down *the blond's torso* this time, *strap pressing against— skin slightly rolled over his lower muscles from sitting bent, somehow it looks se—*

"If you wanna get drunk and just mess around, then go to something similar to- to Torture Garden or something; don't go to hardcore dungeons and shit."

Breathless. "What the fuck is *torture garden*?" Whipping his head up.

Dream laughs—cherry lights reflecting on his fangs. "Ok shit, that sounds extreme, it's a- it's a building in London, you've definitely seen porn from it, just don't remember the name."

Lashes flutter at the prospect. He's definitely seen.. *kinky* pornos from *various* places, so the likelihood is high. "Ok- ok," George coughs. "Is- is *this* a serious- *hardcore* club then?"

"*Surprise us,*" Dream absentmindedly mumbles when the bartender comes up, never breaking eye contact with the brunet. Those honey-smooth lips parting into a smirk, and the lacing over his eyes makes the narrow in green deeper; *maybe that was its purpose*. "I mean.. not fully.. this place is more of a middle ground, *more so* on the *hard* side, though, probably."

Pale fingers trace patterns in the wood beside him, glancing at the ground with a inhale before back up at Dream. "*Middle ground?*" Suddenly awfully aware of the sensual music rumbling around them, struggling to keep his eyes focused as the tips of his ears gradually reddened.

"*Mhm..*" the taller slowly leans back in his seat, slacks tightening over the natural bulge on his groin when spreading his thighs; spreading his legs and accidentally brushing his knee against George.

Making said brunet clear his throat. "Mhm."

"*Mhm.*"

Jaw slightly clenched—ignoring the lustful beats drowning the area—moving his hand to pull the glass closer.

The glass that had just gotten placed, the workers not disturbing their conversation.

"Alright," the blond flashes him a hard look. "This is one of the *serious* ones," pulling his glass closer as well, "but it's.." eyes fall down to where Dream gently runs two fingers up the length of his glass, dragging in the same slow pace as the music, "it's.. one of the *fancy* ones too," broad thumb glides over the rim of his drink. "Only people with money get in, only people with money know about this place at all," Dream brings the crystal-like cup to press against his bottom lip, blurring that god-forsaken smirk, "so it has more.. *freedom..* in a way."

He could have guessed that already.

The place being exquisite and all; not to mention the velour decor and expensive—clean looking *everything*.

Hellish, dark lights make even the most irrelevant wall look mystical.

The fucking people walking around in a variety of shiny masks and fabrics.. or the lack of fabric.

A mountain of cocaine on each glass table is what's missing to sell the image fully.

Scoffing to himself at the thought. “Wow, you’re so *splendid*, Dream,” the brunet rasps with a roll to his eye.

Dream doesn't react at all to the sarcasm, being met with nothing but silence.

Green eyes locked on the smaller man’s face, deathly quiet.. squinting. Sun-kissed adam’s apple bobbing as a takes a sip—

Smile already flattered off the brunet’s lips at the unexpected silence—

Suddenly setting his glass down with a *clank*; making George’s shoulders tense with the thud, to which Dream quietly smirks at. Absentmindedly dragging a tan hand down his thigh, left boot softly tapping in rhythm with the low bass.

Why the fuck did he flinch?

Nape buzzing with warmth, being watched by covered, mean eyes in an environment like *this* just heightened everything. Maybe he was right before he came in; this place switches your mindset to *fit*.

To be hunting.

To be hunted.

Even if that sounds stupid. Sound’s embarrassing, even.

Lust dusted throughout the air, and arousal washed each marble, making everyone fall into that shared headspace with ease, forgetting anything about shame and what they were *actually* doing.

The longer he stays, the more it *actually* becomes like a fucking horny dystopia.

“Just because it’s more high-end,” Dream rasps, breaking the quiet. “*Even if* it’s high-end.. full of preppy guys.. it doesn't take away from the bdsm; the *reason* they’re here,” his bicep flexed momentarily. “I would say people with money are freakier- kinkier- anywa—”

That’s stupid. “What—”

“Life becomes *boring* with money, George, for most the guys in here anyways,” the blond wets the side of his lip before gently biting down, tilting his head as he speaks. “They start.. *exploring* different *things* to find enjoyment again, find something they don’t already have,” he sighs. “Not to generalize people but- y’know.. it’s not exactly rocket science; money leads to boredom, boredom leads to explorations.”

Letting a breath fall out.

Why was he even holding his breath?

Faintly remembering Dream's reasons for getting into adult filmmaking; *to explore, he liked it—he liked sex*. Not inherently for money as George's reasonings and many others, and he wouldn't judge him for taking a path within sex work out of curiosity rather than need or something darker.

They're still in the same boat, performing the same acts, at the end of the day.

Now, at least, he earns a good buck while doing something he burns for.

Not that the blond was this huge *rich pig*, neither of them was.

"Why- why can't they just go to a.." George gets his mind out of the gutter, "...a normal *sex club* then?"

"*Why would they?*" Dream's grin grew as he whispered the taunt, music getting harder to ignore. A small droplet dripped off the edge of his drink; elegantly, slowly, trailing down the crystal-like glass.. then seeping down a tan pointer, gently wetting his skin. "*Why aim for something less if you could afford something better?*" Bringing the finger up to his bottom lip, gaze hooded and stuck on pale features, leisurely poking his tongue out to lick it—lick the length of his finger while still grinning. "*Exquisite, kinky sex with exquisite, kinky people..*"

Chest tightened alongside his forehead getting clammier. Refusing to look down at the man's pointer, instead glaring into greens covered by lace. "*That's fucked,*" George rasps.

"*Yeah?*"

The exposed skin on the back of his thighs getting sweaty, sticking to the stool. "Yeah."

"Hm. It's also like a safety blanket."

George frowns at that.

Perhaps some of them had a reputation to uphold, being caught partaking in this could.. whatever. "You're making it sound like- like *stuck-up cunts* who think they have a higher status—"

"*Some of them do,*" blondie teases, tauntingly widening his eyes. "Depending on how you measure *status,*" skimming his tongue across his fangs, "the masters and sirs in here *certainly* do," tone tethers a hoarse one with how it lowered. "You gotta address them in the *right manner*, George," he talks like he's scolding a dog, mockingly pouting before sharply grinning. "Treat them with respect, *always treat them with respect*, don't you agree?" He lets words linger as pale cheeks started tinging with blood. "Even if they're not *your* master, George; they're still at a higher status *in this little world we got here*. So.. every sir is treated accordingly by everyone partaking."

Oxygen hitches gently in his trachea.

"*With obedience.*"

Brown eyes flutter a couple of times. "Yeah, 's just called having respect.." George mumbled.

Dream sat spread out; disgustingly cocky. "Mh?"

"Respec—"

"*I heard what you said,*" the blond mutters with a somewhat straight face. "Just didn't realize you considered yourself a *respectful* boy, George."

Slim fingers keep trailing patterns into the bar top; nails digging into the wood. “*I am*,” he says, blinking up at the other with rounded eyes without thinking.

As if that would sell the absolute bullshit he’s trying to sell.

“Ah,” Dream lightly smirks. “Such a.. *respectful boy*, are you now?”

Heart twisted as he thought he said good boy instead of resp– “Yes-”

The blond lightly shakes his head. “It’s important to be respectful to masters.. in these environments.”

“How-”

“Don’t disrespect their name. Tradisional politeness.” Dream cracks his knuckle. “*No potty mouth.*”

A need to itch his cheek as if it’s in flames. “Is- is, uh, is that what you mean about this being a more.. *serious club* than a *get drunk and fuck club*?” Pressing his thighs together as a new song started playing, *slow tunes*.

“Oh George, if you get into a lifestyle like this; masters are treated with respect everywhere-”

“But-”

“*But*,” Dream hums. “I guess it’s more serious ‘cause of the serious *play* happening, but also ‘cause *this club* is a more closed-off thing. But a little more freedom because of the money and the fact that it’s a close-knit community.. so you’re *allowed* a glass of whisky, for example.”

Shaky breath escapes, he has no idea how the blond managed to tie this conversation back to the original question.

Alabaster skin visibly burns faint crimson. Bearly visible, as the crimson in the air cancels out the red in his flesh.

The idea of it all being.. *secret*, closed off to the general public, and filled with well-off people; makes it more enchanting, like some sort of movie with poker chips spread out on glass tables and cigars–

George takes a sip to somehow moist his rapidly drying throat. Not noticing nor caring for what the drink was. “What about rules?” a rational side to him asks.

“*And, because* it’s a more serious dungeon,” Dream raises his glass, “*this* is alcohol-free.”

“Oh,” the brunet inhales. “So you *can’t* have a glass of whisky then?”

“*You can*, but they watch you; one glass with extremely low percentages or something. I don’t drink at these places, so I wouldn’t know,” Dream trails two fingers down his sternum. “Even if this is some kinda higher-up thing, all bdsm is still guided by SSC. They don’t break laws here just ‘cause they got money,” his voice losing that gravely rasp to it, sounding more like himself.

He doesn't need an explanation for what the SSC means, and he assumes Dream didn’t think he needed it either; seeing as their work covers that greatly.

Safe, sane, and consensual principle.

“Mh,” George hums, ignoring the small twitch in his leg. The fat on his thighs bulged out from the rip, pressing clammy against leather. “I’m guessing alcohol serving goes under the-”

“Play should only continue in a sensible frame of mind,” Dream states bored like he knows this saying off the top of his head—and to be fair, they both did; so George cuts him off, “that includes being sober enough to know what you’re doing and consent.”

“Mhm,” a deep voice rumbled. “*Good.*”

The brunet rolls his eyes once more, bringing the glass up for another taste. Even if it was alcohol-free, a placebo might have stupidly felt good. Chilled liquid ran down his esophagus—

Tensing as he thinks back at their conversation; mostly due to how he just *interrupted* the other’s sentence, but the other didn’t scold it. “Wait, aren’t you-”

The blond perks up, like he was waiting for it. “Aren’t I *what?*”

Fuzz weirdly seeps down his shoulders, putting his cup on the counter. “A sir—” glancing up “—a master, dom, what- whatever?”

He barely notices how viridian eyes hooded, but the way his mouth tugged upwards, borderline tauntingly, he clearly catches. Dream’s legs part before slowly sitting up in his seat, leaning *closer* to the smaller where he sat. Whispering, “*Why are you suddenly worried about that, George?*” he asks like he was playing dumb.

“You said that-”

“*I said what?*” He leans further and rests his elbows on slack-covered knees, so he could echo into George’s face, “*Is the conversation finally catching up to you?*”

It’s fucking ridiculous getting talked to like he was *stupid* made pink shoot up his chest and down to his groin, *just once*, before furrowing his brows meanly and ignoring the reaction his body had. “Fuck you, *Dream.*”

Dream stays quiet with a raised brow, a soft smile painted around freckles.

Awfully quiet.

Making him hold his breath as the other simply tilts his head.

“I just said *fuck you*,” the brunet breathes *again*.

If he drifted forward their noses would surely bump.

Brown eyes snap down to where Dream’s grin widens, tongue dancing over the sharp edge of his teeth. Just studying how George’s face sours when he doesn’t get a response.

“I said fu-”

“Why are you unironically the biggest—”

That makes decisive lips clamp shut.

Brat?

Biggest brat-

"Idiot I've met," Dream keeps grinning, moving out of his face to take a sip. "Are you like this to everyone?"

Or is it just me?

But neither could say that.

George heavily exhales as he's left alone in his personal bubble. Pout forming over the lack of *reaction* he could pry out of the other. "But you said that-"

"Can I touch-" *comes sudden, raspy.*

"Yes-" *please. "But you said that-"*

A choked sound spews out as he's tugged by his wrist up to his feet, rubber soles screeching against the waxed floor; not harshly, but effectively. Dream sits still.. ironic how the smaller is standing over the bigger in this position. "You think I'm dumb? Come *on* now, George."

Pulse swirls around his eardrums, almost deafening the music. "No, but- *oh shit-*" hissing as the blond tugs his arm once more, *downwards*, slim knees hitting the floor with a small thud. A wide-eyed stare landing right between spread thighs, deeply inhaling, coughing, as he rips his gaze away from the man's groin. "You said that-"

"*I get it,*" Dream rolls his eyes. "I said you treat any sir in here with respect, address them with manners," he doesn't look at the flush boy beneath him, doesn't even meet his eyes, as if it's not worth it. Letting go of his wrist and lifting his foot to place it on George's shoulder; *not to press him down, just to keep it there.*

"*Fuck-*" slips out with an accent as a pulsation washed over his figure.

Clanking the ice in his drink, as if what they're doing is completely tame; talking as such too, not as his mean self, not as his dominating self.. *just arrogant, tame.* "So you thought saying *fuck* you would get you some kinda.. reaction? I don't know, what *did* you think it would get you? It's a *shit attempt.*"

Shoulder slouching from the weight of Dream's leg.

The other was right, of course.

He just wanted to see what would happen because he assumes no one else would have the balls to- "Nothing," he strains his neck upward, pale chin lifted with a glare.

"Mh," Dream smiles, *finally* glancing down to lock eyes. "I'm guessing you don't have the balls to actually.. *test* someone in here." He *leisurely* pushes the brunet backward using his foot, voice dropping an octave with each word. "But you thought; *Hey, it's Dream, I can be rude to him.*"

Yes. "No."

The blond keeps *slowly* pushing him back using the heel of his shoe—heel digging in the slope of his shoulder; a quiet intake of air as his naked spine presses against the chilled metal of the barstool he previously sat in. George's jaw clenched trying to keep his eyes *up* and on the man's face—trying not to stare between the broad thighs that are *so alluringly* spread directly in front of a pale and blushing nose.

Not because he wanted to stare at Dream's groin or anything.. that be weird.

It's just.. human instinct.

“You’re new here, George; but I know you ain’t new to *this*,” Dream squints as he rasps the words; pressing his boot harder. “You know how to *behave*.”

Blood boils pink mixed with a dash of red. “But that’s *boring*, *Dream*,” gets grit with a light smirk he quickly washes away.

He catches Dream's own grin before he hid it by downing the rest of his glass. “Mhm.. I bet you’re thinking of a million *fun* outcomes from *kneeling* like this.”

That made heavy lids shoot up from where they had been hanging hooded. He hadn’t fully comprehended yet that he was sitting on his knees. *Kneeling*. “I-” he sucks air through his teeth.

The foot falls off his shoulder with a *thud*. “And you’re gonna be a bitch when I give you *none* of them.”

George’s lips twitch, stubbornly. “Why-”

“*Get up*,” is spat, shockingly stern. Sending a zap down his groin that he would never admit to.

Head spinning, simply because of the *lack of reaction*.

So he gets up.

Pushing up from the floor, facing away from the other–

An iron hold appears at the small of his waist, it’s cliché, he should’ve expected it, skin on skin like a warm buzz.

Neither says a word.

He gets tugged backward; tugged to stand between Dream’s–still sitting–spread legs, back turned against him. *He could technically sit down on his la–* looking down at his own feet; large thighs peeking out by either side of his.

Still, neither of them had said a word.

“You think I don’t know the difference between good bratting.. and a miserable attempt at a reaction?” The words suddenly crept up his spine along some erotic bass.

They’re the same thing.

“It..” sensations heightening; visuals, sounds, touches, too much at once to concentrate on a single line, “..doesn't matter.. ‘s the same thing.”

Tension seeps down and tightens his muscles as Dream places his feet flat on the ground. Subtly glancing down at his sneakers to see boots twice the size beside them.

Painfully slow the blond rises: making sure his front dragged up George’s back; rising to tower him from behind, tugging him flushed. Harness brushed pale skin, his friend’s heartbeat thumping against his shoulder.

It must all be some sort of elaborate game-

“We’ve been here for thirty minutes..” hoarse words hit the shell of his *left* ear, neck stiffening as

blonde hairs tickled his throat gently, “..I haven’t even shown you around, which is the purpose of this *visit..*” warm breath fans across his nape as the taller switches to whisper into his *right* ear, “..so I’m not gonna play your little *games*, George.”

Trying not to melt at the borderline *sensual* action. “It’s- it’s not tho-”

“I’m not gonna make you follow.. *proper etiquette*,” is echoed into chocolate curls. “I’m not gonna tell you to be *good*,” broad hands delicately squeezed slim sides. “I’m just showing you around, *aren’t I?*” a moment. “*This is like an.. educational trip, is it not?*” he said as he squeezed a little harder on his waist, fighting to not whine at the warm pressure.

George swallows as brown eyes flutter. “Mh- yeah but-”

“I’m not gonna make you *behave*, George. You’re a *big boy*.”

I’m just your friend.

If he let out an airy sound he quickly covered it. Fuzz stirred his gut at the sentence; *maybe getting taught manners is what he wan—*

“You’re hopeless, god.”

“I’m not-” George sucks a breath in.

“*You’re not?*”

“No,” is a mumble.

Soft drums vibrate out of the speakers above them. “You constantly act *spoiled* to get a reaction..” a gasp as their bodies press together firmer, “..you reek desperation.”

He did.

He did spit taunts just to see green irises glisten with irritation— “Not because of you..” he grits. “I.. don’t crave *your* reaction.” *we’re friends.*

As warm air spread across his nape, goosebumps softly rise up his calves. “*Go be a bitch to someone else then.*”

No response, the brunet rather held his breath.

“*Exactly..*” Dream’s tone gravely behind him. “Tell me.. what kinda reaction did *you* want from *me?*”

Want from his so-called friend.

Thin fingers clutch onto the thicker ones gripping his waist. “What.. what kinda reactions would *you* give *me?*” he flips it.

“I couldn’t tell you that, George, could I?” Honey-soft lips brushed under his ear momentarily, mouth hovering over the sensitive skin on his throat, and his head tilted back as if inviting them. Squeezing harder on Dream’s thumb the closer they came to taste sweaty flesh.. but they never did—lips never touched fair skin, just a phantom tease. “*Why* would I tell you that?” Tan fingers glide towards his hip; pads of his thumbs slowly dragging down his tummy until they reached the edge of his waistband, softly toying with the fabric. “Hm?” he lightly tugged on the boy’s belt-hoop, licking his lip so a wetness would graze his earlobe—

George subtly perched to the tips of his toes as his groin ever-so-slightly started warming.. filling.. slowly hardening from the notions. Leaning into the chest behind him, flesh itching for the lips to visit his skin. “You co- could-”

“I could *what?*” Dream’s pinky dips under the waistband by his hip.

The pinky brushes over the sharp bone there. Without meaning to, he rolls his hip back into him on reflex to the touch. “*Nothing*,” he mumbles, airily. “Never, uh, never mind.”

“*What’s wrong?*” the blond whispers with an audible grin–grin that almost presses against his clammy neck. “*What happened?*” Dream gently rolls his lower body forward to meet the brunet’s roll of hips, just once; shaky breath falls into his ear at the contact while gripping tighter around his waist. “You were eagerly trying to get a reaction two seconds ago..” a sly finger traced up his v-line, “*..don’t tell me you got distracted-*”

“*Dream- I,*” chest heaves in embarrassment as his cock *twitched* to life. Heavily inhaling and messily ripping away from the blond with a cough. “Fuck you,” he swallows.

Dream exhales as well. “*What you say?*”

“*Fuck you- I said fuck you,*” as he sits down on his stool again; *slim thighs pressed together to not pop some fucking boner*. Eyelids slide shut with a sigh, clutching the wooden countertop.

“Mh.”

George blinks up at the hum, *pulse annoyingly beating in the tips of his fingers*.

Dream eyes him.. taking a step back to sit down himself, muttering, “Interesting.”

“What’s *interesting?*” George spits back, looking up at him.

The piercing gaze of a dark figure stares back at him through red lights and black mesh.

The brunet could barely see where his eyes were locked; but, green stares into brown briefly.. traveling down to rose-tinged cheeks.. down his chest, and over his body.. lingering on tensed thighs. “Nothing,” Dream whispers.

“Stop- stop doing that,” George scoffs and grabs his cup, ice melted; glass chilled against his palm.

“Stop doing *what?*”

“Like, looking at me like you’re trying to read my- my thoughts, or whatever.”

The blond laughs. “*What?*”

“You’re trying to read my body.. *body language* or something,” he slightly smiles before replacing it with a stupid pout. “And- *and* you don’t know how to read me either so.. idiot.”

He was just babbling nonsense at this point to stop the blood flow.

Dream laugh flatters into a smirk. “Your reaction to different.. *responses* are interesting. That’s all.”

“What does that even mea-”

“What’d you think of the ages around here?” Dream purposefully interrupts the other to switch

topic- leaning back in his chair with arms crossed over his chest—tan chest laced with fucking leather—

“Wh.. What?” George inhales, brows perked in confusion. Stupidly breathing faster— “Ages?”

This place was.. a lot.

Blondie tilts his head. “First time we, uh, *got* together..” he starts, making the smaller man’s eyes widen when it clicked, “..you uhm, mentioned I was *so young* for this.”

Brown eyes round even more. “Oh—” blinking a few times before coyly looking to the side—

Lashes immediately fluttered when seeing a young woman—probably early twenties—knelt between a man’s thighs. She didn’t wear one of those stupid bunny-like masks, and neither did he; the couple shared whispers while he held her chin up.

The man was paying her all his attention, but, clearly feeling a gaze on him; he glanced up bluntly with narrowed eyes, *directly* at George—

“*Shit*,” George exhales, snapping his gaze to Dream’s boots. “I- I don’t know- I’ve seen,” a fast peek at someone walking by in the distance. “I’ve seen.. all ages so far.”

Dream eyes the way he tensely takes a sip out of whatever tropical drink he had. Voice meek, “There’s DMs here, you know.”

Blackened pupils move up to the blond. “*DMs?*”

And the blond smiles, sweetly. “Dungeon monitors.”

“*Oh*.” It was followed by a heavy sigh.

A foot soothingly grazes up the brunet’s calf. “They are employees.. if you’re.. *overwhelmed*, you can, like, talk with them, play around with them- whatever to wind down,” he looked like a massive puppy with the way his head stays tilted, eyes never leaving the smaller, “they- they are the ones with blue bracelets.”

A rhythmical, faster pace song comes on.

Probably a good song to fuck to— shaking his head. “Uh, what- what do they do?” even if he somewhat remembered what Marius had said.

Just to steer the conversation away from *lust*.

Dream steals his glass, taking a sip before pushing it over the counter back at him. “Other than just being chill?”

A simple nod; like they’re right back at discussing the weather or something mundane.

Like his dick isn’t half filled right under their noses.

“They’re a..” both pausing as the song’s chorus drops, some harsh bass laced sensually over some soft electric guitar, more neediness, very.. *horny*, no better way to describe it really. “..trained safety expert.”

“Uh,” George licks a crack on his lip. Brown eyes drifted down to the lines sculpting the blond’s abdomen, watching how muscles flexed—shifted as his body tightened with the song. “Go on,” he

encourages with a breath.

Dream readjusts; softly grinding his hip forward—probably subconsciously, fabric tightens over a soft, but very much still there, bulge. “They, uh, got medical training and stuff,” he skims his pointer over the edge of the counter, “they’re *experienced* members in the *community*,” viridian eyes shift up from behind black lace. “Ensuring rules are being followed, consent is being respected, you get it.”

Downing his drink. “You said earlier that they play-”

“*Mhm*,” even if it's barely visible, it's somehow oh-so-clear the small narrow to his stare as George asked. “Sometimes they mess around if-”

“What’s that—” George interrupts, he doesn't know *why* he interrupted at all. Perhaps the small bitch in him wanted to keep pushing lines he knew are not pushable.

He did actually ask something he wondered, though.

Those damn.. *cages* or whatever it is.

Standing tall and dark, all square.

How a fucking cage could look pristine he didn't know.

Red carpeting at the bottom, some had chains in th—

Dream scoffed, inhaling deeply to not mention the rude behavior. “That’s a cage,” is said like he’s dumb.

Umber eyes shoot a glare. “I know that but-”

“It’s an interrogation cage,” blondie’s voice drops. Gently grabbing a toothpick, and slowly bringing it up to his mouth to roll it between his teeth—teeth reflecting carmine lights. “I bet you can connect the dots yourself.. *George*.”

The brunet stutters whilst observing Dream’s mannerism dissolve into this more arrogant one again. “And- and what if I don’t?” he sneers, even if he totally does.

A freckled, tan face tilts tauntingly with a small laugh. Poking the tip of his tongue out.. gliding the toothpick over spit-covered pink; saliva making the wood a darker shade of beige. “*Then you shouldn’t find out*,” he mutters as he sticks his tongue further out and squints, slowly dragging the pick down the middle.

No response. Choking on the tension eating up his esophagus, fuzzing.

Dream ends up showing him some.. *public areas*.

Cheeks still tinged after watching a guy get elegantly tied up, *with a fucking live audience watching him.*

The blond told various stories along the way while wandering, flashing a mean eye whenever the smaller would spit unprovoked mock.

Not that the brunet really listened to what he said, too focused on watching a toned back as they moved; hoping to avoid catching anyone else's eye.

He, might as well, could have been one of those people on leashes; invisible chains tugging him along—

Ok, more so his feet trailing Dream's wherever they went.

And if he made sure to give an attitude to the dumbest things, *brat* as Dream would have called it, then that was no one's business but his own.

He just wants to see him crack. See something burn behind viridian irises.

Test his temper; *humble him, 'cause why not, no one else would.*

Or, perhaps they would, but they wouldn't *know* him the way George knows him.

It's not a jealousy thing, he repeats internally.

It's just— he knows him the best— better than anyone else in here, it should be *his* job, *not some random guy— he could do it better—*

“Follow me,” Dream huffs.

“Alright,” he softly breaths back, instantly.

One common area stuck with him, though.

Deep red and black washed over the surface; the ceiling elevated, held up by dark, broad, marble-like poles. Four large leather couches placed out in a big square facing each other.. this wooden X in the center of the square drying his throat out.

Cuffs at each point of the cross.

He's seen them before, of course, they're in most bdsm-related pornos to some capacity, usually in the background.

It's just called a cross or something.

Simple.

Nothing inherently wrong with it.

But.. there were seats and fluffy carpet placed *around* it; people able to observe whoever got tied to it from *every possible angle* like some sort of live-action entertainment.

Much like the guy he saw earlier.

He can't tell if the nerves sparking were pink or black.

Or, if the black is what made him feel pink.

There must be some psychological study about humiliation turning you o—

“Go say hi to that guy,” Dream clicks his tongue bored; suddenly leaning against a wall.

George almost trips over his feet. “*What?*” he pulled his attention back down to earth.

“Go say hi to him,” the blond states again, crossing his arms. Brown eyes follow to where he pointed with his jaw; some guy, their age, toying with a thread on his pants—

Not caring enough to observe what else he wore, snapping back to Dream. “Why?”

“I mean.. I can’t control you, jus’ wanna see you interact with other peop-”

“Fuck,” the smaller cuts him off with a grumble; probably the boyish side to him that made him whirl around, and walk towards the stranger in a heartbeat, just to prove him wrong.

Cause he’s definitely not shy.

Dream knew that, too, to be fair.

He knew how to paint his mannerisms with confidence.

Flirt. Talk. Make them—

The guy luckily too busy with whatever to not catch the other brunet walking up to him—

“Hi,” George rasps without thinking, some awkwardness pitched in his tone.

The stranger doesn't even look at him. “*No.*”

“*Hm?*”

“Not interested.”

Pale nose wrinkles immediately. “I wasn't gonna- gonna hit on you.”

The boy stays quiet; *amazing how little care he showed.*

“I’m sorry- I didn’t mean to.. uh.”

No reply, yet again.

So, George just blinks. “I.. well, uhm- sorry for disturbing you.”

The same maroon dusting his cheeks fills his veins. Not over the man ignoring him—rejecting him, but at a certain blondie telling him to walk up— as he whips around; *blondie* is still standing there against the wall, tongue gliding over the small grin on his face, single golden brow raised.

Taking sour steps and whisper-shouting with a glare: “*Dude- what the-*

Dream whispers too, but hoarsely. “Clubs are social, yeah,” clutching a slim wrist and tugging him in, “but for some, it’s just.. *sexual.*”

George's eyes round as Dream’s hood, the brunet tilting his head up at him, and the blond tilting his head down at him. “*What’s your point?*” he sneers back.

“Calm down, maybe you’re not what he’s looking for,” heart skips a beat as the taller bends down closer to his face, squeezing where he’s gripping him, “..or if they’re in a *master-sub* relationship,” words echoing and flowing with the sensual tune around them, “and they’re not allowed to *speak to you*,” lips parting, “because they’ve badly behaved .. expect shit like *that* to happen.”

“But I wasn’t gonna-”

“Or,” Dream deadpans, holding eye contact. “Or maybe, George; he was wearing a fucking *collar* and a *black bracelet*.”

A freezing sensation grips him at the sarcasm, face twisting awkwardly. “Oh- *what?*” glimpsing left where he had last seen the boy– “*Really?*”

Dream *tap* the side of his jaw to make him look back. “Just wanted to see if you’re even observing what’s *going on*.”

George glances down at his dirty sneakers, mumbling, “To be fair-”

“You forgetting what collars and bracelets mean already?”

He didn’t even see that the guy was wearing one. The tip of his nose gradually flaring up. “No of course not.”

Tan knuckles come under his chin, gently lifting his face up to lock their eyes. “Do you even remember stuff I told you before?”

God, he hasn’t exactly forgotten– “Of course,” George raises his voice a little.

“Yeah? Remember when I told you if you were my sla- sub, whatever,” gut churned at the vulgar, yet, *now*, familiar words and hypotheticals. “That I would *collar you*, so everyone could see you *belong to me*; if they wanted to talk to you, or wanted to *fuck you*,” the blond’s voice raised to match the brunet’s tone, gripping his chin like he’s making sure he was following, “that they would have to *talk to me?*”

Their chests brush. “I- yeah,” George spits, holding back a tiny smirk at getting the other to react. “*I remember.*”

Dream shifts his jaw from side to side, green eyes observing the smudged eyeliner once again. “Alright then,” tone *almost* disappointed. “Then you should learn to read people’s bracelets and collars; *since you’re an expert at them.*”

Very sarcastically George scoffs, “*My deepest apologies, sir.*”

The hand on his face drops to rather hold at the top of his neck, fingers lightly pressing under thumping ears; before *yanking* him in so a tan and pale nose bump each other.

Fuzz shoots up his throat alongside a quiet sound, standing on the tips of his toes to accommodate the way Dream held him up.

Fighting the–bratty–grin at prying a reaction out of the bigger.

Taunting an honorific work, at least.

Calm but stern, “*God. One day-*”

“One day *what?*” George grunts through the grin he couldn’t hold back anymore and dares to push

closer, limbs numbing with exhilaration.

The blond grins too, like he's had an epiphany. "*Your bratting is pointless, George..*" the smaller sharply inhales, "...you know it is too."

They probably looked like idiots smiling while one held the other by his throat.

"I'm not *bratting*."

Lie.

Obviously, a lie as George whispers it with a toothy expression.

The other's eye mesh rubs between the brunet's eyebrows. "At this point, you're just being a bitch, not a brat," Dream mockingly pouts, thighing the hold on him and their bodies stick to one another. "Just an *attention whore*."

Air hitches deep within lungs, sucking in his tummy as their exposed torsos touch. Some gravely bass vibrating, making his cock prickle *just slightly*. "I- *fuck*, I don't- I'm not an attention who-"

With an eye roll, Dream stretched his arm *straight*—

Manhandling the smaller boy by the grip under his jaw.

Shit-eating grin and an arrogant posture while his eyes roamed down his body; tugging at his crop top with a hum, like he's at a car dealership assessing if the car is worth buying. "I get you're a brat to me; we've always.. *railed* each other up, just banter," pulling him in again, "this *place*, I assume, makes you wanna childishly *test me*—"

"*And so what?*" George tries not to laugh.

A blond brow rises. "Did you just admit to being a bra-"

"No-"

Fuck.

Dream flips them around smoothly and George gasps, walking them backward whilst talking, "A brat wants attention, do they not?" another step as the music darkened. "They want to be forced to submission, *do they not*, George?" as his spine hits the wall.

Humming through gritted teeth, "*Mhm.*"

"*So.. an attention whore?*"

"*Fuck.*"

Warm air fans the edge of his jaw. "*Baby..*" gets whispered so low none of them mention it. "We haven't discussed, *we're nothing; you trying to brat to me tonight is pointless*," teeth sink into the subtle of his bottom lip. "I can't exactly drag your ass into some room and spank the behaviors out of you," pale lids fall heavy as his tummy tightened at the idea. "*I can't break you.*"

The blond's lips hover over a burning cheek as the brunet rasps, "*You literally can though*- it's a sex cl-"

"*Besides*," Dream huffs, ignoring him, 'cause they both knew the smaller had a point; easily have

a talk and fix that problem, their fucking cocks hardening behind slacks a great indicator– “I don’t think you realize *who* you’re talking shit to.”

It could be taken as a cliché *you don’t know who I am*, or, what it most likely means–what George gapes over; *we’re friends, why you acting like this with me*.

Dream’s grin *sharpens* at the quiet. Squinting. “Care to break down to me what you’re doing, George? What your little plan is? *Who* you’re acting *spoiled* to?”

Chest flares up. “I’m not d’ing anything.”

I don’t like liars.

Gaze insense like viridian irises are itching the back of his skull. “Brats just a typa sub, yeah?”

I don’t like liars, but I can’t do anything about it.

Trying not to audibly scoff at the topic change. “So I’ve heard, you’re *so wise*, Dream,” sarcasm flowing with an accent.

Someone walks past, so he’s drawn closer; clammy skin melting on each other with a piece of leather between them. “Well, *George*, I see bratting as *unmet needs*..” he leans in to let words fall directly into an attentive ear, “..and someone *playful* ..” clutching his neck firmer, “..as *fulfilled needs*.”

George holds back a grunt, batting his lashes as his face sours.

So the blond continues, “What kinda unmet needs do y-”

“Dream-” don’t ask, why would he ask?

Why would he mention something that makes them have to talk about the platonic line they keep crossing?

“What kinda *unmet needs* do you have, George.. *specifically revolving me?*” got hoarsely asked nonetheless, all with a subtle smirk, drawing circles with the pad of his thumb under his ear.

The brunet glares up, refusing to answer as their foreheads knock, and the grip around his waist squeeze once more.

“Why do you have *needs* about me in the first place?” Dream whispers over parted lips. “That makes you wanna act out?” Fingers slowly traced the slim curve of his waist before grabbing there. “What could you *possibly* want from me..” he holds himself with confidence, cocky almost, as he echos the tease over a sweaty cupid’s bow.

He did it.

He rendered him speechless.

He simply can’t respond, because if he does; he’ll admit things that he himself doesn’t want to acknowledge.

Dream grins. “That’s what I though-”

Until George snaps: “How do- how do you know someone is bratty *just* because their *nee-* that’s stupid-”

“A playful brat knows where the *line* is, where boundaries are.” The brunet’s back gets pushed firmer against the wall. “They *respect it*.”

Pressing his hip back to not rub *the growing problem taking place* against the blond’s hip. Answering with nothing more than a scoff.

“An *unsatisfied brat* gets brushed off; *told no, not giving them a reaction*,” mouth twitching to not break the stubborn quiet he decided on holding, “so the brat pokes *more*,” his voice drops to an even lower whisper as sinful butterflies start blooming. “Or.. they see their dom start losing their *temper*, get *genuinely annoyed*,” greens squinting, “so the brat decides to *poke even more*.”

Subconsciously melting into the warmth caging him. “*Mh-*” but stopping to not reply.

“And why do they *poke more, George*? Why do they poke more when they see the lines getting crossed?”

Much like George has done a multitude of times over the past weeks.

He would slap his hormones if he could because it really shouldn’t be turning him on like this— “*Why?*” he breaks with a gasp.

“‘cause they’re looking for a reaction they *don’t already have.. unmet needs*.”

It made a little sense. “That’s stupid,” George whispers as he blinks up; probably looking disheveled, dark tufts of hair messy, cheeks flushed, and eyes doe-like—doe-like on purpose, of course, he knew what he was doing, emitting an airy sound as nails dig into his hipbone. “Your theory is *stupid*.”

Speaking softer, “Think of a *good boy*,” Dream’s eyes widened as a tease. “A *playful* boy, not a misbehaving one.”

Thin fingers come up to clutch around Dream’s wrist. “Ok,” is barely audible.

Cringing at himself for even saying ok, and sounding so compliant.

“They brat; but they brat respectfully,” the skin on their abdomens sticking with clamminess. “They’re mindful of *who* they’re bratting to *emotions*.”

“*Are you trying to call me bad?*” Lifting his chin to hover his swollen lips close to the blond’s, a pause as the music around turns gentle, like soft jazz, but still that god-forsaken erotic undertone. *Am I one of those naughty- bratty- filthy- misbehaving boys-* but he wouldn’t ask that out loud. Rather biting back a grin as he rasps into his friend’s mouth: “*Are you calling me naughty, Dream?*”

Dream smiles a little at the back talk, letting a huff fan right back into the brunet’s mouth while tan fingers swipe over reddened cheeks. “Good—playful boys back off when they see their dom *actually* lose their temper—” it’s ridiculous that his cock is coming to life over this, “—and whys that, George? Why do they back off?”

“*Cause they’re boring*,” George bites his lower lip, moving his head around so the grip around his throat tightens, and their chests bump as the chorus drops with heavy, lustful bass; red lights burning his vision.

“*Cause their needs are fullied..*” Dream grins bigger than the other—making the other flatter his. “They just wanted to mess around, *respecting* when the other doesn’t have time for it.”

His confident smile flatters even more into this faux frown. “Oh so now you’re calling me *disrespectful*?”

But, Dream’s grin stays stupidly sharp. “No.”

Brown eyes perk at that. “No?”

“*Well*,” the taller leans closer, slowly dragging his nose along the brunet’s jaw; all the way up to his ear—letting words land seductively under his earlobe, “*I am calling you bad..*” thin fingers grip the blond’s waist at the whisper, “*..but not in a bad way.*”

Harshly sucking in air as his body washes over with a pink pulsation.

“If you shut the playfulness down, they can back away and listen, ‘cause their needs are already met; they manage a *second* without attention *knowing they will get it later.*”

Flesh crawls with goosebumps. “*Whatever*,” George breaths, fighting the urge to grind his hip forward and tell the blond to shut up and—

“If one keeps acting out *after* getting shut down..” Dream lifts George’s chin closer to his as if he wanted to boy to actually listen now. “If they look like an *eager puppy* when their dom gets genuinely mad..” keeping his tone low and slow regardless of the dirty smirk starting to form, “..then I can’t help but wonder what they’re *missing..*” he squeezed the hollows of pale cheeks so his mouth would fall open, “..what’s not being *fulfilled..*” running the tip of his thumb over the brunet’s salivating lip, “..what could *possibly* be leaving them so *fucking desperate* for a reaction-”

Blurting out as his cock started hardening— “*Fuck you-*” as if that’s his only comeback.

Blond brows furrow and his mouth parted into an O shape to mimic a desperate face. “What’s leaving that brat,” *you*, “so fucking desperate?” Dream’s left thigh slowly moved between two slimmer thighs as he asked; warm electricity shooting up his chest at the action. His thigh didn’t push up though, just a tease of *almost* being there. “*What could possibly be making them frustrated, George?*” is whispered over a pale throat; skin burning for the lips to dive in and *eat*, the bigger knee *pressed* up so it would *lightly brush* against the brunet’s bulge— “*What could possibly be leaving them so fucking needy-*”

George tosses his head back with a rough swallow. Grunting, “I- I wouldn’t know-”

Dream’s mouth keeps hovering over his pulse point. Placing a hand flat on George’s tummy; dragging his palm *down, down, down, down*— “*Surely there’s something making them act like a bitch-*”

Their eyes met—

Both gazes fall down on each other’s lips—

“*Anyways*,” Dream puffs, ripping away; moving back and making the smaller fall slouched against the wall with an embarrassing whine. “Let me show you some of the *rooms*,” and he turned around.

Walking towards one of the hallways, the flush swimming under freckles unnoticed.

I don’t like liars.

The brunt exhales.

But I can't do anything about it.

Chewing his bottom lip, watching blonde hairs vanish behind a corner.

I can at least make you forget a little by grabbing your chin and whispering bullshit.

George's stare lingers where the other disappeared, sniffing and placing his palms on his knees to rest his weight. Glimpsing down his own body with a dry swallow; cock not visible at least, a faint handprint on the left side of his tummy, probably where Dream had gripped.

Alright, what the fuck is he doing?

He knows it's weird to be.. mind fucking your friend, *actually, arguably*, terrible to be doing so for platonic reasons— *it's just friendly banter*, he hums to himself.

Just an educational trip.

Doesn't *have* to be lust.. *or.. whatever unmet needs about wanting to get fucked against a wa—*

Shut up.

Sniffing once more and ignoring the fuzz spewing in his gut. Joints creak when he stands straight; ruffling his fringe—slightly sweaty bangs—as he makes his way to wherever the blond went.

Staring at the ground the whole way.

Maybe he's a pussy for how he's sticking to his friend like glue.

Or, just uninterested in anyone els—

Stop.

There is a silhouette of Dream standing against a wall at the start of the hallway, toned back facing George.

Gazing down a path filled with multiple ~~adventures~~ doors.

Chapter End Notes

personal stuff happend, but im feeling better now lol so im just surprise dropping a chapter, next one soon if things get better now, thats why i couldn't do them after one another, other wise i would lol sorry

End Notes

[MY TWITTER](#)

ohhhhhh..... so what do we think?

more chapters? subscribe to this fic, i might add chapters

the title of the fic means sexually aroused in latin btw

KUDOS :(pls

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